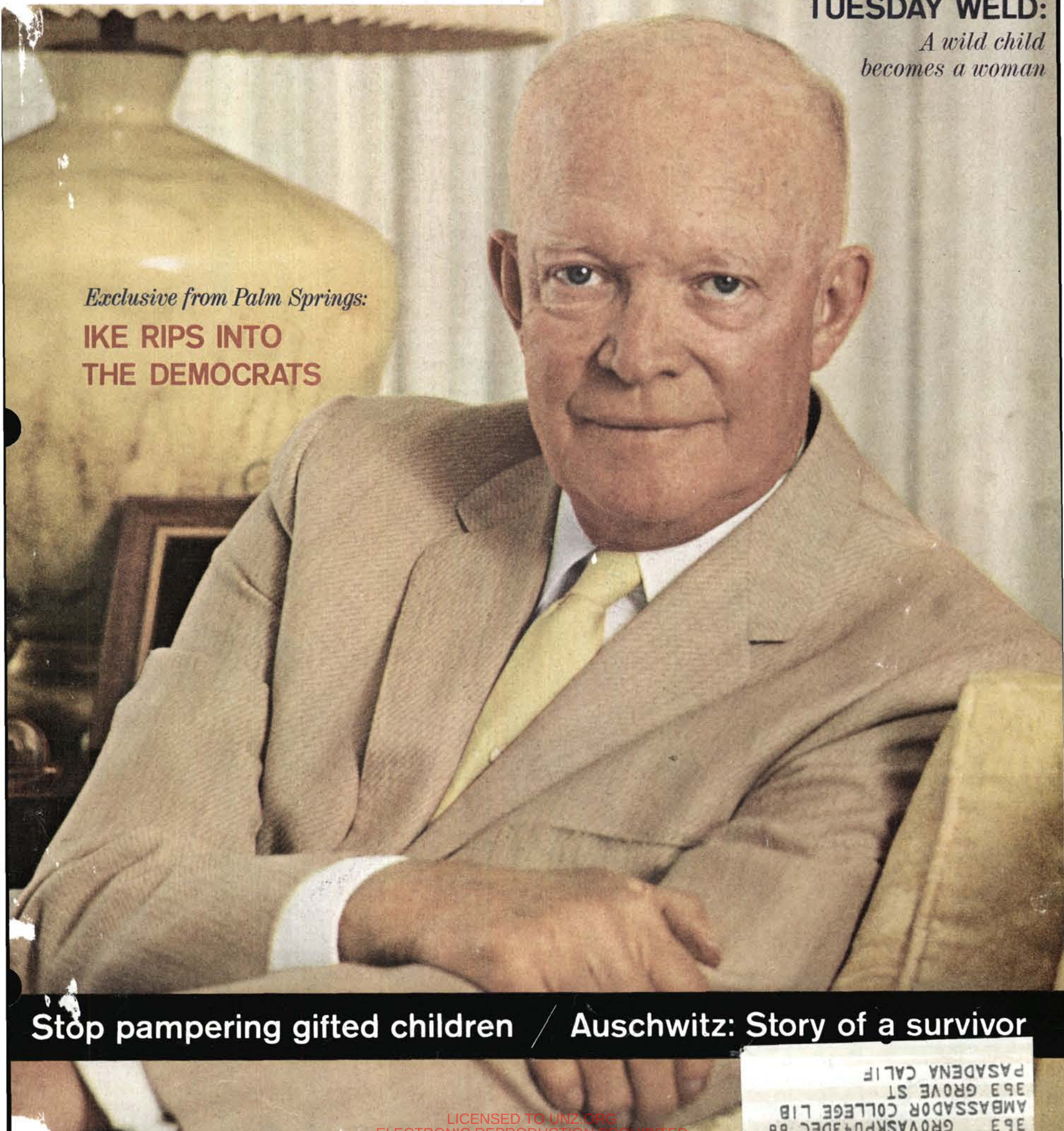
2

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST APRIL 11 • 1964 20c

BEGINNING:
A serial more gripping than Fail-Safe
A brave astronaut and his nerve-racked wife are caught up in the U.S.-Russian race for the moon

TUESDAY WELD:
A wild child becomes a woman



Exclusive from Palm Springs:
IKE RIPS INTO THE DEMOCRATS

Stop pampering gifted children / **Auschwitz: Story of a survivor**

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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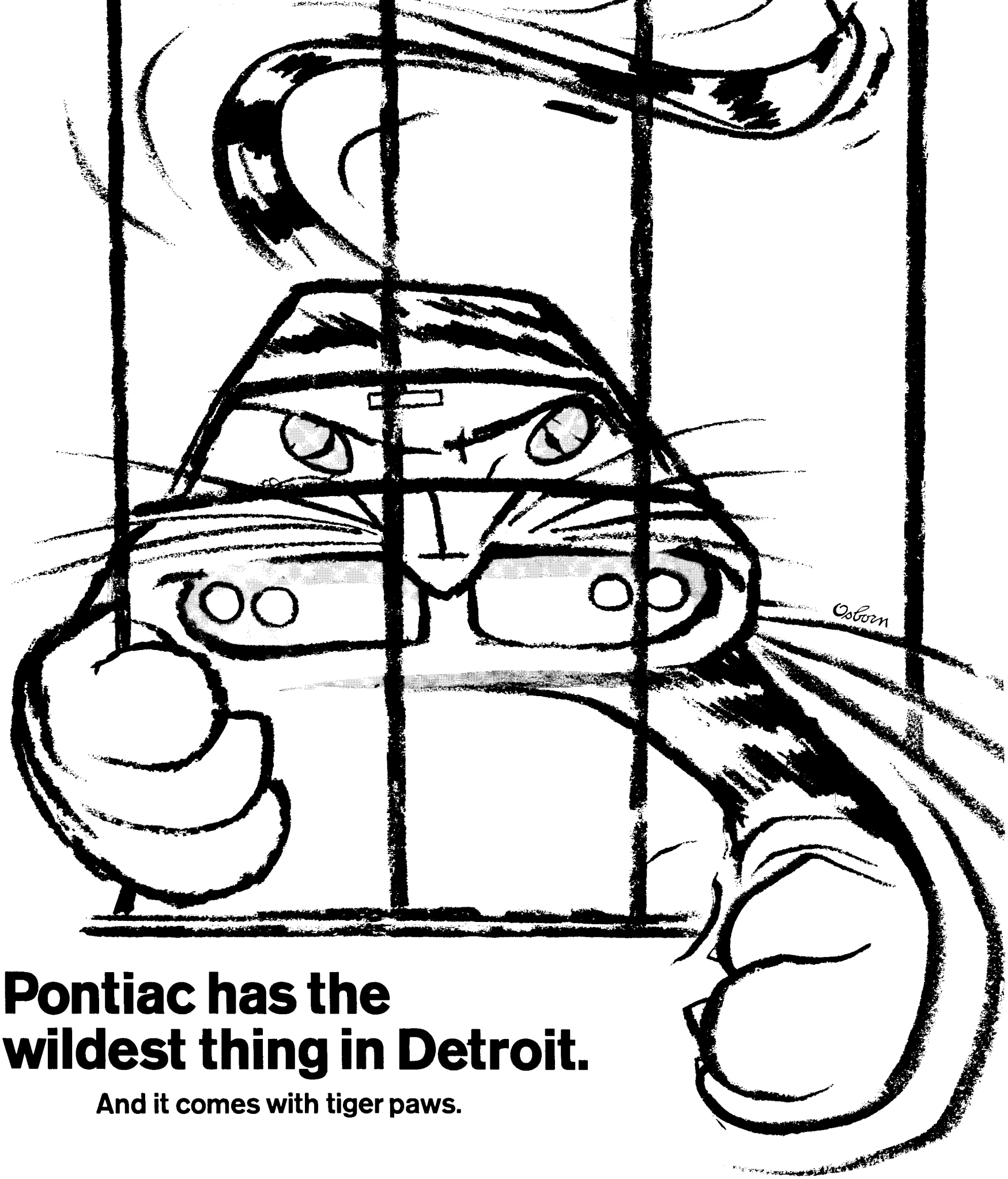

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POST

APRIL 11, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 14

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Why I am a Republican . . . . . *by Dwight D. Eisenhower* 17

Just 12 years ago Dwight D. Eisenhower was called upon to make the greatest personal decision of his career. Democrats and Republicans were both wooing his attentions, and the national elections were only months away. Before he could even think of a future for himself in politics, he had to determine which of the parties more closely suited his own beliefs. Now, for the first time, the former President sums up those beliefs—abiding faith in the individual, limited powers for government, freedom and equality, national unity and world responsibility—and tells how they guided his choice then. And he explains what they mean to him in the context of current affairs. "For the administration of our Government," he warns, "is not a political game but a serious human business."

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The authors. **Trevor Armbrister,** who reported last month on the riots in Panama, describes a different kind of crisis in neighboring Costa Rica. . . . During his visit to the Parker Brothers factory in Salem, Mass., **Roy Bongartz** acquired some little steel balls called Scoots. "They're supposed to be for relaxing," he explains, "but they've become a compulsion instead. Now I just sit around all day nervously rattling these things in my hand." . . . Free-lance writer **Richard Warren Lewis** interrupted his interviews with actress Tuesday Weld to play tennis with her on two Wednesdays, a Thursday and a Monday. "I would have won," he insists, "but she wouldn't keep score." . . . **Ernst Papanek,** a leading Austrian politician and educator before World War II who later devoted himself to the rescue and rehabilitation of children fleeing Hitler, now teaches at Queens College in New York; **Edward Linn** is a contributing writer. . . . *New York Times* sports correspondent **Robert Daley,** an art collector by avocation, was naturally fascinated with matador John Fulton's artistic career. "He's a painter, mainly of bulls and bullfighting, and he works in bull's blood instead of oil. The effect is quite striking, and the pictures sell as fast as he can make them." . . . **Martin Mayer** is the author of *Wall Street: Men and Money*. . . While visiting with Thelonious Monk, contributing writer **Lewis H. Lapham** was invited to play at the jazz musician's piano. "He listened to my Beethoven from the bathroom, insisting he could hear it better that way. And all he said when I had finished was, 'Yeah, I heard you.'" . . . **Gael Greene,** author of *Sex and the College Girl,* developed such an inferiority complex while scanning the pages of *Women's Wear Daily* that she has opened four new charge accounts and is replacing her entire wardrobe.

The cover portrait of former President Eisenhower was taken at his Palm Springs, Calif., home by contributing photographer **Lawrence J. Schiller.**

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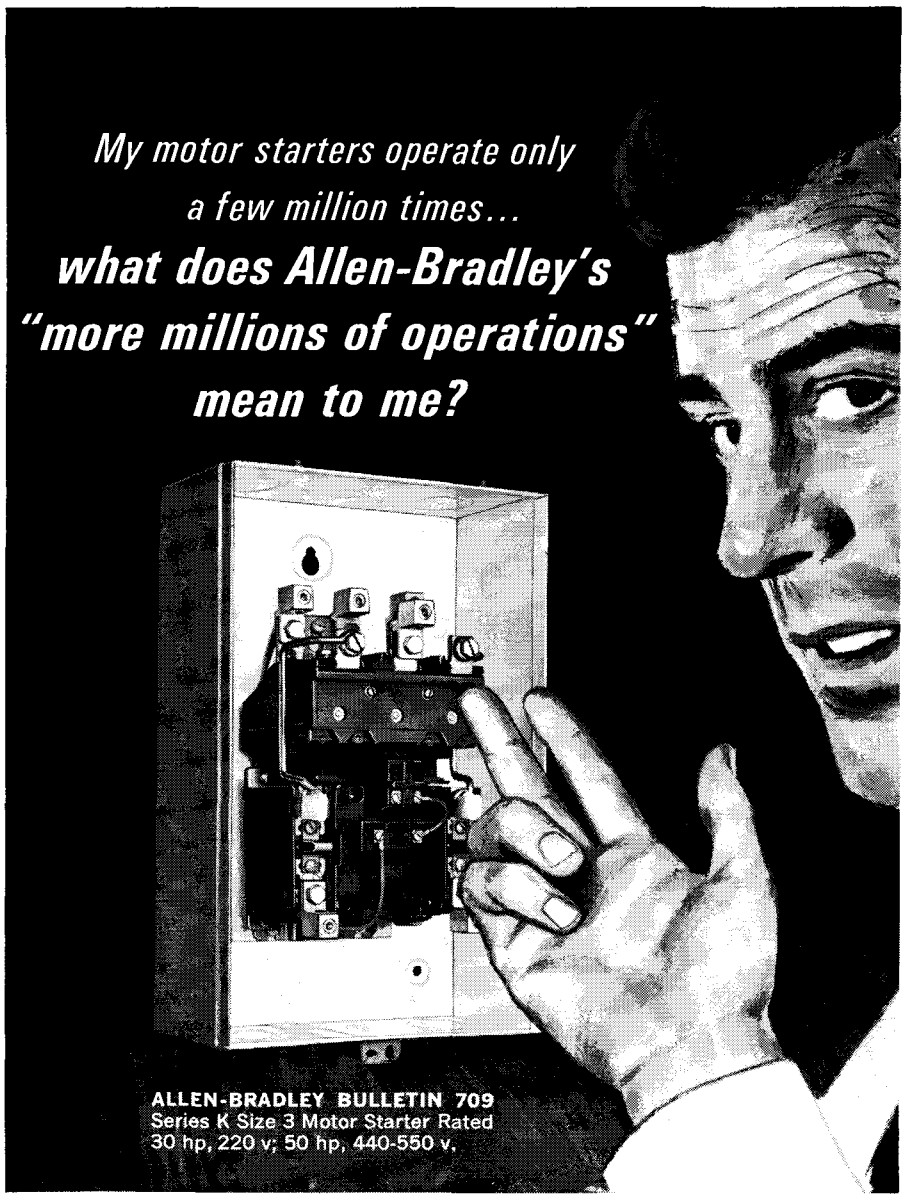
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LETTERS

Ogden Nashery

Ogden Nash's poem about cigarettes [THE KINSEY REPORT DIDN'T UPSET ME EITHER, Mar. 14] is kool. It reads good like a poem should. Nevertheless, may I say to the young: Beware of the weed. It's not worth the paper it's rolled up in.

MRS. RUTH MARTINSON
Anoka, Minn.

• Nash omitted to state and so I'll relate
Perhaps his main reason for smoking.
Tobacco has him trained like a bear on a chain,
And he can't give it up, I'm not joking!

ELIZABETH MASON
Alexandria, Va.

• Give it up? Sure, many times I have tried an'
Find soon that my waistline's beginning to widen.

MRS. MARY KATHRYN GRAU
Dover, N.J.

• He's not a wolf,
Nor is he a rabbit.
Ogden, my friends,
Is a creature of habit.

ELTON S. MEEKER
New Haven, Conn.

• Much better 'twould be, did Nash urge abstention
And give to the surgeon an honorable mention
Instead of employing his wit and his verse
To belittle a cause which would stamp out a curse.

A. J. SCHOW
Ogden, Utah

• After sixty years smoking many pounds of the stuff
And deeply enjoying every death-dealing puff,
I've reluctantly heeded my doctor's admonishment,
For you can imagine my utter astonishment,
When he said, "If you wish to continue to breathe
And stay out from under a funeral wreathe—
Well, use your own good judgment."

LLOYD WHITLOCK
Hollywood, Calif.

Caribbean

I do not remember a time when I have enjoyed an article more than Anne Chamberlin's TO GET LOST, HURRY UP [Mar. 14]. I read it on the train coming to the office this morning and laughed so hard at some of her descriptions that other commuters stared at me in annoyance. But I didn't care. Please tell Miss Chamberlin that "Old Mr. Caribbean" (I've been going there since 1923) sends his highest compliments.

THADDEUS HYATT
New York, N.Y.

• Miss Chamberlin's article interested me because I have spent much time among the islands. It shows accurately the effects of American tourism on a region once almost as delightful as the South Seas.

MARC T. GREENE
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

• I feel that persons who truly wish to "get lost" and return to nature, without the creature comforts of civilization are few and far between. The Caribbean still offers the three items most important to the American tourist: sunny climate, beautiful beaches, and shopping bargains.

ROBERT L. WOLFE
New York, N.Y.

Burlesque

I read Lewis H. Lapham's WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BURLESQUE? [Mar. 14] with interest. Let me say that I still think that a kid who wants to learn show business should get his feet wet in burlesque. It's a good place to learn what to do with your hands and feet, how to make a correct stage turn—things like that. But all a young performer wants to do nowadays is cut a record with a beat, mouth a few unintelligible words and yell, "Success!"

ALBERT J. WYKOFF
Detroit, Mich.

Candidate Kitman

My roommates and I have read Marvin Kitman's *Post* article [MY FIRST POLITICAL CRISIS, Mar. 14] and have decided to support his campaign for the presidency. Before we paint our cars with eye-catching slogans (KEEP FROM STARVIN WITH MARVIN, etc.), though, we'd like to know whether he feels he could accept a woman as his running mate. We are not well-known, but we are aspiring.

NORMA THOMAS
Cleveland, Ohio

(Mr. Kitman says his wife has ruled out a woman Veep.—Ed.)

• Kitman's piece is a spontaneous demonstration of one of America's most precious possessions: freedom of laughter.

A. GALLOWAY
Pinole, Calif.

• As Marvin Kitman says nothing in a much more interesting way than the other candidates, I'm his man.

REV. EVERETT A. ROCKWELL
Newport Center, Vt.

• He is obviously too much for New Jersey, where he lives. I believe Washington should have him for a while.

GEORGE BOWDEN
Mountain Lakes, N.J.

• Tell Kitman it's in the bag.

ROBERT E. HALL
Chatham, N.J.

Prisoner's triumph

Let me say that the world is richer for Robert Gannon's article about ex-prisoner Richard Honeck [AFTER 64 YEARS, THE PRISONER COMES HOME, Mar. 14]. Mr. Honeck is my favorite person right now, and how I love "Aunt Clara" for her warm generosity to him. Many thanks to "Uncle Richard" for stating that he had no bitterness after the first few years. From whom can we learn better that "stone walls do not a prison make"?

KATIE SUE ECHOLS
Richmond, Va.

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Jack Hogan is News Director of a television station in Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Life insurance? I'm loaded with other expenses now!"

"But a MONY man showed how I could start small and build the protection I need."

Jack Hogan talks it over with Al Pugno

" 'I'll probably get around to an insurance program someday,' I told MONY man Al Pugno. But I was just getting started with this TV station . . . and I did have my GI policy. With a family to support, I figured more insurance would have to wait.

"But Al showed me it couldn't! The plan I started provided some temporary protection for my growing family. Later, this could be converted to cash-value insurance, building money for my boys' education or my retirement.

"Al also told me I was taking a big gamble on my health. He started me on a MONY health plan. If I couldn't work due to an accident or sudden sickness, some money would come in.

"Now I'm thinking about buying a new home. I'll see Al about insurance when I find one.

"I'm sure he's thinking of my welfare, and that makes all the difference with me."

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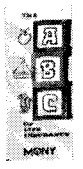

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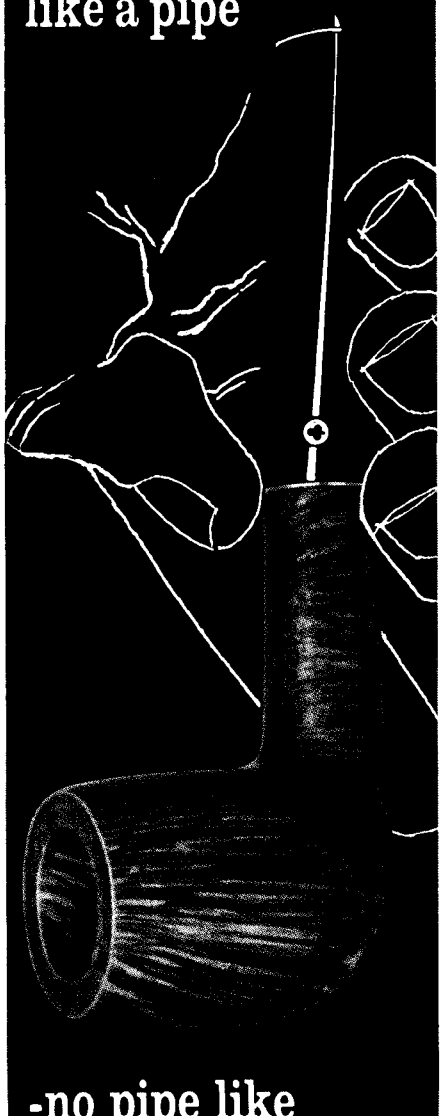
There's no smoke like a pipe



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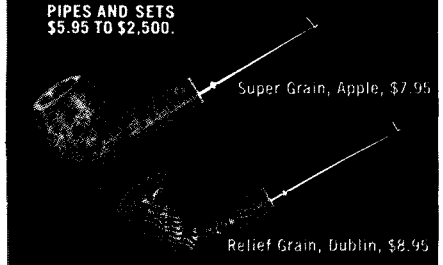
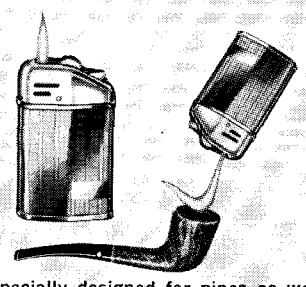


Large pipe above: Straight Grain, Billiard, $100.

New Kaywoodie Butane Lighter



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LETTERS

Beckwith

Thank goodness for those six decent jurors who held out for the conviction of Beckwith [THE TRIAL OF "DELAY" BECKWITH, by Harold H. Martin, Mar. 14] in the shooting of N.A.A.C.P. official Medgar Evers. I am proud to be a Canadian and would be ashamed to admit it if I were one of the countless ignorant segregationalist Americans.

PORTIA BETTHAZAR
Trenton, Ont.

• Being a Mississippian, I read Mr. Martin's article with particular interest and was thoroughly satisfied with it. I, myself, believe in segregation. However, like most good Mississippians, I think this belief should be of no significance when a law has been broken and a crime committed.

THOMAS BUMSTED
Biloxi, Miss.

• What makes people think that color makes any difference in people's rights? I hope the man who murdered Medgar Evers is properly punished.

MRS. JAMES ROE
Spring Valley, Calif.

• I live in Ohio and spend my winters in Florida and find that there is as much justice in the South as anywhere else. The author reveals his ignorance when he says an acquittal was expected because the victim was a Negro.

C. R. VANN
Newark, Ohio

Beatles, part one

I wish to complain about the awful picture of the Beatles you put on page 30 near one of your articles about them [THE BEATLES: MUSIC'S GOLD BUGS, by Alfred G. Aronowitz, Mar. 21]. You make them look *dumb*. Please don't do that again.

MARY SMITH
Cleveland, Ohio

• Many thanks for Mr. Aronowitz's marvelous article. It is refreshing to read something new about the Beatles instead of just a rehash of the same old material.

ANNETTE FLORANCE
Highland Mills, N.Y.

• The space wasted in printing a Beatle article plus the unsightly picture of this shaggy foursome on the March 21 cover make me wonder if the editors have taken leave of their senses.

G. L. HARPER
De Kalb, Ill.

• Maybe "they can't read music," as you say (which, by the way, is not necessary when rhythm and an ear for music are present), but we cannot agree that their beat is corny.

SUE BALDWIN and JULIE FRANK
Detroit, Mich.

• Thank you very much for your story and pictures of the Beatles. When the *Post* arrived at our school library, it caused a riot! Please do more!

BONNIE HARNEY
Welch, Okla.

COMING SOON...in The Post

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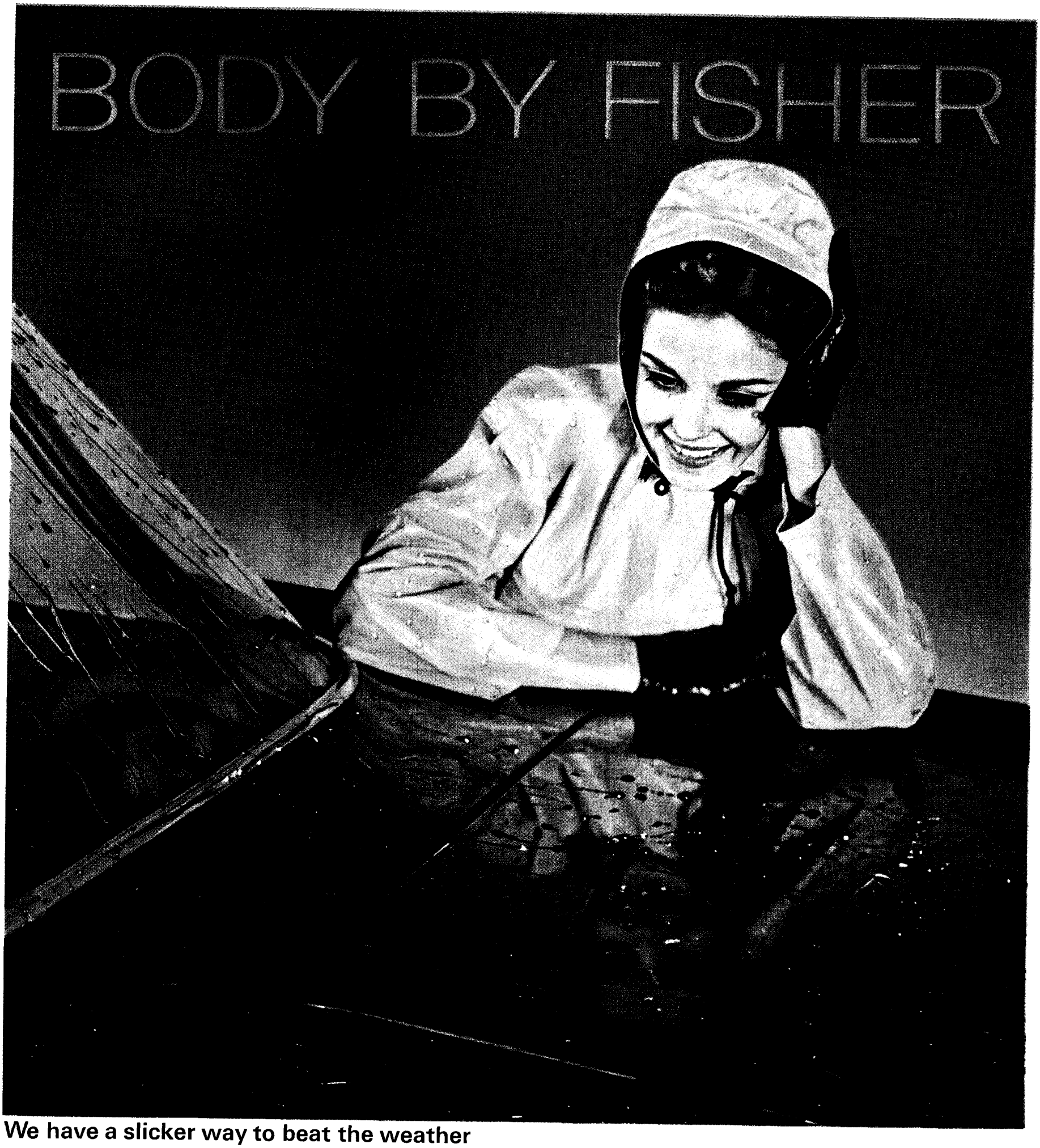

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SPEAKING OUT*

A professor of educational psychology at the University of Chicago, Bruno Bettelheim is also principal of a school for mentally ill children.

STOP PAMPERING GIFTED CHILDREN

By Bruno Bettelheim

A noted psychologist attacks a trend in education—segregating gifted children and giving them special schooling. Such favoritism, he says, hurts both the extraordinary and the ordinary youngsters and threatens to create a callous elite.

For several years it has been fashionable to maintain that our schools fail to develop our gifted children. Ordinary classwork, so the argument runs, doesn't challenge bright younsters to excel, and the result is a "tragic waste" of that "precious national resource" called "brainpower." To meet this criticism the schools have devised complicated new systems of education which segregate the more able students and provide them with intensive instruction.

As a psychologist with a special interest in education, I believe this is a mistake. Taking the gifted child out of the regular classroom and pushing him ahead as fast as he can move creates very serious problems for the child and for all society. Segregating the gifted, I am convinced, harms both the advanced student and the not-so-advanced.

The demand for special schooling blossomed spectacularly in that memorable autumn of 1957 when the first Russian *Sputnik* soared into the sky. All across the country millions of people were appalled by Russian scientific progress and felt that the American educational system had failed. They wanted immediate reforms. The nation had to have more and better scientists; its schools had to produce them, and right away.

Thus we came to think of our children not as human beings but as commodities—as "resources," as assets of society which could and should be exploited for the social good. This attitude is wrong. Certainly our children need to be as well-educated as we can make them. But they need that for themselves and not for society, not to win the Cold War, not to prove democracy superior to Communism. In any case, education benefits children to the degree that the children want it and not to the degree that parents want them to want it.

Parents and others who insist on special classes for the gifted claim the gifted are held back—possibly thwarted—by learning at a pace designed for the average child. They argue that the gifted child becomes bored in regular classrooms, loses interest in learning. Although I have spoken with many gifted children, I find they rarely make this complaint about school—unless they are parroting what they have heard their parents say. It cannot be denied that some children at the top of their class may be bored in school. But it is usually the poor learner who daydreams in class, who doodles, who gets into mischief.

Advocates of special education argue that the school experience of most gifted children involves "overlearning," that the gifted child must often repeat tasks he has already mastered. He repeats these tasks, they say, not for his own benefit but to accommodate the slower learner; therefore his time is wasted. This argument neglects an important point: It is quite possible that the gifted continue to outdo their classmates just because of this "overlearning." I believe the repetition helps to produce a greater recall and an emotional ease in meeting intellectual tasks.

If the assigned task does not hold the student's attention because he masters it quickly, the result is not necessarily boredom. If he is really gifted, then other intellectual interests fill the vacant time. Not having to pay rapt attention to get the point the teacher is making, the gifted student may have time to wonder if the point is worth making at all.

I have observed what happened to a number of gifted children who were taken out of a highly accelerated, highly competitive private school and placed in a public high school of fair academic standing. There, by comparison, the work was so easy as to be "boring," or at least so their parents claimed.

The students themselves, however, belied the claim. In the special school for the gifted, they had shown little ability to use their own critical judgment; instead, they had relied heavily on their teachers' direction. But in the slower-paced school, no longer busy with keeping up, they began to reflect spontaneously on many problems, some of which were not in the school program. On their own, they acquired a much deeper appreciation of life, of the arts, and above all of the human beings around them.

The gifted child in the ordinary classroom reaps another benefit. Because he learns easily, he becomes confident. This prolonged, rarely threatened intellectual security may be the very best preparation for courageously besieging the uncharted outposts of knowledge. On the other hand, if the gifted child is put into a special class where learning is not easy for him, where he is only average among a group of extremely gifted youngsters, he may feel his abilities are only average and later lack the courage to take on difficult problems.

By putting a gifted child in a special class and by demanding high achievement from him, we may also push him beyond what is good for him. We may encourage him to strain his abilities so that the end of his school career finds him intellectually exhausted by the too-rapid pace. Or he may suffer still more serious damage: He may settle for intellectual success as his only satisfaction in life, independent of its meaning or purpose.

It is very difficult to cheat a gifted child out of making good use of his intellectual abilities, but it is very easy to cheat him out of his childhood. While it is doubtful that learning a lot of math and science will necessarily produce a future scientist, there is no question that enjoying childhood experiences to the full is the best preparation for becoming a mature adult. Some very brilliant people, who as children were prematurely pushed toward achievements beyond their age, remained immature as adults.

There can be little doubt that special classes for gifted children can help them to graduate earlier and take their place in life sooner. But there is also little doubt that special schooling teaches them at an early age to look down on the rest of the population as inferior. And this is my greatest fear, that by separating the gifted from the rest, we may well end up with something like what George Orwell predicted in his novel, *1984*: a world of big brothers who hold little brothers at their mercy because the little brothers can't speak their language or even hold the same view of this world.

Some who concede this danger nevertheless argue that to mix gifted and average children is undesirable because it makes the slower learners anxious. Perhaps it does. But how do anxieties become manageable? Through a friendly working relationship with those who we feel are superior—in this case, the faster learners in the classroom. If you were inexperienced at mountain climbing, you would obviously welcome proficient climbers in your party. In mountain climbing the experts usually distribute themselves among the beginners, who are placed in the center of the group. If the beginner has an expert before him and an expert behind him, the likelihood is great that he will learn quickly and well. However, if we put all the good climbers in one party and all the poor ones in another and expect all of them to make the perilous ascent to adult maturity, we virtually insure that our second group will stumble badly or perish altogether. If teamwork is there, we can afford to put the awkward among the skillful, and as likely as not, all will succeed. What worries me about classes for the gifted

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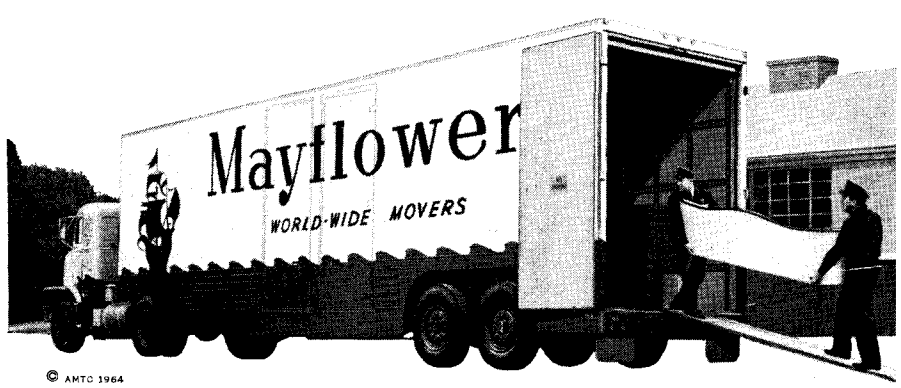

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is that the good mountain climbers will stop feeling any ties or obligation to those they have left far below.

Do we even know who the gifted are? The younger the child, the more his school achievement and his attitude toward learning reflect parental attitudes. In the early grades the child is strictly the product of his home, for the school has barely begun to exert its full influence. Not until high school is the young adult usually free enough from his home background for his native talents fully to unfold. If children are grouped before they reach high school, their schooling, far from equalizing their differences in background, only widens the gap by adding intellectual differences.

Thus, early grouping discriminates against children who do not come from "nice" homes. In order to do well in school, lower-class whites and Negroes need to be challenged and motivated by example. Grouping deprives these children of this stimulation. Denied inspiring companionship in school and given little support at home, they find themselves in a predicament they are poorly prepared to overcome. Dimly realizing the powerful odds against them, they often succumb to hopelessness. And if any children in the nongifted group show unusual ability, they are drawn away to join their intellectual peers in the gifted group, leaving the nongifted group more impoverished than ever.

Behind the conscious concern for the gifted there seems to lie an unconscious desire to create a segregation based on intellect. Many of the intelligentsia can advocate desegregation of the public schools today because their own children, the "gifted" children, white and Negro, are already segregated from the rest of the integrated schools. These children are attending special classes for gifted children in public schools. Or they are attending private schools. Or they attend schools in the suburbs. They are already enjoying the benefits of their particular brand of segregation.

These parents, whether they know it consciously or not, wish to establish an up-to-date elite—a white-collar elite of the intellect, of scientists—an elite they hope will replace the old aristocracy of money or family. Such an intellectual elite will consist of highly educated people of all colors. Their education, language, manners and outlook on life—rather than racial barriers—will set them apart.

In past centuries the dominant problem of society was to make life secure by mastering nature. For this, society required scientists and technicians. But today fewer people are needed and employed in production for survival, in making the goods we need to be housed, clothed and fed. The greatest need of man is no longer to learn more about the world but to learn about himself and his relations to others.

Again and again, college and graduate students ask me why they were never told in high school what life in our cities is really like. Why, they ask, weren't they told about poverty, about mental disease? These questions they ask openly. Only in secret do they ask the more devastating questions: Why am I so lonely? Why am I afraid of my own feelings, my desires, my fantasies? Why do we have to suppress our sensitivities?

I think what our children need most to learn is not physics or math but the answers to these perturbing questions. They must learn about the inequities that still exist in the world and their causes, and why we do not apply the remedies already at hand. Most of all, they need to learn all we know about the true nature of man—his outer face and his inner turmoil, the prevalence and the power of both his social and asocial tendencies, and how the one can domesticate the other without destroying his freedom. I hope it is clear by now that I am talking about the acquisition not so much of knowledge as of values. Children can secure their full identity only after they have become deeply committed to values. Yet values do not exist in a void: They flow out of the life process.

How can we educate for values? I do not know the full answer. I can only propose a first step—I suggest we have high-school boys and girls, perhaps in their junior and senior years, learn about human behavior by working in day nurseries for three- and four-year-olds, particularly from underprivileged homes.

At present, we collect all children at the ripe age of five or six and drop them into one and the same school situation. We carefully follow this routine even though their preparation varies. We hope that by high school the socially handicapped children will catch up with the others. But why couldn't we change this practice? Why couldn't we take steps to help the children who come from homes that do not prepare the child to make the best use of classroom learning?

If we devoted a year or two to this job, we might speed up the slow learners before they fall behind. We might win over the children who come to school doubting that the classroom is a good place for them. We could teach these youngsters the manners, the attitudes, the skills—as simple as the knack of sitting still and concentrating—that are necessary to make the best use of teacher and school. We could, in short, help most of those who would otherwise be slow learners turn into at least average, if not fast, learners before they enter first grade.

Learning from children

At the same time the adolescents assigned to the nurseries would be introduced to what will be the major task of their generation—social service. And they would learn how to be good parents to their children.

Working with small children would teach the teen-ager to understand himself better, to recognize those areas where he is still an infant emotionally and those areas where he is already becoming a mature adult. Most of all, it would teach him that one enriches oneself by enriching the lives of others.

When the children now entering school will be grown up, the scientific revolution will be largely behind them. Ahead will lie a psychological revolution. What is sorely lacking in our education—and will have to stand at the heart of our efforts in the future—is the education of the emotions, an education which will permit people to live at peace with themselves and others.

In this kind of education, giftedness is totally irrelevant, because if the issue is to know oneself, it matters little how fast one learns to read or count. While the talent to push ahead of others develops early, and while schooling can be pushed, it takes a child a great deal of time to develop insight into himself. Learning how to help others to live a good life comes only slowly. THE END

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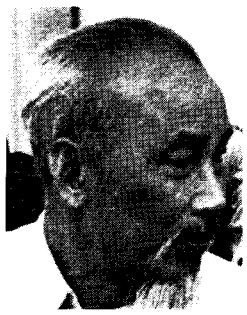
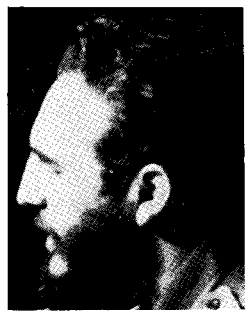
The inevitable questions



Ho Chi Minh



Fidel Castro

LOS ANGELES: A stint on the lecture circuit is useful in several ways to a political writer. There is the money, which is always useful. There is the delightful sound of the uninterrupted human voice uttered by oneself, a sound heard in Washington these days only by President Johnson. There is also the useful discovery that what interests Washington does not necessarily interest the rest of the country, and vice versa.

For example, nobody in these parts cares about the balance-of-payments problem. They ought to, but they don't. On the foreign front, what people care about is Cuba and Vietnam. And at least here on the West Coast, most people seem to be a lot more belligerent than their Government about Cuba, and a lot less so about Vietnam.

In the question period after a lecture, a lecturer soon comes to recognize the Inevitable Question. In 1961, for example, the Inevitable Question was, "What do you think about the Peace Corps?" Last year it was, "How about managed news in Washington?" This year there are two Inevitable Questions: "Why don't we go into Cuba and get rid of Castro?" and "What's wrong with neutralizing Vietnam?"

The first question is inspired by Sen. Barry Goldwater, who says that we should be "in Cuba tomorrow." The Goldwater line has had a lot more impact in the hinterlands than Washington officialdom realizes.

The second question is inspired by General de Gaulle, with an assist from senators Mike Mansfield, Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening. There is no "answer" to either question, of course. But there are certain facts which seem to be imperfectly understood by most people, and certain official assessments based on those facts. As regards Cuba, the facts and the assessment run about as follows:

Fact One. Castro is now so firmly entrenched that it is fatuous to suppose that "refugees and mercenaries," as Senator Goldwater suggests, could bring him down.

Fact Two. To rid Cuba of Castro, American troops would have to be used—and in large numbers. Russians aside, Castro has under arms about 300,000 regulars and militiamen. Certain of Castro's Russian and Czech weapons, like the superheavy Czech multiple machine gun and the Stalin II tank, are accounted superior to comparable American weapons. This country could quickly establish control of the air over Cuba, but the best estimates are that an invasion of Cuba would require a ground force of six divisions, of about 14,000 men each, plus supporting troops. Some estimates run higher. There are 16 ready U.S. Army divisions and three Marine divisions. Most of these forces are committed in Europe or elsewhere. Thus to take and hold Cuba would require all, perhaps more than all, of our ready reserves of infantry. And of course quite a lot of American soldiers would be killed.

Fact Three: Given its geographic situation, Guantánamo is indefensible. The corporal's guard of Marines there could not possibly hold the base in case of war with Cuba.

Fact Four: An American invasion of Cuba would be bitterly opposed by all our allies.

Fact Five. Khrushchev has repeatedly threatened that "the rockets will fly" if Cuba is attacked. The policy makers believe that this threat must be taken seriously, at least on a contingency basis.

The assessment based on these facts is simple. To use American force to bring Castro down would be an act of folly, short of some overt aggression by Castro himself, or a second attempt by Khrushchev to place nuclear-capable missiles on Cuban soil. The assessment may be wrong—Castro is a very real threat to American interests in this hemisphere. But given the further fact that all recent indications suggest that Castro's power in Latin America is waning, the assessment is at least entirely rational.

Many of the same people who want to be "in Cuba tomorrow" want to be out of Vietnam tomorrow. The answer to their Inevitable Question—"What's wrong with neutralizing Vietnam?"—is that there is nothing wrong with it, except that it cannot be done. Or it can only be done at the price of ensuring Communist domination of Southeast Asia.

De Gaulle talks about neutralizing "Indochina," which presumably includes Communist North Vietnam. It is just plain silly to suppose that North Vietnam's Communist dictator Ho Chi Minh, who has been a passionate doctrinaire Communist since he began to grow his straggly beard, is suddenly going to become genuinely "neutral" between the Communist and non-Communist worlds.

In fact, those who favor "neutralizing" Vietnam do not seriously suppose that this is going to happen. What they do suppose is that some sort of face-saving formula can be devised which will permit American power to be withdrawn from South Vietnam. No responsible official this reporter has been able to discover has any doubt of what would happen then.

Ho Chi Minh's Communist guerrilla movement, the Viet Cong, which sorely threatens the American-supported Saigon government, would control South Vietnam within a matter of days. Not long thereafter the shaky non-Communist governments of Southeast Asia would all be replaced by Communist or pro-Communist regimes.

Finally, after the United States had handed over its anti-Communist supporters in Vietnam to the Communist firing squads, despite solemn assurances from three Presidents in a row, the word of the American Government would be worthless, in Asia and elsewhere. This is why Secretary of State Dean Rusk has said that de Gaulle's neutralization is a "formula for surrender." It is why the American Government may decide to expand the war to the north, at very great risk, if that is the only alternative to Communist victory in Vietnam.

The decision not to "go into Cuba and get rid of Castro" and the decision not to "neutralize Vietnam" are both entirely sensible decisions. But to judge from those Inevitable Questions, the American Government has utterly failed to convince the American people that it is sensible to intervene in Vietnam, half a world away, and not to intervene in Cuba, 90 miles from our shores. To explain the paradox is no easy task, but it is a task that badly needs doing.

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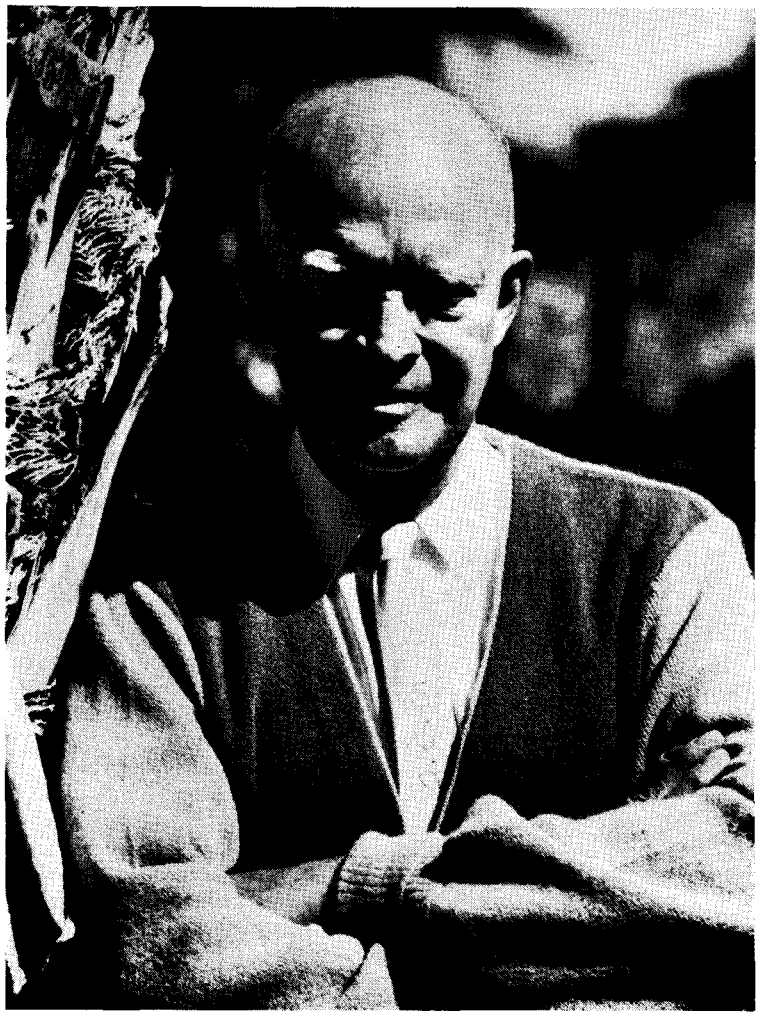
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

The former President charges the present Administration with trying to dupe the public and explains why he believes the modern G.O.P. offers the nation a better future.

WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER



Ike relaxes on winter vacation in Palm Springs, Calif.

FOR some years prior to the political conventions of 1952, influential leaders of both the Republicans and Democrats strongly urged me to become a candidate for their party's presidential nomination. The Democrats long had been in power in Washington and enjoyed a decisive majority in number of registered voters. Their nomination, if offered, seemed the surest and easiest route to the presidency.

However, before I could seriously entertain the idea of entering politics after a life devoted largely to military service, I had to make up my own mind as to which party offered the conscientious citizen the best guide for political judgment in these modern times. My decision, formed over a long period of study and contemplation, was to become a Republican. This article explains how I apply to the problems of today the same basic principles which led to that decision of 1952.

As the 1964 political conventions approach, the American people are being deluged with news and comment on what might be called the *mechanics* of party politics. Pollsters report week by week the standings of potential candidates in various areas and within certain groups. Columnists analyze each contender's public "image" and his appeal—or lack of it—on the television screen. Commentators appraise the political implications of every utterance of every candidate and what it may mean to Northerners and Southerners, city people and country people, business and labor, Negroes and whites. All of this is our traditional way of getting the men and the issues before the voters.

But you, the individual citizen, should clearly realize that the coming party conventions and campaigns, as important as they are, simply emphasize the fact that in the voting booth on November 3 you will be called upon to make the most vital decision a citizen in our democracy can make. *There you will help decide the future direction our national government will take.* Will it be a main road which maintains and strengthens the United States as a model of the free way of life? Or will it be a route which veers toward centralized rule and loss of individual responsibility and liberty, with a consequent weakening of America's strength—moral, economic and military—at home and abroad?

Helping with your vote to guide our country in the right direction is a privilege and a duty which outweighs the self-interest of any economic, regional or racial group. It is more important to the nation's welfare than the fate of any candidate—no matter how personable he may be on TV—or of any political party. What we should be deeply concerned with as the election approaches is this: What principles, what basic philosophy should guide our national government—and which of the political parties and its candidates best embodies and demonstrates that philosophy?

Now, I am a Republican. But I am not, I hope in all sincerity, a blind Republican who puts party above all else. First and foremost, I am a citizen of the United States. My basic allegiance is to those unchanging principles of self-government laid down in the founding documents of our nation. The more I see of the world and of the struggle of people for freedom and human dignity, the more clearly I understand the inspired, specific purpose of the noble phrases of those documents. It is not mere Fourth of July flag-waving to remind ourselves that " . . . all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights," as proclaimed in our Declaration of Independence. And we should continually refresh our knowledge of our Constitution which, with its Bill of Rights, spells out in detail the letter and the spirit of the rights to which each of us is entitled. These principles and the continued exercise of these rights have directed the United States to its place as the most powerful, most prosperous and, above all, most free nation on the face of the earth. We want to keep it that way.

That is why I am increasingly disturbed by the steady, obvious drift of our nation toward a centralization of power in the Federal Government. And in this fact is found the primary reason why I sincerely urge all voters, no matter what their present political affiliations, to take a fresh, thoughtful look at the basic Republican philosophy and Republican performance as compared to that of the Democrats. For the hard fact is that under many years of Democratic Party leadership our country has been lured into the "easy way," a path of federal expediency which, like a narcotic, may give us a false sense of well-being, but in the long run is dangerous to our future, our basic rights, our moral fiber and our individual freedom.

I assure you that I am not being an alarmist for partisan purposes. I do not fear that the United States faces any immediate threat of moral or financial bankruptcy or a political tyranny. However, it seems all too clear that in many significant ways we have headed away from reliance on individual common sense and toward a "Poppa knows best" federal rule. Perhaps more than many of us realize, we are now suffering the cloying effects of federal subsidies which invariably are accompanied by an overbearing federal bureaucracy that seems unchecked in both size and power. To attempt to detail, item by item, the many areas in which Democratic regimes have

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concentrated political, social and economic power in Washington would require an encyclopedia, but let me offer a few representative examples:

We are headed *away* from sharing responsibility among local, state and federal governments . . . *toward* direct, overpowering federal action in such diverse fields as education, housing, health, urban affairs, agriculture, transportation and power.

We are headed *away* from research and development widely distributed among our public and private institutions and aimed at broadening our total knowledge . . . *toward* gigantic "crash" federal stunts such as the race to the moon, which waste our resources, dominate our research institutions, monopolize our brainpower, and unbalance our total progress.

We are headed *away* from fair sharing of the taxing power and tax revenues among local, state and federal governments . . . *toward* intense consolidation of that power and revenue in the hands of a relatively few politicians in Washington.

We are headed *away* from known-sound fiscal policies and balanced budgets . . . *toward* experimental and highly dangerous federal overspending which inevitably leads to inflation, deterioration of our currency and loss of world confidence in the dollar.

We are headed *away* from balanced national goals which seek the welfare of all individuals . . . *toward* political adventures which seek to win the immediate support of pressure groups.

We are headed *away* from hardheaded common sense which applies our traditional principles to the solutions of our national problems, whatever they may be . . . *toward* flashy public relations and publicity which seek to persuade us that mere *labels* are themselves solutions.

The results of this tide of political power to Washington are plain to be seen all around us, especially so when viewed over a generation. The process has worked with the exactitude of a mathematical equation: As citizens have turned increasingly to the Federal Government to solve their problems, they have at the same time given up some of their own responsibilities and freedom of action.

This doesn't mean that the purportedly all-wise Federal Government has solved their problems, but the citizens have had to pay the bill just the same. Take the seemingly permanent farm problem:

For 30 years the Federal Government under the New Deal, Fair Deal and New Frontier brands of Democratic Party rule has been trying to solve the chronic problem of agriculture's overproduction and weak prices for farm products by increasingly strict production controls, higher and higher price supports, and larger and larger subsidies. A large share of the army of 115,000 employees in the U.S. Department of Agriculture is engaged in administering farm programs, telling growers how much they can plant and how much they can sell. The various price-support and surplus-removal programs alone have cost the taxpayers a grand total of $36.4 billion in accumulated losses of the Commodity Credit Corporation, and the costs of farm subsidies of assorted kinds now are running above five billion dollars a year. The dollars spent to "adjust" agricultural production are gone, but the problem itself still is very much with us. We now are told that unless wheat growers, who last year voted against mandatory production controls, are persuaded by new subsidies to cut their acreage voluntarily, the wheat business will face a disastrous price slump in the year ahead.

Or, let us take the ingrained habit of Democratic Administrations to overspend, to follow risky financial policies, particularly under the guise of "stimulating the economy." This process already has eroded away a basic right of every citizen: the right to have sound money, a dollar that is worth as much today as it was yesterday.

I know that anyone who speaks up against deficit spending is accused by the "sophisticated" liberals of being more interested in money than in people. But I ask, what is more inhumane to more people than deliberately taking away the value of the money on which they must live in the future?

Let's be specific. The dollar you earned and saved 24 years ago is now worth just 45 cents. This loss is nothing we can shrug off with "Poppa knows best." It is a cruel injustice to people who worked hard all their lives, who were frugal and self-reliant in accumulating savings, insurance and pensions for their old age. But now the value of their retirement dollars has been cut to less than half of that when those dollars were earned, by easy-money and inflationary policies of the Government. And more of this shrinkage lies ahead, unless we elect a government with the courage and resolution to follow sound fiscal policies.

These examples demonstrate why we badly need to get back on the safe and sound main road, to halt and reverse this relentless flow of power to Washington. And *now* is the time to start returning to the principles of self-government and widely shared responsibility upon which the greatness of our country was built, lest history record our decline and decay in the sentence, "Here was where the United States, like Rome, went wrong—here at the peak of its power and prosperity when it forgot those ideals which made it great."

Stopping this drift does *not* mean turning back the clock, as power-seeking Democrats like to say. It does not mean depriving our Federal Government of the powers it needs to meet our national problems on a national scale, to provide for our national defense, or to help us to develop to the full our national opportunities.

Rather, it means taking the broad, All-American road toward progress, one which veers neither to the extreme right nor extreme left, but runs straight ahead. Such a course involves far more than mere dependence upon the Federal Government to solve our problems. Its guidelines must be more than catchily labeled panaceas—like "War on Poverty"—which usually turn out to be new channels by which even more power is siphoned into the Federal Government. The main-road approach does require careful study by the best brains our country can command of our problems *and* opportunities in the light of fundamental American principles at all levels of responsibility. Such an approach means that we should continually ask ourselves, "What does common sense dictate? How can we cooperate to solve our problems and develop our opportunities for the greatest benefit and least detriment of all citizens?"

Such is the Republican way of doing things. It is in our blood, in the mainstream of Republican philosophy. And at this time in our country's history it seems clear to me that voters need to understand and rally to this philosophy before it is too late—before the spirit and substance of the unique form of government bequeathed to us by our Founding Fathers are worn away.

"I BELIEVE THAT AUTOMATION CAN BE A BLESSING."

Frankly, it is unfortunate that the fundamentals of Republican philosophy are not as well and widely understood as they should be, particularly among people who have grown up mainly under paternalistic federal policies. Perhaps in our many years in the role of the loyal opposition, we Republicans have put so much emphasis on opposing measures and programs we believed unwise—and time has proved us right in most cases—that we have not done justice to the party's positive aims.

Republican aims are *positive*. They have been positive and forward-looking since the party was formed 110 years ago to preserve the Union. Starting with the Civil War and the dedication of Abraham Lincoln to the ideal of national unity, Republican doctrines always have sought to guide our nation away from federal domination on one hand and perilous division on the other. To me the key items of political faith that should always continue to be an inspiring guide to sound political action for any thoughtful citizen are:

1. *Abiding faith in the individual.* To believe that the essential unit in our democracy is the individual, not any group or class, and that the preservation of our form of government depends in the final analysis on respect of the individual's rights, initiative, judgment and opportunities.

2. *Limited powers of government.* To believe that the people themselves should retain all powers and responsibilities not specifically delegated to the Government. As Abraham Lincoln defined it, "The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do at all, or cannot so well do, for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities. In all the people can individually do as well for themselves, the government ought not to interfere." (I quote Lincoln not only because he has been the patron saint of the Republican Party from its beginning but also because modern Democrats are trying to steal him from us to capitalize on the reverence in which America holds his name.)

3. *Freedom and Equality.* Born in the bitter struggle to give flesh-and-blood reality to the American doctrine that all men are created equal and are endowed with certain unalienable rights. the Republican Party never has wavered in its belief that freedom and equality are the right of all Americans. It was the Republican Party, led by Lincoln, which freed the Negro from slavery and secured amendments to the Constitution assuring every citizen of his political rights, regardless of race. It was the Republican Party which in 1957 succeeded in getting through Congress the first civil-rights legislation since the Reconstruction era after the Civil War.

4. *National Unity.* Since its beginnings the Republican Party has stoutly resisted any and all forces which might divide our nation by class, region, racial ancestry or economic interest. We are not for or against a minority of any kind. We are for every individual, whatever his ethnic, social or economic background, who enjoys the priceless privilege of United States citizenship.

5. *World Responsibility.* The Republican Party has aided the United States in meeting its global responsibilities in the spirit of the nation's enlightened self-interest; that is, not on the basis of mere do-goodism, but for the security and welfare of our own country within the family of free nations.

Applying these concepts in government is not easy, as I know from experience. In action, this means attacking our national problems at their roots, believing that only in this way, not by poulticing symptoms, can we advance our country steadily and solidly. We Republicans have sought by *balanced* progress to improve the national standard of living, assure civil rights for all, provide better care for the aged, wipe out the causes of urban blight, provide better education for our youth, and promote a sound, forward-looking economic climate that is essential to national growth and fullest possible employment.

The Democrats claim similar goals, of course. But where we Republicans definitely part company with our political opponents is at the very foundation of our political philosophy. We Republicans approach these goals in such regard for American fundamentals that we strengthen, not weaken, the nation. We insist on applying the yardstick of our common sense to assure that proposed federal action will not cause decay of freedom's values, will not replace individual and local responsibility with government paternalism. There is an old saying, "The mind, like steel, stays bright through use." We believe that the American spirit of self-reliance must stay bright.

As I look back on the history of our country, and look ahead to its future, my belief in the brightness of that future is unbounded—*if* we have the wisdom and courage to stay on the main track. True, we have many problems, but in the main they are associated with economic and social progress; they are reminders that the development of the United States and its free way of life will always be unfinished business. New challenges and opportunities will continually lie ahead. For example:

As a Republican I believe that automation can and will be a great blessing to the individual, to our economy and our

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national strength if we develop it as such. It is only a new phase in the continuing industrial revolution which in the United States has evolved in a manner which means more productivity, a rapidly rising standard of living, and now, more leisure time. And by leisure I don't merely mean more spare time in which to indulge in our favorite sports and pastimes, but also valuable hours to improve ourselves, to participate more fully in community affairs, to broaden our education, and particularly to gain a deeper understanding of our country and what makes it tick. Republicans are dedicated to progress that will offer useful lives to all, including any that automation may have freed from the irksome tasks of our economy.

Related to the problem of automation is the much-discussed one of depressed areas and the poor who are not sharing as they should in our national well-being. Rapid technological progress, while it advances the nation as a whole, sometimes disrupts the livelihood of people in an entire area who find themselves ill-equipped for change. Such problems are intensely human ones, and our society must meet them squarely. But they cannot be solved merely by adding more bureaucrats to the federal payroll to "tell the people what to do." Necessary human and area adjustments cannot be brought about by painting over the symptoms with federal subsidies and doles. The problem of poverty, wherever it exists, can be cured only by going to its roots with a common-sense approach, by helping people and area to develop new opportunities *for themselves*. That approach starts with what the individual can do on his own to improve his capabilities, to equip himself and his children for our new technological age. It continues with the community and the state in soundly planned programs to make the best use of their human and economic resources; it includes retraining of unemployed and the education of all gifted youngsters without regard to their economic standing. The Federal Government should come in only when the creative initiative of the people, those most closely concerned with the problem, has had a chance to operate. And then the central government should assist only with knowledgeable leadership and in doing those things the people cannot do for themselves. We know that this approach works: It is the system by which this nation was built.

As a Republican I believe that it is not enough that advances in health and medicine should enable people to live longer. It is not fair that the older years of our citizens should be jeopardized by financial insecurity and disastrous medical costs. That is why I believe in Social Security—which, after all, is only one form of insurance—and why my Administration extended Social Security to a large portion of the population which previously was not covered. And that is why I am convinced that any system of medical insurance for the aged should be on a broadly based, self-sustaining and voluntary basis. This need cannot be met fairly, in my judgment, by overloading the Social Security system with the multi-billion-dollar annual costs of the so-called Medicare plan, thus concentrating the whole burden on workers and employers. Adequate medical care for older citizens can be assured, in my opinion, by a carefully thought-out program combining private insurance, individual contributions and government assistance to distribute the load equitably among all segments of our society in accordance with their needs. The Kerr-Mills Act, with a few amendments—especially one that takes account of catastrophic illness—should meet our needs adequately.

As a Republican I believe in what has been called the "conquest of space," but which I prefer to think of as a thorough exploration of a new scientific frontier to improve our living here on earth. This is an exploration we should pursue vigorously with a step-by-step program in line with our means and our needs. That was the aim of the space program as initially undertaken during my Administration: On the advice of eminent scientists we conceived a long-range effort, not a stunt, with costs to be stabilized around two billion dollars a year. That hardly could be called picayune by any reasonable standards.

But now, under the Democrats, this program has been blown up all out of proportion. With hysterical fanfare our space research has been presented as a crash effort, as a "race to the moon" between the United States and Russia which we must win at all costs. And the costs are tremendous: They now are running well over five billion dollars a year. The Government now has more than 73,000 engineers and scientists working on the nonmilitary space program, either on the federal payroll or employed under contract. This swollen program, costing more than the development of the atomic bomb, not only is contributing to an unbalanced budget; it also has diverted a disproportionate share of our brainpower and research facilities from other equally significant problems, including education and automation.

We are breezily assured that the cost and dislocation brought about by this moon race are worthwhile for the new "prestige" they will bring us. There is no way of telling how true that may be, but we can be sure of one thing: The voyage to the moon will set a new record for a trip taken on borrowed money.

"SERIOUS SHORTCOMINGS IN FOREIGN POLICY ARE A MATTER OF RECORD."

As a Republican I believe that the recent cut in income-tax rates was a much-needed one. Heretofore it has required the equivalent of the American people's total earnings from January 1 to May 1 to meet their total tax load, local, state and federal. Now "Freedom Day" will come a few days sooner each year. But it is also true that this reduction represents a remarkable innovation for the Democrats. In the past it has been the Republican administrations which have reduced taxes while the Democrats invariably have raised them. The tax cut we Republicans made in 1954 amounted to $7.4 billion for the first full year and was the largest dollar tax cut, to that time, in the nation's history—and it also was accompanied and justified by cuts in government spending.

It must be emphasized that a tax cut alone is only half of the equation. Without a commensurate curtailment of federal expenditures a tax reduction by itself is a cruel illusion: What is given to the taxpayer in one hand is more than taken away from the other by cheapening his money and increasing his burden of public debt.

I do not for a minute see how the Democrats can balance the budget in the foreseeable future and at the same time proceed with their announced and costly programs. My experience with federal budgets and hard fiscal evidence leads to the inescapable conclusion that this Administration is headed toward more and larger deficits. The Administration's prolific gestures toward economy are at this moment little more than deft public relations and fiscal sleight of hand; only if great action programs are deeply cut or wholly eliminated will real economy be achieved.

What cannot be overlooked are the actual figures on spending and income. In 1960 the Federal Government spent $77.3 billion. The "frugal" budget for the fiscal year 1965 is estimated at $98.5 billion—a rise of $21.2 billion more a year than during the last full year of a Republican Administration. That does not appear to be real economy.

Furthermore, a budget is only an estimate. What actually determines the total spending is the amount of money *obligated* under various federal programs, many of which tend to exceed estimated costs. There is no evidence whatsoever that the Administration is cutting back or plans to cut back any of the costly new programs inaugurated in the last three years. The spending *authority* of various federal agencies for the coming fiscal year stands at $103.7 billion. As each program is to be carried out according to plan, I am positive that government outgo is going to increase more rapidly than government income. The Administration claims, optimistically I believe, that federal revenue will reach $93 billion because of increased economic activity spurred by the tax cut. Even taking this figure at face value, we are faced with a deficit of $10 billion—perhaps much more. The outcome is bound to be further depreciation of the value of our money, less world confidence in the dollar, and a continued drain on our already depleted gold reserves. This adds up to experimental, risky national policy.

As a Republican I believe that the United States must present one face and one voice to the world. All of us, whatever our political party, should support the nation's global policies and goals. We all want to work toward universal peace with justice; we all want to maintain close and friendly relations with all nations which share our dedication to this purpose.

We know, too, that this is no time to lessen our efforts to make our foreign policy more effective. The Cold War heats up—although the Soviet Union speaks nicely to us when it wants something from us. The Communists' purpose has not changed; they still believe they must destroy us or be destroyed. The Berlin Wall still stands. Communists still are killing Americans in Vietnam. Castro still is exporting subversion and terror to his democratic neighbors in Latin America.

All of this means that as a nation we must continue to stand firm in our resolve to turn back Communist aggression and to cooperate with the free world in doing so. We must continue to support the efforts of the United Nations to bring quarrels between nations to the conference table instead of the battlefield.

However, this does not mean that the party of the loyal opposition should forgo the right of thoughtful criticism of the *operation* of our foreign policy with respect to any country or any event that already has become history. It is our duty to point out where we believe foreign-policy programs have gone wrong and how we believe they can be righted, so long as our comment is informed, reasonable and seeks only the good of the United States.

Thus, it is perfectly proper and desirable for Republican leadership to comment on the lack of success of the Democratic Administration in its application of foreign policy in Latin America, Southeast Asia, Europe and elsewhere. A number of serious shortcomings are now a matter of record, such as the Bay of Pigs fiasco, the lack of an effective program against Castro, the failure to heed plain warnings of an explosive situation in Panama, the handling of operations in Vietnam. We Republicans should and we shall call attention to them.

And last, as an American who puts country above party, I deeply and sincerely believe that all fellow citizens, whether Republicans, Democrats or independents, owe it to themselves and their country to pause for a moment and stand back from the partisan fray to ask themselves: *How can the United States get back on the right path? Which political philosophy offers us the surest guide for the future?*

From a practical standpoint you first must register so you will be qualified to vote. Then you will make your decision effective by voting for the candidates representing one party or another in this fall's general election. By the time you step into the voting booth you will have heard these candidates expound their views in the give and take of a hard-fought political campaign. By then you should be well acquainted with the political principles on which each candidate stands. And those principles, I hope, will determine your decision. For the administration of our Government is not a political game but a serious human business, the highest purpose of which is to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

I am confident that the Republican Party will offer candidates who represent the mainstream of its philosophy—a guiding doctrine which promises not the *most* government but the *best* government. I have faith that the American people, when they know all the facts, will make the right decision. That is why I am a Republican and why I believe the Republicans can and will win. THE END

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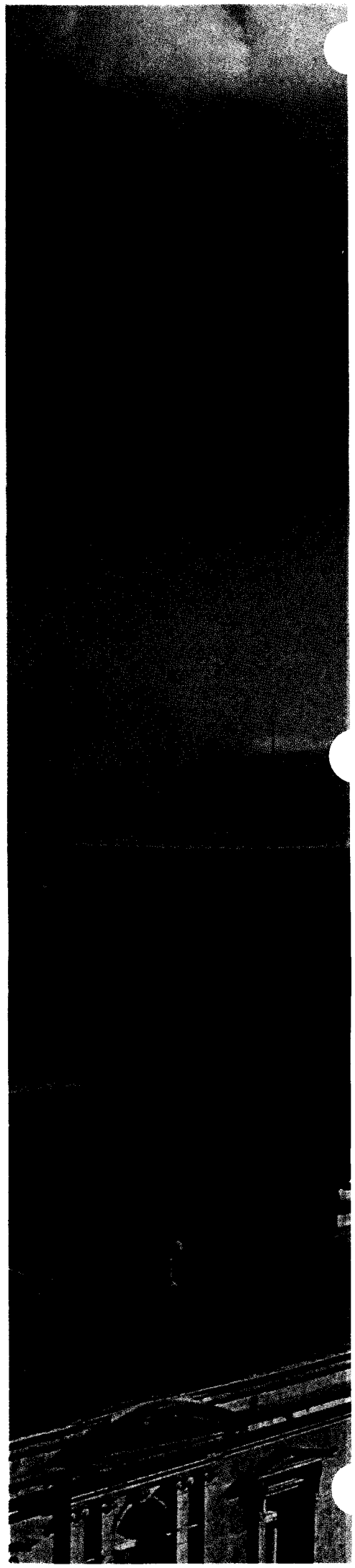
Their heads swathed against the drifting ash, two secretaries pass a swept-up heap of pulverized lava on a San José street.



Beyond the rooftops of San José, Mount

THE SKY IS FALLING

A volcano blows its top, smothering a nation with ash.

By TREVOR ARMBRISTER

The air is thin at the top of Irazú. The wind is cool and brisk, yet it is quiet here, deathly still and eerie. There are no birds, no insects; there are no living trees or shrubs. On one side stand giant, greenish-gray boulders. On the other and far below lies a shallow pond. Once a café stood by the lip of the crater. Only its stone foundation remains.

Suddenly a steady, hoarse, deep-throated grumble rises from the volcano. Huge rocks hiss upward, then fall back inside the crater. A roiling, twisting cloud of ash billows up 30,000 feet. The wind sweeps it west across the sky in a dark and ominous cone. Slowly the ash begins to fall, like a gentle persistent rain. Some of it will settle on San José, Costa Rica's capital, 17 miles to the west. Much more will fall in an area known as the Zone of Death.

Irazú has been erupting intermittently for more than a year. It is a "dry" volcano; no molten lava has poured from its mouth. Yet it has dumped about three million tons of gritty, nonsoluble ash on what may be the prettiest, proudest, most stable country in Latin America. The ash has threatened public health, shaken the nation's economy and demoralized its 1.2 million people. And the end is not yet in sight.

"Sometimes I wonder if a sudden, dramatic natural catastrophe might not be easier to bear," says Guillermo Castro, the able young governor of San José Province. "An earthquake, for example. Some buildings would topple, and our population would temporarily suffer. But then it would all be over. Our present day-by-day torment appears undramatic. But the suffering, distress and harassment are just as real as any sudden disaster."

In downtown San José the sun is shining, yet policemen directing traffic wear heavy-duty goggles as the grit rains down. Women trudge slowly along ash-covered sidewalks, pressing veils, bandannas and handkerchiefs against their faces. On some days when the fall is particularly heavy, they cover their heads with brown paper bags.

The ash is everywhere. It jams doors and clogs locks. It sifts through windows masked with tape. Doctors at San Juan de Dios Hospital drape wet sheets over windows in the surgery rooms. Still the grit gets in.

Parents who can afford the cost send their children out of the city to school. Bouffant hairdos are out. Housewives cannot hang laundry out to dry without having it covered by cinders. Printers at *La Nación* must hose their Linotype machines with compressed air twice daily. Taxi drivers have to change their oil once a week.

The ash covers golf-course fairways at the Country Club of Costa Rica. It scratches shoe leather. "I wore out a good pair of shoes in one month," sighs bill collector Armando Ruíz. "Now I have hard rubber soles. They last longer." The ash coats bottles of quinine water at the bar in the Gran Hotel Costa Rica. It even gets into bread and coffee and milk. Once San José was known as the hemisphere's cleanest city. Now it is called the "*ciudad des escobas*," the city of brooms.

The eruptions began at one P.M. on March 13, 1963. "All of a sudden our doors and windows began shaking," recalls a broad-faced cattleman named Fernando Robert. "So we looked out. A violent explosion was throwing the stones very high, and there was a mushroom cloud."

In the beginning few people were alarmed. Prevailing winds blew the ashes eastward, away from San José. And light-hearted Costa Ricans had something else on their minds. John F. Kennedy was due to arrive soon for the meeting of Central American presidents. They were determined to give him a boisterous welcome. Irazú? People chuckled. "This just proves," said one smiling citizen, "that all of Costa Rica is excited about Mr. Kennedy's visit."

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Irazú sends skyward a billowing cloud of ash-laden steam. Dormant for 20 years, the volcano exploded into life again last spring and has been intermittently erupting ever since.

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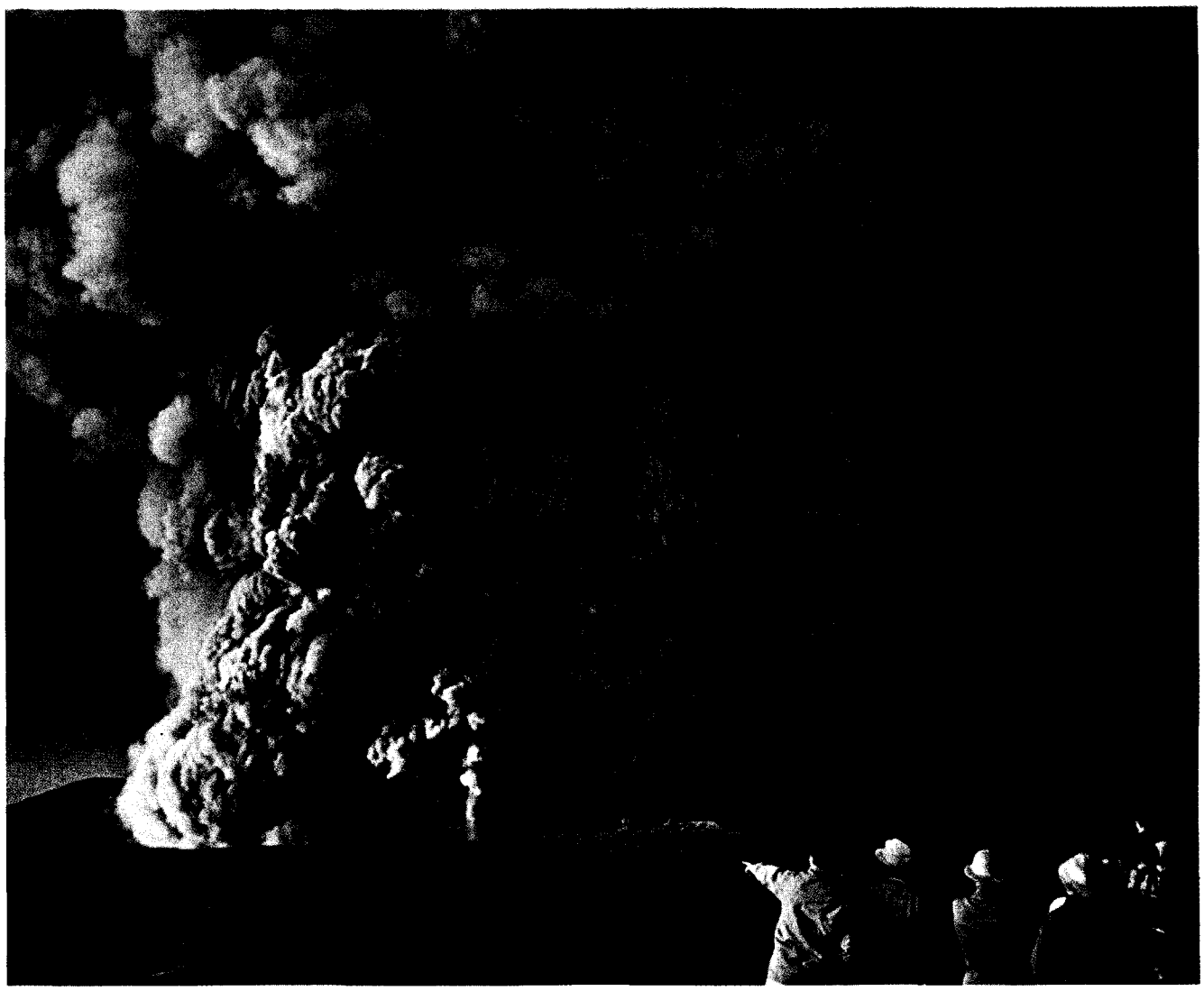
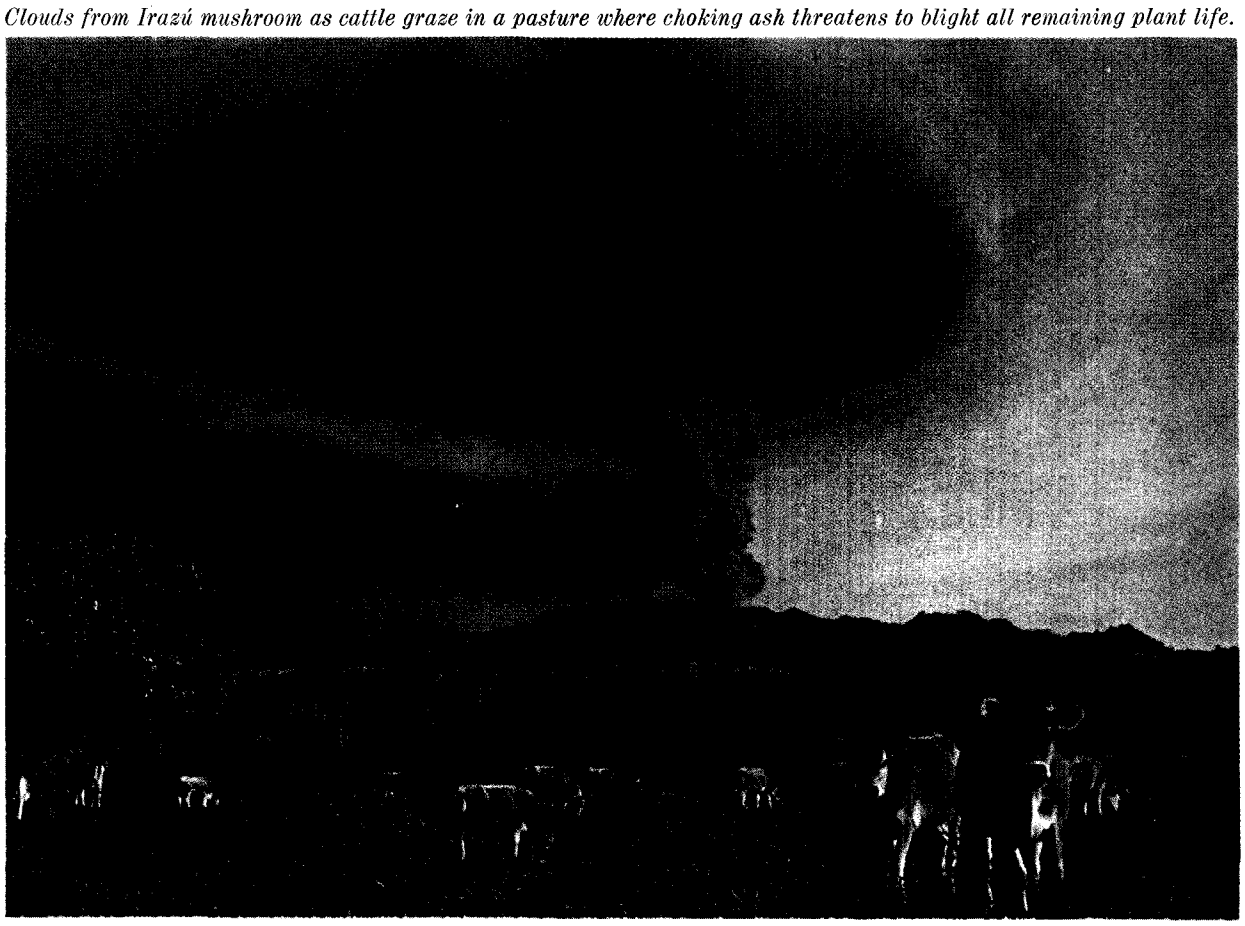
COSTA RICANS TOLD THEMSELVES THAT THE ERUPTIONS WOULD STOP, BUT THE ASH KEPT FALLING.



Near the lip of the smoking crater a government party watches hopelessly as Irazú rumbles deep within itself.

Clouds from Irazú mushroom as cattle graze in a pasture where choking ash threatens to blight all remaining plant life.



The Sky Falls

Slowly the winds shifted westward. On March 20, as Kennedy arrived at El Coco Airport to board *Air Force One* for the trip back to Washington, the ash was raining harder. A bystander remembers seeing the President rub his eyes. The next day stores in San José began selling goggles and breathing masks. Still few people thought the eruptions would continue for more than a few days.

The last important eruption from the 11,260-foot mountain, the highest of Costa Rica's four major volcanoes, had occurred in 1917; ash had fallen intermittently for more than two years afterward. Irazú had rumbled for a while in 1933 and again in 1943. But for the past 20 years it had been dormant. Obviously this new eruption would soon halt as suddenly as it began. Life would return to normal once again.

The ashes kept falling. In May the director of civil aviation closed La Sabana Airport in San José to most commercial traffic. The grit obstructed pilots' vision and damaged aircraft engines. In July the clock on San José's La Merced church stopped. Then post-office, bank and hotel clocks stopped too.

The ash consisted of silicon, aluminum, iron, magnesium, calcium and other oxides. It had an abrasive, corroding effect on metal. Could it not have a similar effect on people?

Health Minister Max Teran Vals did his best to allay such fears. "I wish to affirm categorically that the ash has no effect on health problems," he stated, "nor on pulmonary-type sicknesses." Yet statistics seem to belie such easy optimism. Records indicate an increase in the number of patients who have complained about new respiratory ailments.

"It is like sandpaper in the bronchia," says Dr. Raúl Blanco Cervantes, the soft-spoken director of San José's National Tuberculosis Hospital. "We have noticed many irritations of the ears, eyes and nose." Adds Dr. Otto Jiménez, chief of medical services at the University of Costa Rica, "Children are more susceptible to this sickness than adults, because they are more active. They run and play closer to the ground."

Medical authorities agree that an outbreak of illness is not imminent. "The most important problem now," says Dr. Blanco Cervantes, "is simply to keep the city clean. If the ash continues to fall, it may clog the water mains, gutters and sewers. Then we could have a lot of infection. We will know in May, at the start of the rainy season."

Damage to agriculture has been far more tangible. For years the slopes of Irazú have ranked as superior grazing lands. The soil is rich and fertile (ironically, it has been enriched by previous eruptions), but the pulverized ash has covered the lush grass. It has ruined all plant life within an 85,000-acre area. Cattle have not been able to find adequate forage. Many have died; others have lost teeth or become sterile.

Soon after the eruptions began, 2,000 of the weakest cattle had to be slaughtered. The government moved another 5,000 to less affected areas. Now 20,000

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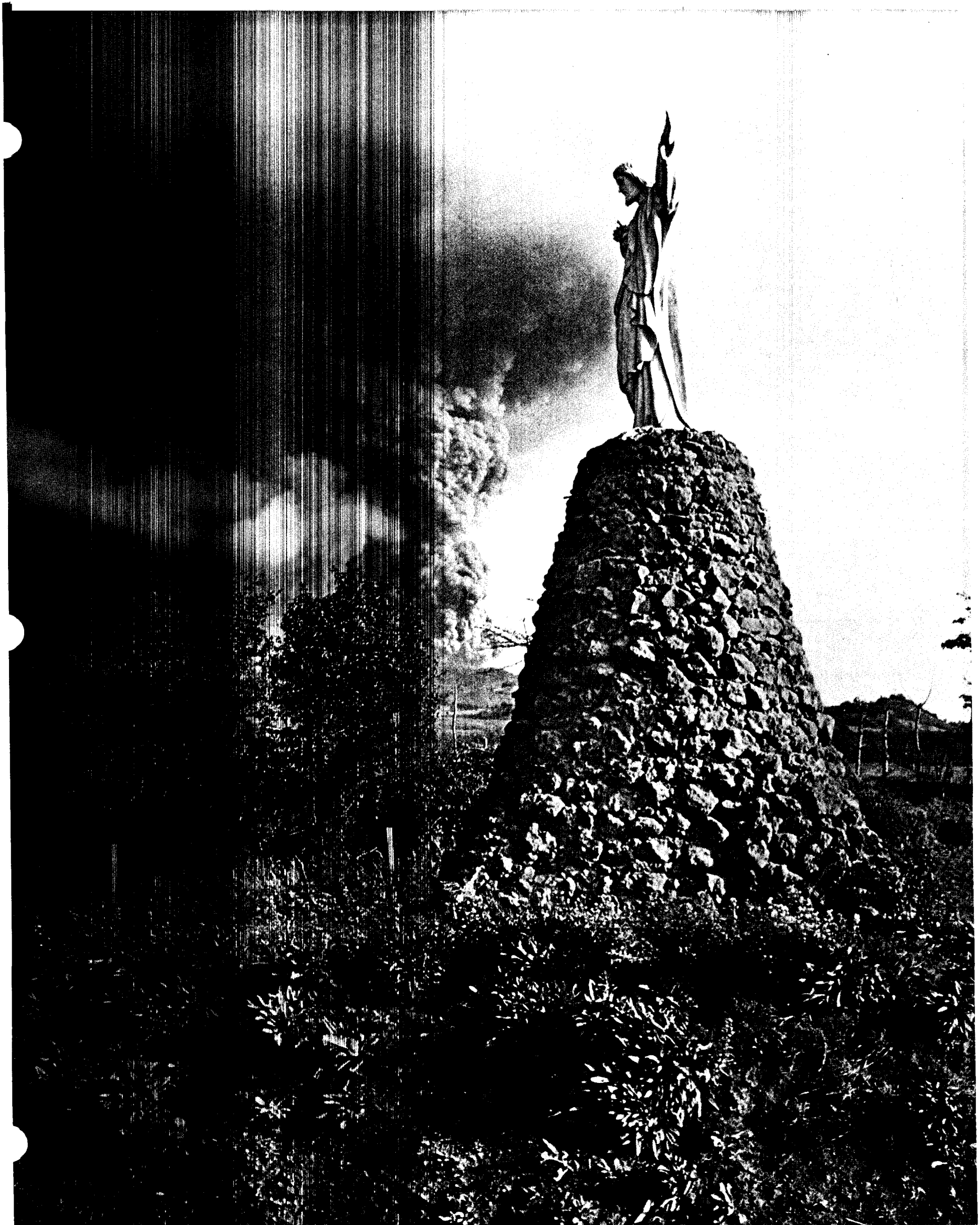

In the once-fertile "zona de muerte," an 85,000-acre agricultural area where almost all crops have been killed by Irazú, a desolate Christ keeps watch over empty fields.

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SUGGESTED REMEDY: A U. S. ARMY-BUILT NET TO KEEP ASH IN THE CRATER.

The Sky Falls

undernourished cattle remain on these ash-strewn slopes. Milk production has fallen sharply. The Dos Piños Milk Co-operative, Costa Rica's largest, estimates the loss at one million dollars.

The ash has ruined crops as well. Last August the Banco Nacional calculated the cost of damage to potato, corn and tomato harvests to be about $200,000. Since then the figure has increased. "I have planted potatoes three times," says farmer Alyo Montéro Chacón. "Each crop has been a failure."

At a 13-acre farm high on Irazú's western slope, a barefoot young man named Arturo Jiménez is shucking corn. Its kernels are parched and gray. He has heard that the government is willing to help him move to another area. He refuses to leave. "The ashes will stop soon," he says. "The soil will be more fertile than it was before."

Experts are not so sure. "If Irazú stopped tomorrow," says Carl Koone, a food and agriculture officer with the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID), "anywhere from six months to three years would be required to restore the area as useful land."

The ash has done its greatest harm to the coffee crop. This is Costa Rica's major export, earning the nation $48 million in an average year. If anything happens to coffee, the whole economy suffers. Twenty-five percent of the coffee *fincas* lie in the affected area. Damage to last year's crop was serious enough: a loss estimated at four million dollars. Damage to the current crop may exceed six million dollars.

Inside his yellow-stucco-walled office, a plump, white-haired coffee exporter named Paul Bregstein, who checks on the quality of his wares by sipping 200 cups of coffee daily, shrugs his shoulders. "The ash started during the flowering last year," he says. "If it persists through the current flowering, we may lose the whole crop."

Other business operations also have suffered. Construction projects have stalled. Over a beer at a downtown bar, a young architect named Alvaro Sabório explains that his firm has had three major contracts (for one supermarket and two apartment houses) canceled. "The ash has not just hurt the building industry," he says, "it has stopped it. There is no activity whatsoever. People do not want to invest when there is an unknown factor operating here."

Businessmen say their sales declined soon after eruptions began. Some have been unable to collect on bills. "People tell me, 'Come back when Irazú stops,'" says importer Rafael Vega Alvarez. "They say the ash is ruining them." Alvarez thinks the ash is used as a convenient scapegoat. "It is blamed for everything," he says. "If there is trouble at home, it's the ash; if a woman has a miscarriage, it's the ash; if you don't win the lottery, it's the ash."

Yet the ash has been a boon to some. Watch repairmen are busier than ever; so are barbers. So great is the demand for shampoo that a leading wholesaler complains that he cannot get enough to meet the needs of hairdressers. Eyedrop sales have tripled. At the small broom factory of Quesada and Amador, a solitary binding machine hums away all day long. "We sell everything we produce," says manager Antonio Marqués. "Still we cannot meet the demand." Marqués now is considering importing brooms from Argentina. Shoeshine boys clustered about hotels do a brisk business. At El Coco Airport, vendors sell tourists tiny bottles of ash for 45 cents.

Throughout the rainy season from May to November, prevailing westerly winds blew much of the ash away from San José. The rains had washed the streets, cleansed coffee plants and lifted people's morale. In October they got more good news from K.J. Murata, a volcano expert from the U. S. Geological Survey. After a month-long survey, he gave President Francisco Orlich his assessment. The volcano, he pointed out, is rather like a giant percolator, with molten rock and gases boiling toward the surface from the depths of the mountain. As the seething mass nears the surface, it encounters ground water and rainwater. The water cools the lava, preventing it from overflowing, but in the process is converted into steam. This steam combines with escaping gases to send great clouds billowing from the crater, sending upward small fragments of lava along with material eroded from the sides of the ever-widening crater. It is this suspended material that drifts down on Costa Rica in a smothering blanket.

Then Murata added his optimistic prediction. "The best-educated guess," he said, "would anticipate further eruption of ash for at least six more months at irregular intervals. That these eruptions (will) be as copious as those of March to August seems unlikely."

And still it fell

Scarcely one month later, a Japanese volcanologist named Ryohei Morimoto released an equally optimistic analysis, and Costa Ricans felt sure their problems were over. But the eruptions did not stop. Their intensity only increased.

"Real concern didn't start until November," says Philip Gill, a young economic attaché at the U.S. embassy. "I remember it was particularly bad November 23, the day after President Kennedy died. We were driving out to (U.S.) Ambassador (Raymond) Telles's home. The ash was several inches deep in some places, and we had to keep the windshield wipers going."

In the seven months ending in November, Irazú dumped 6,500 tons of ash on San José. In the first 12 days of December it spread another 5,300 tons. Strong winds whipped ashes through the streets.

On the night of December 9 those winds increased into a tropical storm. For weeks deposits of ash had blocked the upper reaches of the Reventadó River. Its waters had backed up dangerously on the slopes of Irazú. Suddenly just before midnight, as the storm lashed the region with high winds and rain, the river broke through the barrier. A raging torrent plunged down the mountain, smashing everything in its path.

"We heard the volcano rumbling and the wind roaring," recalls Señora Flora Rivera de Alfaro, who lives in the tiny village of Taras. "We decided to abandon our home and seek refuge in a cousin's house nearby. When we opened the door, the wind and rain threw us down." Señora Rivera felt her eight-month-old son swept from her arms as she was buffeted by the water that surged around the family. Somehow she reached high ground. Later search parties combing the area recovered the bodies of Señora de Alfaro's husband and three children.

The floods killed nine other people, hospitalized another 250 and left 500 homeless. Damage to homes exceeded one million dollars. The Kativo soap and paint factory, directly in the path of the flood, was destroyed.

But then, as the people of Taras buried their dead and began clearing up, Irazú stopped belching ash. "I woke up one morning, looked out the window, and there it was—with a big smile on its face," recalls British journalist Terence Stocken. "Everybody said, 'Spring is here at last.'" Businessmen prepared for the Christmas rush. Buoyed by new confidence, people set busily to work with brooms. The ash, they figured, had finally gone away.

On Christmas Eve it started anew.

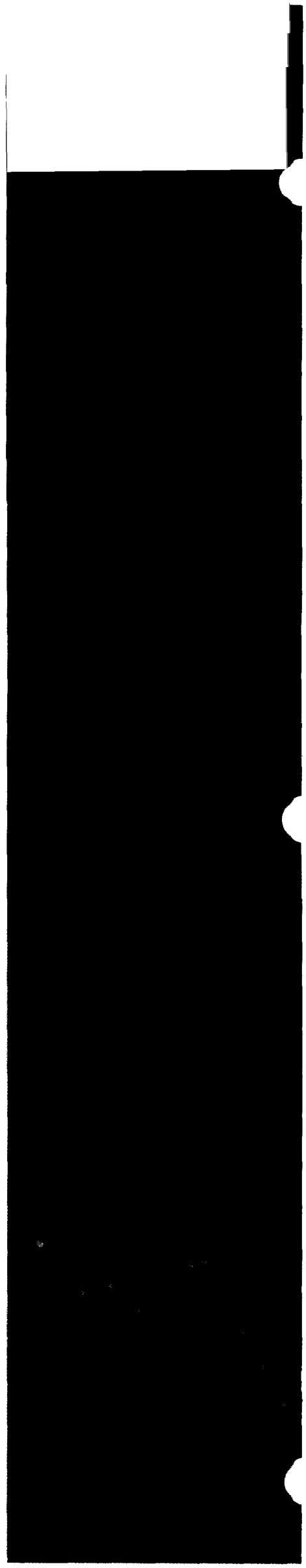
In January a downtown movie house collapsed from the weight of the ash on its roof. The strain on other buildings was apparent. On January 22 the government appealed to the United Nations for aid.

Some assistance had arrived already. The governments of Nicaragua and Venezuela supplied food, clothing and medicine—primarily for the victims of the flood. The U.S. shipped in 4,000 tons of sorghum and corn last fall to feed the hungry cattle; it supplemented that with another 4,000 tons this spring. AID contributed 500 breathing masks for the city's sweeping crews. CARE sent in a mobile X-ray unit to check on pulmonary sickness.

As aid flowed in, so did suggestions for stopping the eruptions. One man recommended dropping a bomb into the crater. Another suggested inserting pipes into Irazú's sides to drain the excess water. A third wanted the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to build a giant net over the volcano's mouth. These ideas failed to find wide support.

Day and night the cleanup continues. Three new mechanical road sweepers rumble through the streets. Tank trucks spray water to dampen the swirling dust. Four hundred sweepers work in shifts around the clock. Cleanup operations are draining the city's treasury.

Scientists cannot predict when the eruptions will stop. Yet Costa Ricans, a cheerful people, manage to joke about their misfortune. "When this government came into office," says foreign-ministry official Alvar Antillon, "it promised to give a piece of land to every citizen. You see," he says, pointing at the cloud rising from Irazú, "the government lives up to its promise." THE END



Irazú at night is a Fourth of July

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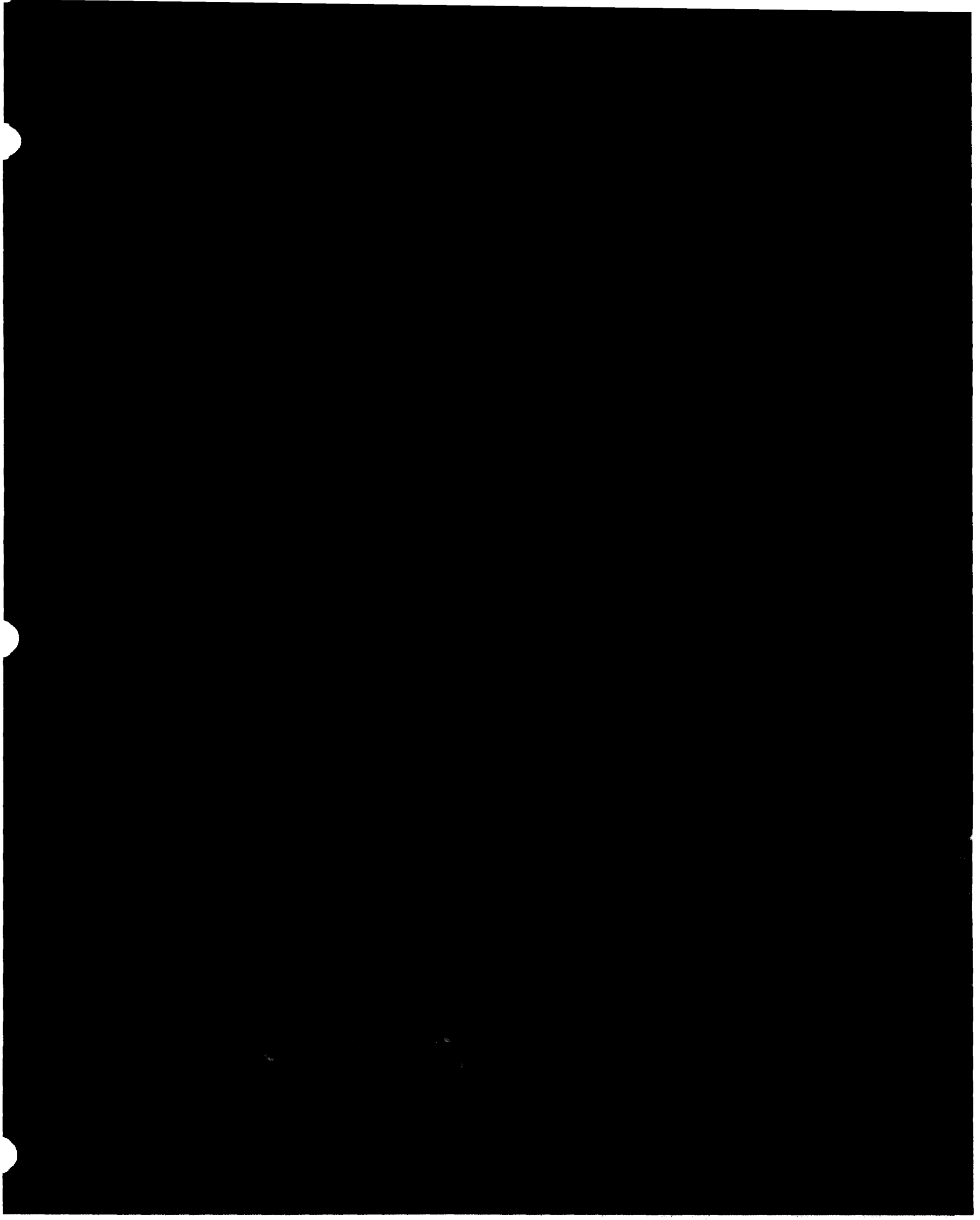

caldron as incandescent sparks arch above molten rock boiling within the crater. Irazú has already dumped about three million tons of ash on Costa Rica, with no relief in sight.

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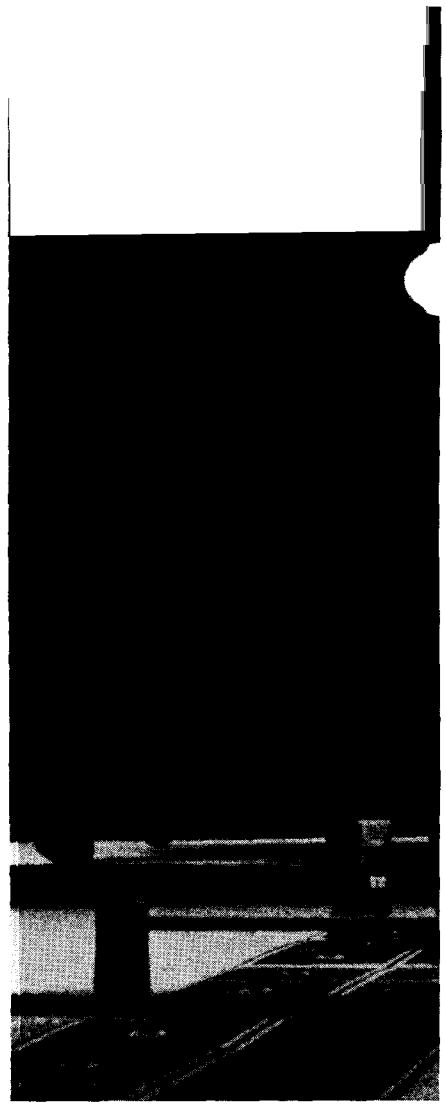

Vice President Eduard P Parker, in a workaday posture on office floor, ponders his next move in Derby Day. The game was patterned after a steeplechase race.

These big-game hunters roll dice on company time and print funny money for their customers. Their aim—to discover another fortune-making game like Monopoly.

PASS GO AND RETIRE

By Roy Bongartz

Parker treasurer Channing Bacall clasps fake Monopoly money. Firm's daily $210 million printing is bigger than U.S. Mint's.

It is 10 o'clock Monday morning in the old seafaring town of Salem, Mass. A clutch of well-tailored Harvard graduates, former Navy officers and yachtsmen take their places around a polished oak table under the benign, bearded portrait of the founder of their company. One executive throws some dice and moves a marker along the track of a board game, while the others follow every move with avid interest. When they become bored, they bring out handfuls of small steel balls enclosed in brightly colored plastic cones and begin rolling them at one another across the table.

These men are engaged in a very serious business. This is the weekly executive-committee meeting of Parker Brothers Inc., game manufacturers, and these Parker executives are hoping against hope that a new hit game—such as Monopoly—will turn up among the hundred-odd ideas sent in by amateur inventors every month. The chances are slim.

Monopoly, which was first produced by Parker in 1935, is the most successful trademark game in history. It has sold some 35 million sets, is played in virtually every civilized country on earth, and still sells over a million sets a year. The company could probably survive if it made nothing but Monopoly, but Parker has some 150 games in stock and produces a half dozen new ones each year. The firm makes over 10 million sets yearly. No one knows the total number of games sold annually in the U.S., but a rough guess is 50 million.

Before a new game is accepted, all sorts of people get a crack at it. Among them are the schoolchildren of Salem. "The trouble is that these kids like every game we give them, no matter how dull it is," says executive vice president Edward P. Parker, grandnephew of founder George S. Parker. "We have to distinguish between their ordinary enthusiasm and their really wild enthusiasms." At 51, Parker is natty, graying, and has a direct, blue-eyed gaze behind streamlined, steel-rimmed bifocals. He is tanned most of the year from sailing as navigator aboard the *Sally III*, a 49-foot cutter that belongs to Robert B. M. Barton, company president. (Barton, 60, a former Baltimore lawyer, explains how he got the job. "I married the boss's daughter.")

When a new game is submitted, it is photographed to protect the company against possible future litigation. After that anybody can try it out: a secretary, an office boy, a wandering executive, even an unsuspecting visitor. It may also be submitted to a panel of Salem housewives who come in once a week to earn $1.50 an hour for playing games. If it gets by these judges, it will turn up in the Monday morning order of business.

It is not easy to surprise Parker executives with a new game. Like a comedian who has heard all the basic jokes, the Parker firm has seen countless variants of the six basic games: track games (Parcheesi), war games (chess), word games (Scrabble), card games (rummy), luck games (dice or roulette), and alignment games (Chinese checkers).

Parker usually avoids topical games because they die too quickly. After the Valachi hearings on organized crime they received a number of Cosa Nostra games—and sent them all back. In 1957, within two weeks of the launching of *Sputnik I*, the company got a hundred Sputnik games. Half the games sent in today concern space travel, and Parker is fed up with them—inventors love them but people don't buy them. "I have no idea why some subjects sell while others don't," says Parker. "Every time we make up a theory, we're proved wrong."

Parker rejects games about how to get married, how to get divorced, and games in which the chief of police gets rich on

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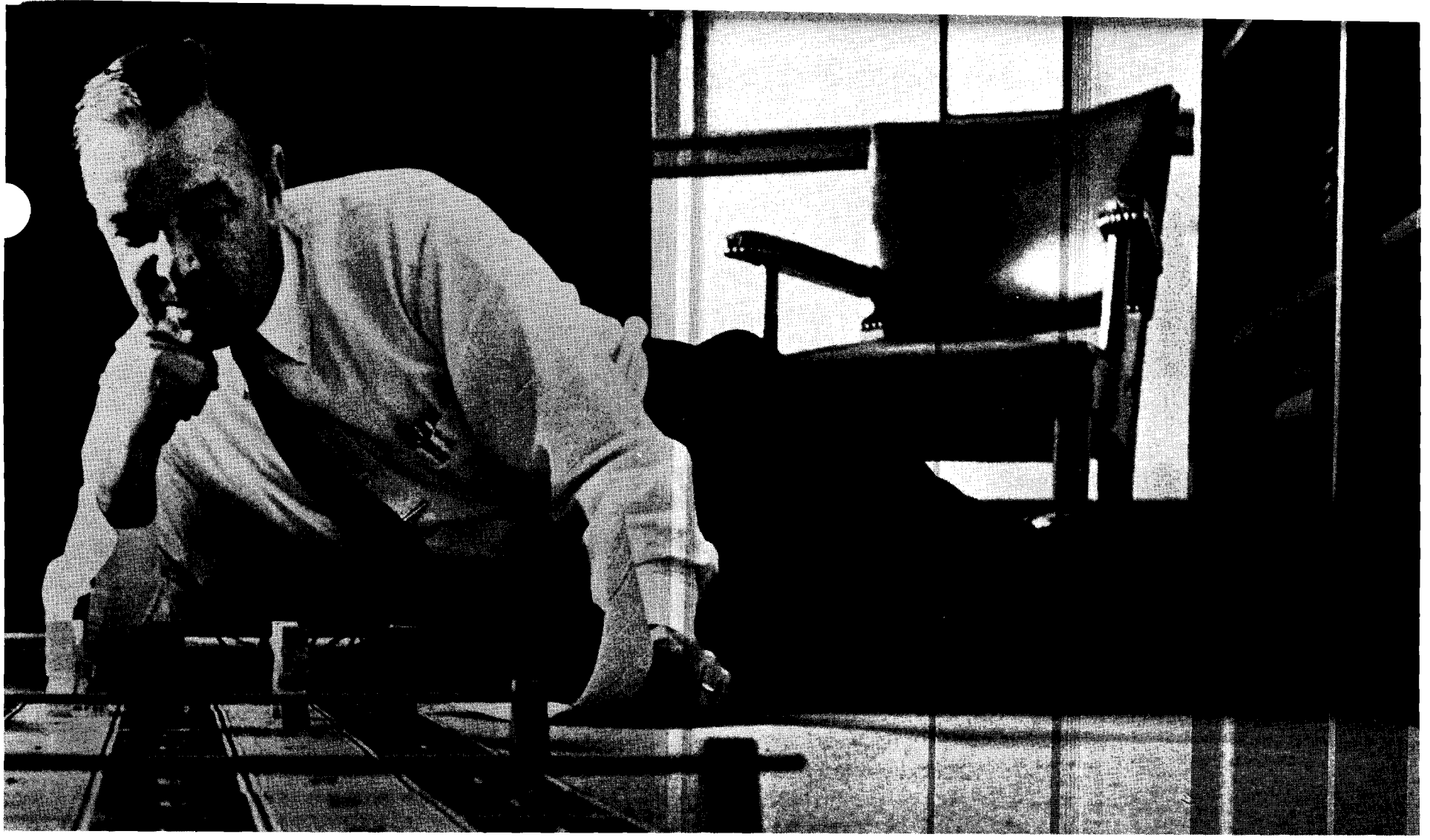

the earnings of criminals. Another game turned down had spaces marked Martini, Manhattan, Bourbon on the Rocks and so on, the players drinking up accordingly; the last player still upright at the table wins. Parker is currently shipping sets of a game called Politics, which sells well every election year but is ignored the rest of the time. For years a Texan has been trying to sell Parker an oil-well game by telegrams. "Send me one million dollars, and I'll sell you my game," he wires, or "Last chance at a million, next week it will be a million and a half." So far the firm has managed to resist. Parker used to make a Tadpole game where a tadpole went through all the stages of becoming a frog; it has a Walt Disney game now in which kids have to bark like a dog when they draw a Pluto card.

Edward Parker says that children over six can learn any game, and the firm never specifies age limits on its games. "It is maddening to children to be bracketed in this manner," says President Barton. But an expert notes that at 14 years of age children "discover each other and forget about table games." Happily, it isn't very long before they're married and playing games again. One enthusiast wrote to the company, "My cousin got married and went to Germany for her honeymoon, and she said they played Monopoly every night for enjoyment."

The inventors of successful board games are invariably amateurs, and not one has ever struck it rich more than once. Edward Parker has no explanation for this, but he thinks the public has a richer store of experience to put into a new game than the professional.

Parker says that getting an inventor to create a new game is a mysterious business. "It's like inducing an artist to paint the Mona Lisa. You don't order it, but wait around hopefully." Inventors get a standard five percent royalty on the sale price of their games, which must sell 25,000 before they're considered successful. Parker put its largest single-game investment at the time, $100,000, into Careers, invented by a Florida college professor. It sold over half a million sets.

The Da Vinci of game inventors is Charles B. Darrow, now 74, who in 1933 developed Monopoly from a 1924 game called Landlord, which had been created by Elizabeth M. Phillips, a Virginia propagandist for the single tax.

Darrow, then an unemployed heating engineer in Philadelphia, made up the first Monopoly sets with a round oilcloth playing board. "We had a round dining-room table at the time," says Mrs. Darrow. When the game was submitted to Parker Brothers, they turned it down because it was too cumbersome, went on too long and broke 50 other rules for successful board games. Darrow began producing the game himself. Two years later, when Darrow was selling 20,000 sets a year, Parker finally accepted the game. At the height of the Monopoly craze in the 1930's, Parker Brothers got so many telegraphed orders they had to file them in laundry baskets. The paradox of Monopoly is that it boomed during the Depression and it continues to do so during periods of affluence.

A feeling of wealth

"During the Depression people did not have enough money to go out to shows," says Edward Parker, "so they stayed home and played Monopoly. It also gave them a feeling of wealth. But what kept it going is the chance for individual gain. It appeals to the competitive nature of people. The player can always say to himself, 'I'm going to get the better of the other guy.' People also can play Monopoly without it being the end of the world. Sort of a release from the tensions of everyday life."

Since 1930 Charles Darrow has spent his life trying to invent another Monopoly—with no luck. He contents himself with depositing royalty checks and raising orchids on his farm in Bucks County, Pa. Darrow named the properties in Monopoly after Atlantic City streets, because he used to go there on vacation; five years ago Atlantic City Mayor Joseph S. Altman named an intersection Monopoly Square—it's where the real Boardwalk and the real Park Place meet. Darrow's own favorite game is contract bridge.

In Spain, instead of Boardwalk and Park Place it's *Paseo del Prado* and *Puerta del Sol*. In England it's not Boardwalk but Mayfair, and in France, of course, it's the Champs-Elysées. One of the French tokens is a chamber pot.

Submariners played Monopoly in the *Nautilus* under the polar icecap, and English highjackers played it with real money while waiting to pull off a £2.5 million train robbery in Cheddington, Bucks, last August. The longest game on record lasted a week. It went on at the Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity house at the University of Pittsburgh a couple of years ago; halfway through it the frazzled players wired Parker Brothers:

CAN'T END GAME STOP BANK OWES $40,000 STOP HOW DO WE END GAME

President Robert Barton promptly replied:

REFUSE TO LET BANK FAIL STOP RUSHING ONE MILLION MONOPOLY DOLLARS TO YOU BY AIRMAIL CARRY ON.

The money was delivered from the airport by armored car, and the game continued until it was removed to the senior prom; in the ballroom, company vice president Randolph Barton, who had flown to Pittsburgh for the occasion, ended the marathon with a final arbitrary throw of the dice.

Edward Parker says people are always calling or writing with sticklers. A Brooklynite who signs himself the Iron Duke asked whether he should play Monopoly according to New York state real-estate laws. To such trick questions the standard Parker reply goes, "The solution is definitely not spelled out in the published Monopoly rules, but off the record I concur with your findings entirely." The Iron Duke was not mollified. He wrote back, "Do you idiots know how to play this game, or are you trying to disrupt homes and destroy families with your damn rules?"

The Monopoly-money press in Salem printed 328 million bills in 1963, using 113 tons of paper. The Parkers had long, dreamy thoughts about their play-money presses after an incident during the depression. The day after the Government closed all the banks, the company paid off its employees with scrip printed in the factory. It was accepted everywhere in Salem. When the banks reopened, the scrip was redeemed with real money.

Salem, Mass., is where Hawthorne wrote *The Scarlet Letter* and where, in 1692, twenty citizens were hanged for witchcraft. (The Parkers published Ye Witchcraft Game "in emulation of the good old spirit of 1692," but they withdrew it when local citizens protested.)

The first American gamemaker, W. & S. B. Ives, was founded in Salem in 1830. George S. Parker started business in 1883 at the age of 16, and later brought in his brothers Edward and Charles. Eventually Parker took over some of the earlier Ives games.

Not long ago a friend asked Edward Parker why he thinks people play games. "People just like to clobber the next guy," he said, rolling a sample of the latest Parker fad, Scoots—they are those little steel balls in the plastic cones that executives and cats like to play with—across his desk. "Greatest thing since Queeg balls," he comments.

Rolling another Scoot toward Parker, the friend asked him this question: "What do you people in the firm do of an evening at home, for amusement?"

Edward Parker grinned. "Drink," he replied. THE END

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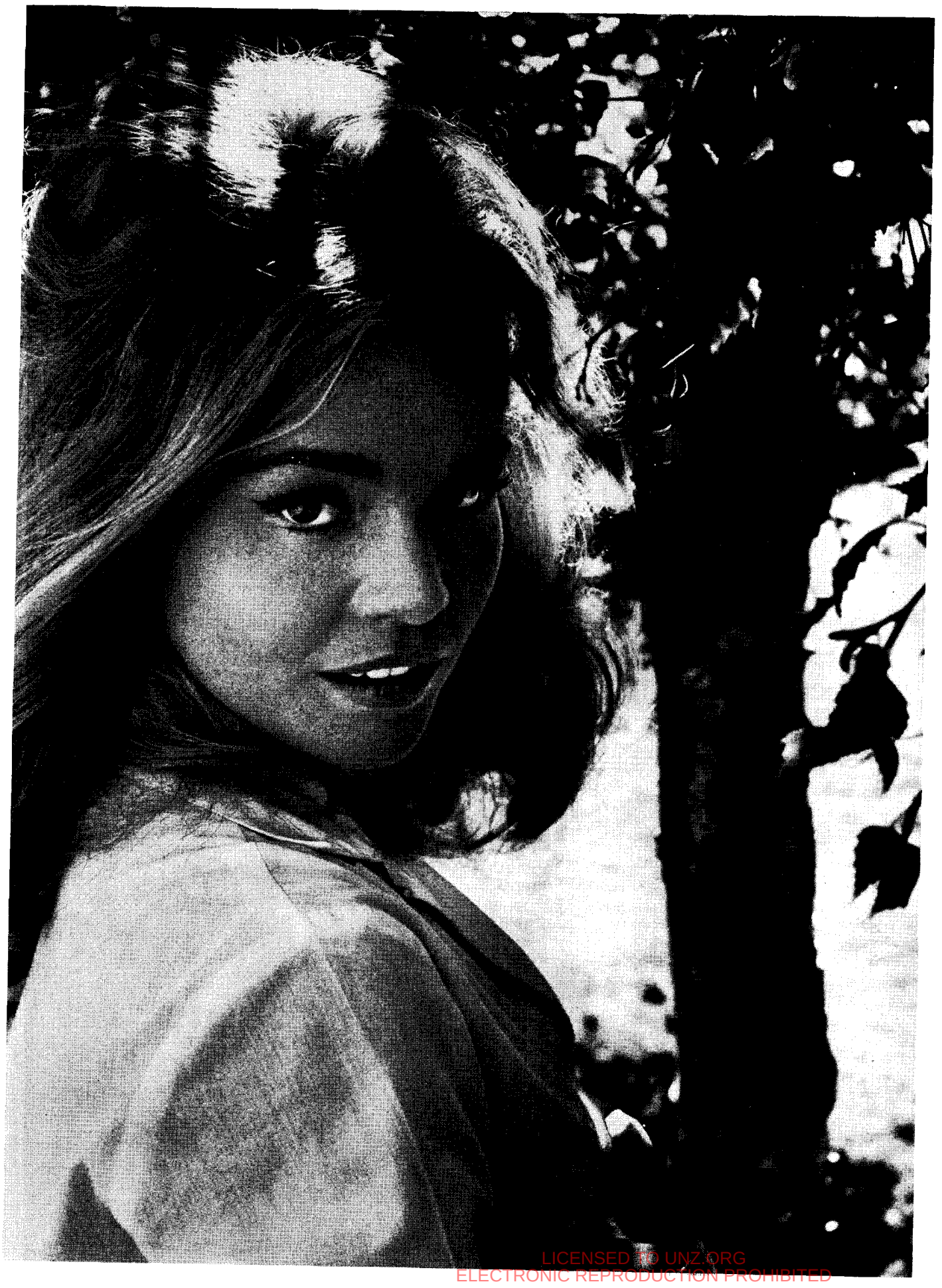
By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

TUESDAY PAST,

Once Hollywood's enfant terrible, Tuesday Weld is working hard to erase the oddball reputation she used to court.

TUESDAY PRESENT



The six-o'clock sunrise filtered through the blinds and awoke Tuesday Weld. She lay in an oversized sofa bed under pale blue sheets and a leopard-skin bedspread, oblivious to the debris around her. On top of an upright piano, beside a framed portrait of herself, a soup spoon languished in the shallows of a bowl of corn flakes. Three dozen filter-cigarette butts spilled from an ash tray close to her bleached-blond head. The remains of a barbecued-beef sandwich and some sliced tomatoes drooped on a TV snack table, a feast for the ants swarming over them.

To either side of her were the trappings of her calling: a sheaf of newspaper clippings with her name underlined in red grease pencil, some movie and TV scripts, a bundle of autographed Tuesday Weld photographs and a stack of unopened fan mail. On the floor lay two grinning Raggedy Ann dolls.

A series of knocks on the door stirred the 20-year-old starlet to action. She slipped on a flannel nightgown, admitted her morning tennis date, and dropped a long-playing record of *Mondo Cane* on the spindle of her phonograph. Through her open bathroom door, the visitor could see two padded brassieres dangling limply over a shower curtain rod and a selection of pimple medications standing on the sink.

In her kitchen, Tuesday reached groggily for a bottle of dietetic cola. Next she extracted a piece of stale bread from the refrigerator, inserted it in a toaster and idly watched as the charred bread popped onto the linoleum. With a ballet dancer's grace, she bent over, retrieved the toast and rubbed it against the quarter pound of butter she held in her fist. She chewed contemplatively, occasionally dipping the bread crusts into a jar of peanut butter or munching a blackened banana. She washed this nourishment down with a second bottle of cola.

At length, Tuesday climbed into a pair of white sweat pants and a white sweat shirt and pulled her dark-at-the-roots hair up behind a black velvet bandanna. She was off to the tennis courts, hours before they were due to open to the general public, in a deliberate attempt to avoid the attention she had once invited.

There was a time when Miss Weld was indisputably Hollywood's reigning *enfant terrible*. Her list of suitors ranged from Elvis Presley to an actor 30 years her senior. At parties her animal laugh was the loudest and her dancing was the most suggestive. She drank Lancers wine from the bottle. Her pastimes included pool shooting, bongo drumming, poker

"Let's face it," declares Tuesday Weld, "I had the reputation of being a kook."

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Somewhat cavalier about mores, a rebel against society's rules, Tuesday Weld predicts that "I'm not going to spend the rest of my life acting. There's too much else in the world."

playing and firing pistols at stray objects in the Pacific Ocean.

As her career prospered—she had appeared in 10 feature films and had worked as one of the stars of the *Dobie Gillis* television series before her 17th birthday—she became increasingly celebrated for her oddball behavior. It was not uncommon for her to arrive at the 20th Century-Fox studios in a chauffeur-driven Lincoln, barking orders to her personal maid, and heeling a German shepherd. Her constant props were saucer-sized sunglasses, a leopard-skin coat and a long cigarette holder, from which she puffed gold-tipped cigarillos.

"I believe in glamour," she said grandly. She was forced to abandon these dramatic entrances when her overprotective German shepherd took to biting strangers. But then she switched to running barefoot around restaurants, casting offices and television studios in a garish, ankle-length muumuu.

Her distinctive name whetted public curiosity even further. "All people look like days, and she looked like a Tuesday," explained her mother, who first called her daughter Susan Kerr, then switched to Tuesday two months after her daughter's birth. Although Tuesday is now her legal name, Miss Weld says, "My name is a little comical. People automatically don't connect it with anything serious."

During the first six years of her movie career, Miss Weld did have several serious moments, however, when she engaged in battles with agents, studio executives, columnists, reporters, photographers, her mother and leading men. Today, she still possesses more than a trace of balkiness. After earning excellent reviews as a promiscuous teen-ager in *Soldier in the Rain*, she flatly refused a costarring part in a proposed television series, *Three on an Island*. Against the wishes of her agent, she turned down the role of Eve in the forthcoming celluloid epic, *The Bible*. Early this year she turned down the female lead in the movie, *Fate is the Hunter*, a job that would have paid her $75,000. "I can't be told what to do," she says emphatically. "I have to find things out for myself and make my own decisions."

A significant portion of Tuesday's time for the past year has been devoted to self-analysis. As a result she now questions the goofy publicity she once courted. "Let's face it," she says. "I had the reputation of being a kook—a sexy, flimsy broad. But I finally began thinking: What am I going to do with my life? I've just got to go away and grow up. So I decided to get lost. You can only find yourself once you are lost."

She got lost at a remote, $300-a-month, three bedroom home in Malibu Beach, overlooking the Pacific. It was the eleventh house, apartment or hotel she had occupied within a year. To insure privacy, she waited three weeks before installing telephone service. She stayed awake until four A.M. improvising on the piano and, like the late Marilyn Monroe, she felt comforted by the rhythm of the tides. "I've found a way of life that I love," she said. "I can go back into the other world, show business, for a while, and then get away from it by going back to the beach."

Adopted a Pekingese

To relieve her solitude, she adopted a one-eyed Pekingese puppy she had rescued on one of her long walks in the mountains. Tuesday named him Moh, for "Miserable out here," a label that accurately mirrored her own feelings. The dog bore a notable resemblance to his mistress. He refused to respond to any orders or commands.

Tuesday's introspective observations at the beach were inscribed in a daily diary that she now calls her "thought book." In it, she communed with herself. "I fluctuate between sexuality and intellectuality," she scribbled.

Later she wrote: "I must stop writing on my clothes. It's a matter of conditioning." She had ruined half a dozen nightgowns and robes with her doodling. "Which way to go?" was another entry. "I'm not sure yet. I just need time. Step by step, day by day, I am beginning to see, beginning to want."

One gnawing desire was to accumulate knowledge of the world outside Hollywood. On her own, she embarked upon an intensive self-education program, reading Shakespeare, Plato, Bertrand Russell and Lao-tzu. To expand her deficient vocabulary, she jotted down unfamiliar words in her thought book—catatonic, defiled, catharsis—and tried to use them in conversation.

Her taste in men also changed. Where once she was content with Hollywood's Gary Lockwood, Gardner McKay and John Ireland, her new interests, Albert Finney, Terence Stamp and Dudley Moore, were all British performers of more sophisticated persuasion. She even named her newest dog, a dachshund, Luther, in honor of the hit Broadway play which starred Finney.

Gradually she realized physical exercise

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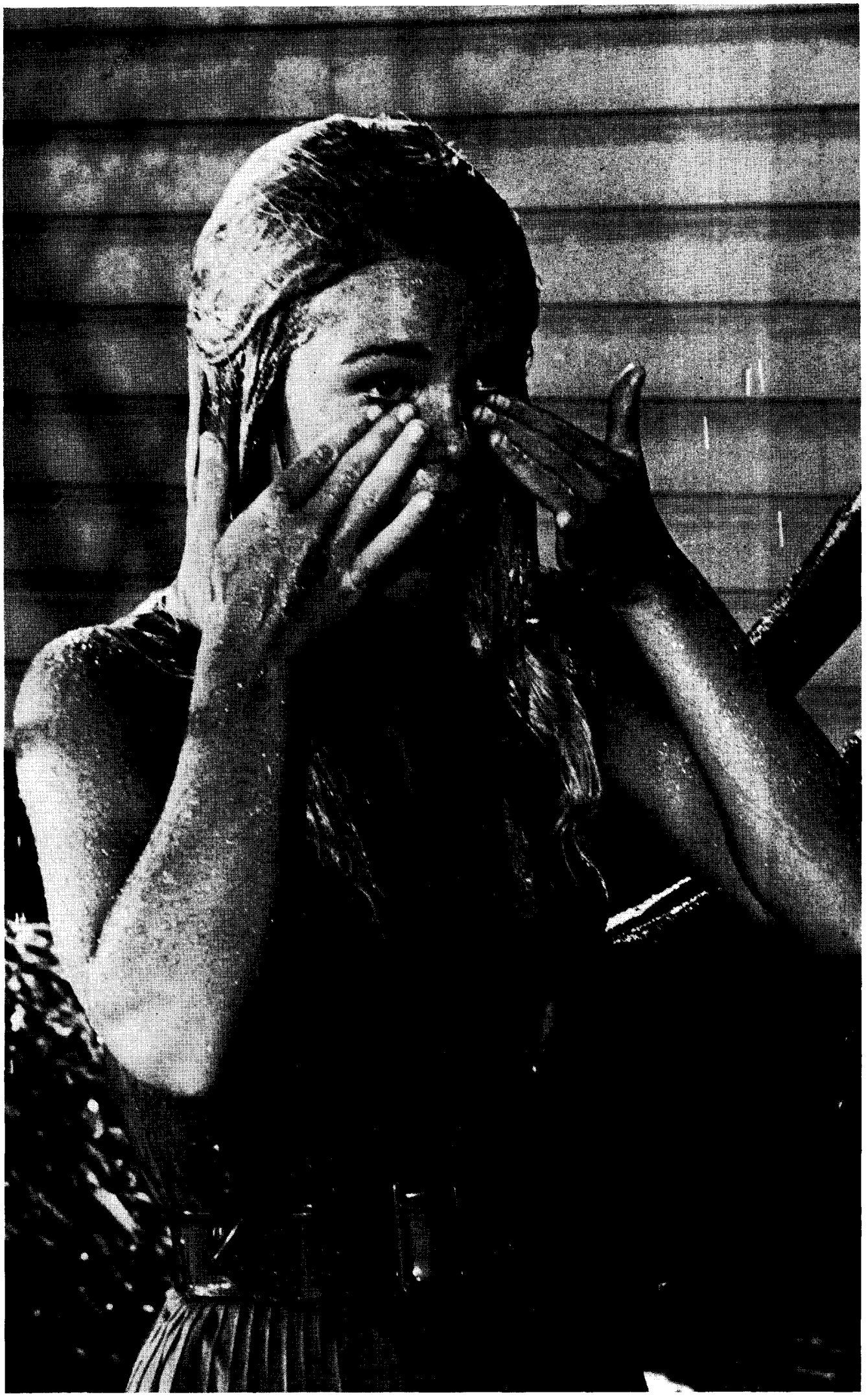
TUESDAY ANGRILY HURLED HER DRESSES INTO THE STREET.



Her wet dress clinging to her body, Tuesday Weld cries in the rain during poignant scene from recent film, "Soldier in the Rain."

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Tuesday Weld

was more therapeutic than wrangling with her advisers, boy friends and detractors. She attended a ballet class twice a week and played tennis twice a day. "All of these things were introduced to me before, and I turned them down," she recalls. "My mother bought me a tennis racket several years ago and I never used it. I never paid attention to dancing either because I was *told* that this would make me happy."

Only in the past year has Tuesday begun to patch up the once-strained relationship with her widowed mother, Mrs. Aileen K. Weld. Tuesday's father died when she was three and a half and, to help pay the rent, Mrs. Weld put her daughter to work as a child model. In time, Tuesday was earning $40 an hour, but she resented being trundled around from one Manhattan modeling agency to another by Mrs. Weld.

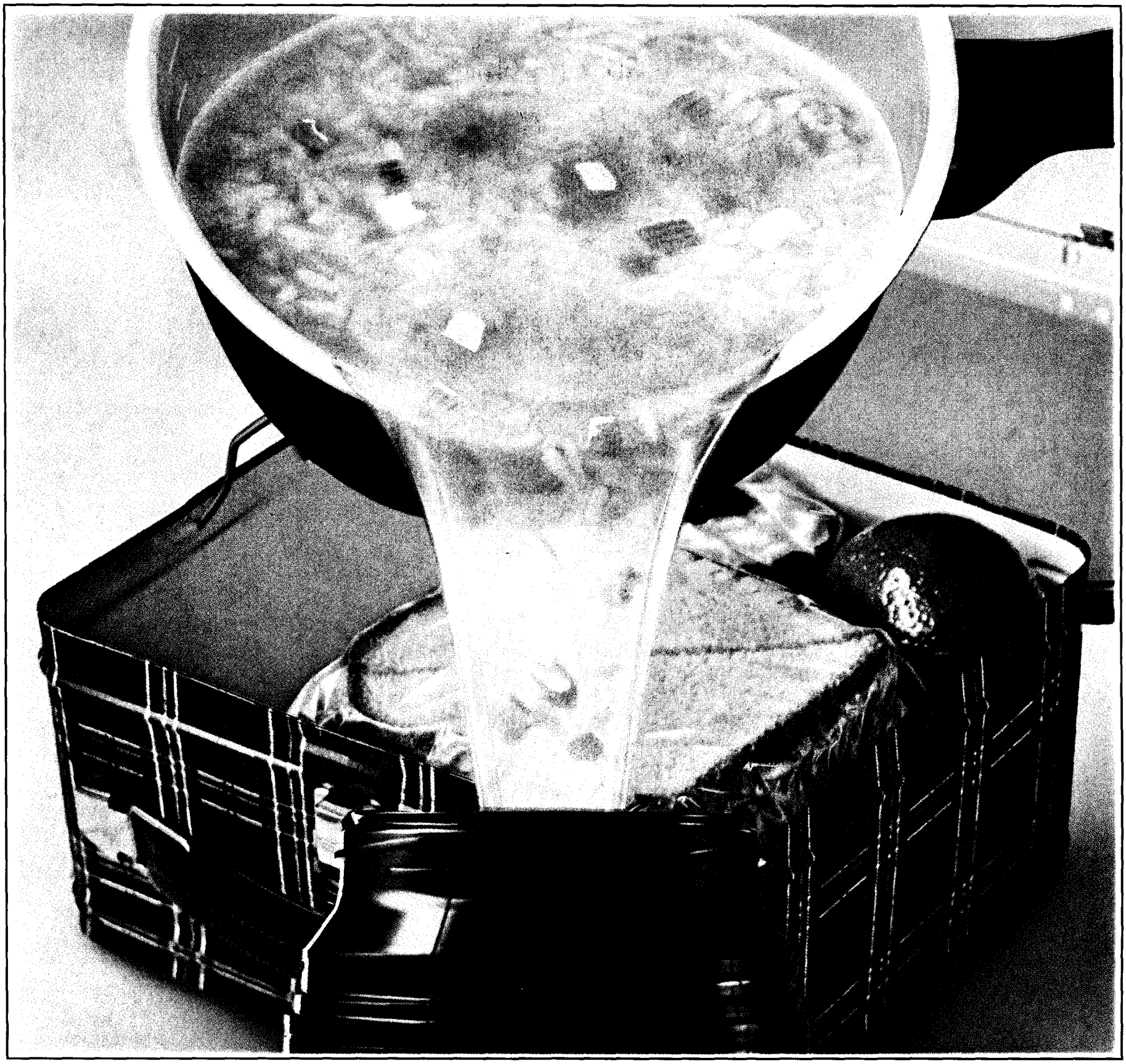
When Tuesday arrived in Hollywood at the age of 14 to work in *Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!*, she was particularly distressed by what she considered undue parental supervision. Since Tuesday was a minor, Mrs. Weld usually was on the set while her daughter was acting. "That used to drive me crazy," Tuesday remembers, "because I couldn't very well tell people I was eighteen when I had my mother standing by."

Understandably, Mrs. Weld also tried to derail much of Tuesday's social life, which had opened full throttle by the time she was 15. When Tuesday countered by sneaking out of the house and wandering the streets at night, her mother moved the household far away from the neon lights of Sunset Boulevard. "I hated it and I told her I wouldn't move," Tuesday recalls. "Well, she moved anyway and I stayed in my room for a couple of days. I wouldn't talk to anybody and I just sat there and stared with one expression. I didn't eat. I didn't do anything. I think I was really insane at the time."

At her mother's suggestion, Tuesday visited a psychiatrist when she was 16. She fled after one two-hour session and never returned. A year later she moved into a $35,000 split-level home of her own. It was a noisy exit. Mrs. Weld was not only agitated by Tuesday's departure, she also objected to the manner in which her daughter tossed expensive clothing into her convertible without packing it. Tuesday answered by ripping up her coats and dresses, throwing them on the street, and turning a hose on them. She also smashed all the phonograph records she owned and threw lamps and books against the wall of her room.

Today, Tuesday and her mother have found a measure of rapport. They wear matching golden sandals to movies and dinner parties, and they drive nearly identical new Cadillac convertibles. "For the first time in my life I am not renouncing my mother's love," Tuesday wrote in her thought book. "And I want to make her happy."

Tuesday has also evolved a new attitude toward her career. "I thought I might as well condense all of my energy and frustrations and go ahead and really sweat a little," she said. "It had been so



Hot idea for the lunch you make at breakfast

Chicken with Rice Soup and a sandwich (M'm! M'm! Good!)

Know how to make a lunchbox lunch a hot, wholesome meal? Put good hot soup in the vacuum bottle. Like Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup. Tastes wonderfully good with a sandwich, come noon. Warming chicken broth. Tender chicken. Fluffy, long-grain rice. It heats in just 4 minutes.

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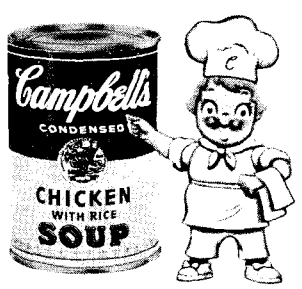

More than 30 kinds

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"TUESDAY'S ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE—NOT A POSEUR, NOT A PHONY."

Tuesday Weld

long since I really *worked* at something. I didn't know how long this mood was going to last."

Her enthusiasm was channeled into *Soldier in the Rain*, her first picture in two years. Almost immediately, producer Martin Jurow sensed a change. "In the past," he said, "you were usually concerned whether or not she would carry out her assignment. In *Soldier*, there was not a moment in which she was late or when she failed to relate to her performance. At one time you couldn't depend on her, you couldn't trust her. Apparently, in this film, she found a new discipline."

Considering these marked reversals in Tuesday's outlook, her press agents last fall sought to begin a publicity campaign championing "The New Tuesday Weld." Her improved character, personality and attitude were proclaimed with some solemnity. Tuesday went along with this ballyhoo for a while. She arose as early as five in the morning to keep appointments for press interviews. Columnist Louella Parsons told her: "You've turned out to be a very respectable character." But respectability palled, and Tuesday quashed her new image. "I'm just not going along with this kind of nonsense," she said. "I had a terrible reputation and I guess that I still do."

Thus, there does remain a bit of Tuesday past simmering beneath the surface of Tuesday present. When she is distressed by a role, she will write in her thought book comments like: "I don't want to do it! I hate that part. Hate it. Dammit!" But retaliation limited to writing is a sign of some progress, for, as Tuesday puts it, "I used to go insane about parts. If I didn't get a part it would depress me. I'd sit and wait and wonder what the producers thought of my screen test. My life seemed to center upon that. Once I didn't get a part and I went into one of the greatest fits of depression and destruction. I drank a half gallon of vodka on the rocks, I think, if that's possible. I ran around, screamed and yelled and then I took my car and crashed into things."

Another vestige of her childish past is her inability to stop biting her fingernails. Recently she allowed her nails to reach an attractive length. "But I was mad one night," she says, "and I ripped them all off. Then I decided that would be my new thing to do—to grow my nails again."

She consumes many of her meals with her fingers, a distracting sight when she dips into coleslaw, pastrami and corned beef at a kosher delicatessen. Keeping appointments is another troublesome social nicety. Before the shooting started on *Soldier in the Rain*, Tuesday played truant from important wardrobe tests for a full day. To explain her absence, she had her press agent plant a phony newspaper story about a car running over her dog.

She pays little attention to California liquor laws, which forbid minors to drink in public places until the age of 21. One evening she ordered black coffee, dumped out the contents of her cup, and then filled it from her escort's bottle of champagne.

She also is cavalier about traffic regulations. She may speed her convertible along the Pacific Coast Highway, top down, a coat of pony pelts concealing her nightgown, her bare foot heavy on the accelerator. She has been known to run her car through red lights on a whim, merely to observe the bewildered expressions on other motorists' faces.

But in her own curious fashion, despite the lingering traces of rebellion, Tuesday seems to show signs of maturing. "My major fault," she concedes, "is that I've never had enough discipline. I'm aware that I need to be disciplined. Even when I'm working, I need a director who knows how to handle me and can. Otherwise, I lose respect and interest."

One director who was able to control Tuesday's volatile personality is Garson Kanin, producer-director-author of a new television series, *Mr. Broadway*. Tuesday starred in its first episode.

"What I ran into was one of the most organized young creatures I have ever encountered anywhere," Kanin recalls. "She is not like anyone I've ever known. She's original and absolutely unique, not a poseur, not a phony. She has tremendous vitality, magnetism and that best of all qualities—real mystery. I would buy stock in the Tuesday Weld corporation if it were for sale."

Producer Jurow is just as emphatic about Miss Weld's special appeal. "She has a tough exterior at times and yet in her eyes there is always a remarkable compassion. Carole Lombard had that quality, and I think Tuesday has the capacity to grow and mature and become just as interesting a leading woman. She can be a true star."

Whether Tuesday can ever fulfill this prophecy and control her behavior hinges on the limits of her own desire. She herself is not sure. "I know I'm not going to spend the rest of my life acting," she says. "There's too much else in the world. I could never be that confined. I think about giving up completely and not having any money and living on the beach. If you spend your whole life trying to make other people happy, you'll wind up with nothing. I've got to make myself happy first." THE END

Tuesday rides down Los Angeles street with German shepherd—once a favorite Weld prop along with large sunglasses and leopard coat. "I believe in glamour," she once said.

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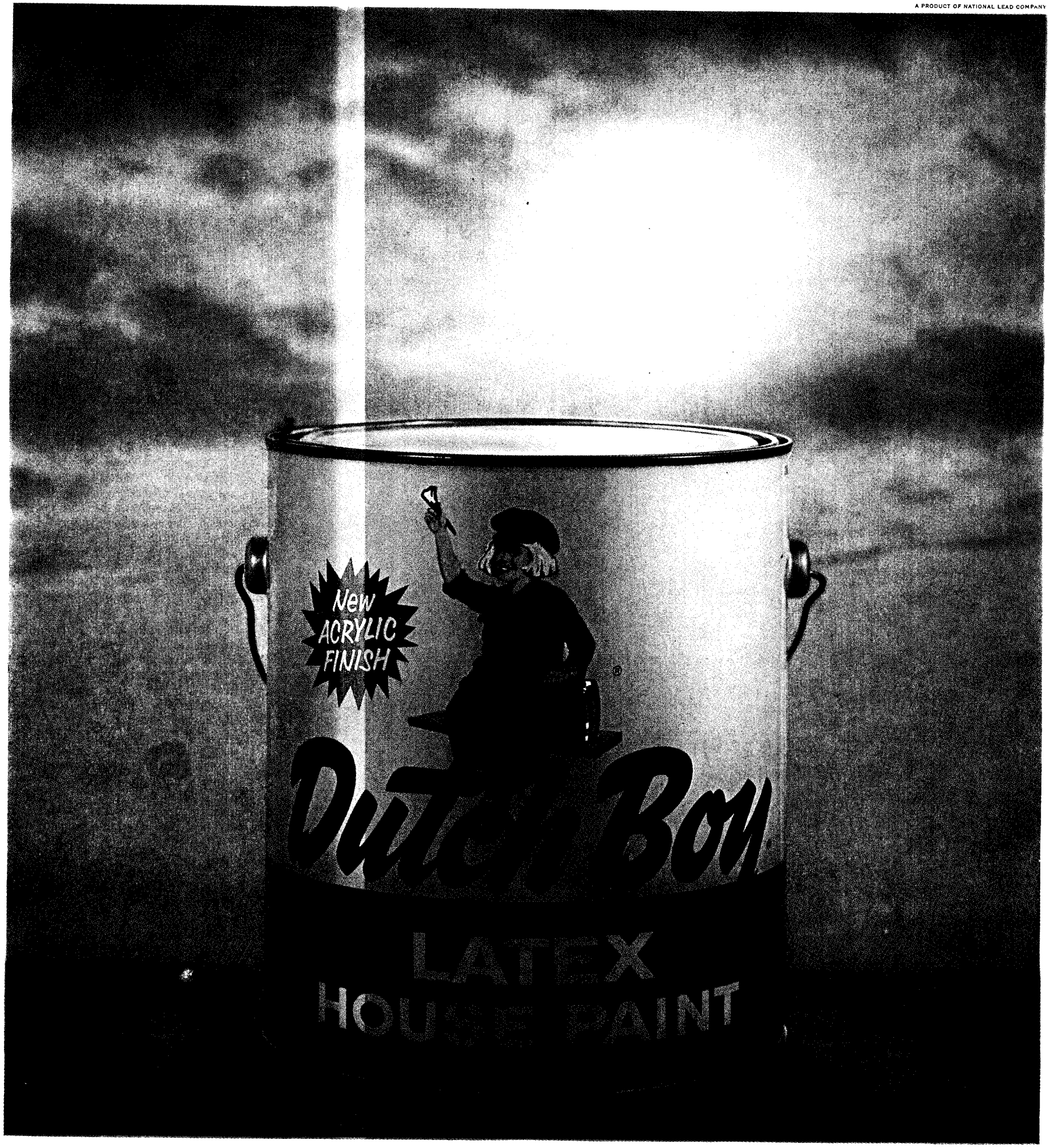

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The intensely moving true st

It should not have ended with Emil Geisler walking away from us and never looking back. Emil—this is not his real name—had always been the most resourceful of our boys; he had survived to reach Israel only because he had a special genius for surviving. Perhaps if we had written him that we just might, with luck, be able to drop in on him at the fishing *kibbutz* (collective) of Stad Jam, the whole thing might have turned out differently. But then, I don't know.

My wife, Lene, and I had not seen him in 15 years. Physically, Emil had not changed at all. The same skinny build. The same bright red hair, only slightly thinned. The same appealingly homely freckle-splattered face that Americans associate with "the typical Huck Finn." But he was hardly the same boy we had left, with 200 other refugee children, in that almost mythical castle in central France after the Nazis had conquered the country. As Tennyson wrote, "I am a part of all that I have met." For child or man, there is always that one step in the darkness that is the one step too many.

One spring morning in 1939 I was summoned to the office of the prefect of police in Versailles to be confronted with a German Embassy complaint about the inhabitants of our three homes for refugee children in Montmorency, a suburban area about 10 miles north of Paris. Most of them, the Germans had complained, had neither passports nor visas. I had not the slightest doubt that the prefect of police knew very well that the German Embassy was right. Our homes in France were operated by the O.S.E., *l'Organisation de Santé et d'Education*, a private Jewish group which was smuggling children out of Hitler Germany. And so I admitted quite readily that we did have a few children who might not have papers. "But," I said solemnly, "it is a very small percentage. For humanitarian reasons we can hardly turn them away."

We were playing a scene, it must be remembered, and one of the rules was that we had to play it straight. There was no smile on either of our faces. He was the stern, conscientious police chief doing

Drawings by Louis S. Glansman

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f one child, utterly alone, who escaped the Nazi death camp.

The boy who survived Auschwitz

his job, no matter how distasteful that job might be. My own role was to be surprised and concerned but, of course, to be helpful.

And so when he asked me, in the line of his duty, how many of our children were in the country illegally, I answered that I could hardly give him an exact figure offhand. "But," I assured him, "I would be happy to get the figures to you tomorrow."

"Yes, get those figures to me," he said. "And give me a list of all the names too."

He rose abruptly and came around the desk to shake hands, an unavoidable ritual in France and a very useful one for officials who want to indicate that an interview is over.

He would receive no names, he knew. Not the next day, the next week or ever. I would not hear from him again, I knew, unless the pressure came from his own government. And we both knew that France was never going to turn any children over to the Nazis.

About seven the following morning I returned to our main home, the Villa Helvetia, and found an undersized boy of about 13 holding onto the hand of a little blond girl of six or seven. They were apparently trying to get up enough courage to knock. My first reaction was that they were children of ours who had somehow managed to slip out. But I did not recognize either of them, and I had been rather sure that I knew them all.

"What in the world are you doing out here this time of the morning?" I asked the boy in French.

When the boy and girl exchanged bewildered glances, I repeated the question in German, thinking they were probably recent arrivals who had not yet begun to absorb any French.

"We do not belong to this home," the boy answered in German. "We have come here from Saarbrücken."

And standing there, holding firmly onto the girl's hand, Emil Geisler told me how he had come to our gate.

Saarbrücken is the largest of the German border towns that have been passed back and forth between France and Germany as prizes of war. In 1935, when Hitler occupied the Saar, it had fallen under Nazi rule, and the storm troopers began to make their assaults upon the Jewish population.

One day they had burst into Emil's home and dragged his father off to a concentration camp. A few weeks later they returned to hand his mother an urn. The ashes inside were the ashes of his father. Mrs. Geisler threw herself upon them, screaming that they were fiends and murderers, and so the storm troopers carried her off to a concentration camp too. The door closed behind Emil, and he was alone. From that day on he would always be alone in this world.

That same day the rabbi of Saarbrücken came to the house to warn Emil that he had better get out of Germany before the storm troopers came back for him too. The rabbi wrote out the words "*Maison d'Enfants, Villa Helvetia, Montmorency près Paris*" and assured him that if he got to us, he would be cared for.

While Emil was waiting for darkness to fall, the woman next door, a Gentile, came to the house to beg him to take her six-year-old daughter to Montmorency with him. Her husband, a Social Democrat, had gone into hiding months earlier to escape arrest. The Underground had offered to get them across the high Alps into Italy, she told Emil, but both she and her husband were reluctant to expose the little girl to the terrible rigors of a flight across the mountains.

That night Emil and the girl slipped across the border. Walking on through the rest of the night and into the early hours of daylight, they finally came upon a group of farmers working in the fields. Emil approached the nearest one, showed him the rabbi's slip of paper and asked for directions to Montmorency. "Montmorency?" the farmer laughed. "That's almost 200 miles from here. Don't tell me you're going to walk?"

Emil asked only if he were on the right road for Montmorency.

"Wait right here," the farmer told him. Gathering the others around him, he quickly collected enough money to buy two train tickets to Paris. Then he put the children on his wagon and drove them to the station. "When you get to Paris," he said, "just show your slip of paper to somebody, and they will tell you how to get to Montmorency."

Upon arriving in Paris at five o'clock the following morning, Emil dutifully showed the paper to the first person he came across. Again the tickets were immediately bought; again they were placed on the proper bus. They had been standing where I had found them for perhaps half an hour, waiting for the gate to open.

This was a moving story, of course, and yet as Emil was telling it, in his soft, halting way, a certain strong misgiving about these children had begun to grow in me. Yesterday I had been called to Versailles to be questioned about taking in children without papers. Today, waiting for me upon my return, were two such children. Could it be, I had to ask myself, merely a coincidence? If the German Embassy were trying to bait a trap, would they not have chosen just such children and just such a story? A Jew and a Gentile, a religious refugee and a political refugee?

There was something else to feed my suspicions too. Never before had children appeared at the gate like this. (And never would they again.) The whole process of gathering up the children and slipping them across the border was, as may be imagined, extremely well-organized. Our children had always come to us fully sponsored. They had been brought to Paris, either individually or in groups, welcomed by an accredited reception committee and whisked off to the O.S.E. headquarters for a medical exam, a shower and an issue of clothing. By the time they came to Montmorency, the administrative gears had already ground out a full complement of personal records. Since rules and routine are the last refuge of all us bureaucrats, I asked the boy if he had any papers. He confidently offered me the slip of paper on which his rabbi had written the name of our home.

"I am sorry," I said, "but you cannot just come to the door and expect us to let you in. We will have to take you to Paris for processing."

The little girl, who had not uttered a word through his entire recital, now began to weep, her hands limp at her sides, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Up to this point Emil had put on a façade of strength and vitality, something I had carefully noted. All our children tried very hard to look energetic and useful and worthwhile when they first came to us. Having been so well instructed in their own inferiority, they automatically assumed that we, too, were judging them on their right to existence. What shriveled the heart as you looked at them—so heavily armored and so vulnerable—was the realization that they themselves did not have any real confidence in their right to be alive.

When the girl began to cry, Emil's bones just seemed to collapse. And then he began to cry too.

"All right," I said hastily. "We will see. You can come in and have breakfast here anyway, and then we will decide what to do."

"If it's a trap," I told the director, "all right, it's a trap. Better to take a chance on it being a trap than to turn them away and then find out that their story is true."

Still, we agreed it would be wise to keep an eye on them for a while to make sure they made no attempt to make contact with anybody outside. Instead of having them eat with the other children in the big dining room, we had them sit with us at a small private table. The girl, practically asleep on her feet by this time, was then put right to bed. Emil was something else again. He was eager to prowl the area and examine his new home. It was impossible, I soon discovered, to keep track of him. I had only to turn my back for a moment, and he would vanish into thin air. A half hour later, just as I was having visions of furious activity around the German Embassy telephone, I would turn around and there he would be, hovering at my elbow again. It was not the most relaxed day that I have ever spent in my life.

He was no German plant, of course. He was a wanderer. He was a loner. He was, it soon developed, a complete outsider. Even with the little girl. Once he had fulfilled his obligation to bring her to our door, he took nothing that could

By Ernst Papanek with Edward Linn

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His main weapon for survival was an animal-like instinct.

At the height of the war Emil walked from Poland through Germany to safety in France. He hid by day, traveled at night.

be called even a brotherly interest in her. (About six months after they arrived, her mother showed up in Paris to reclaim her.)

Everybody liked Emil well enough because he was handy and helpful and eager to please, and yet he had no real friends, he identified with no group. When I say he was an outsider, I do not mean it in the usual sense of the cynical observer; I mean, on the contrary, that he did not feel he measured up. For one thing, he was much smaller than most of the other boys his age. For another, our older children were mostly the sophisticated, socially conscious children of political refugees. Emil, we soon learned, could barely read or write. As a Jew, he had been excluded from the Saarbrücken schools for the previous two years and, as it became abundantly clear, he had been driven by no great scholarly passions before that. The sad part of it all was that this disquiet about himself was hardly necessary. In his own way he was smart. Very smart. With his hands, Emil could do anything. Our school system was set up so that everybody—girls as well as boys—was given vocational as well as academic training. Emil was made an apprentice shoemaker, perhaps the most important of our trades. We did all of our repairwork, and with 400 children the repairwork was considerable. In no time at all he was the best we had, although one would hardly have thought so to listen to his complaints. What he really wanted to be, he insisted, was a carpenter. He wanted to be a carpenter, that is, until we gave him the run of the carpenter shop, and then he wanted to be a bricklayer.

His real ambition was to learn the tricks of every trade, for he had a curiosity about workmanship that yielded not a thing to the intellectual curiosity of those he took to be his superiors. He had only to watch any kind of craftsman at work once, and he could copy the job exactly, step by step, to the smallest detail.

As our use of water increased, we had to hire a crew to put in a new sewer. Emil, quite naturally, wandered down to the diggings to see how it was done. At the end of the first day he came to me and said, "All right, Ernst, you can let them go now. I can organize it all from here."

"Now, Emil," I said, "these men have to earn a living. You only want to stay out of school."

We were both right. He could have organized the rest of the job, and he did want to get out of his schoolwork.

Actually he was the only pupil we "allowed" to cut his classes—mostly because we came to realize that it was impossible to track him down every time he felt like disappearing. We did insist that he learn to read and write in both German and French; for the rest of it—well, he was so helpful in so many ways that it seemed like rank ingratitude to keep badgering him about studies we all knew he would never use.

For his own part, Emil was always shrewd enough to know just how far he could push us. It was important to us—for incalculable adult reasons—that he learn to read and write? All right, he would learn to read and write. His strongest characteristic, his main weapon for survival, I believe, was this animal-like instinct for sniffing out the paramount interests of the important people in his environment. As a practical craftsman, for instance, Emil could not have been less concerned with our desire to beautify the grounds, and yet he would frequently return from his journeys into the surrounding woods with plants or flowers for the beds around the houses. One day I found him staring reflectively at a spot beneath my office window. "You know," he said, "I passed a very nice tree about five kilometers from here. I think I'll dig it out and plant it here. It will improve the whole site for you."

I had to remind him that since our land hardly extended out anything like five kilometers, the tree undoubtedly belonged to somebody else. Apparently I did not make my point clear enough. A day or two later I found a beautiful little tree planted beneath my window. As Emil had promised, it improved the site considerably. And as he had undoubtedly anticipated, I weighed the difficulties of returning the tree against the visual pleasures it would afford us all, and reached an obvious conclusion.

When war came and there were air alarms almost every night, nobody worked harder than Emil, as we hastily converted our cellars into bomb shelters—moving the coal to a clearing in the woods, filling sandbags to be piled up against the windows, and reinforcing the bags with piles of dirt. None of it did any good. When the Germans approached Paris at the end of that strange season of muffled cannon known as the Phony War, we were forced to evacuate our homes at Montmorency and join the flight to the south.

We had been able earlier to get permission to send some of the younger children down to our five homes in the Creuse and the Riviera. These homes were already badly overcrowded, and we still had almost 200 children at Montmorency, but the government was refusing to issue any more travel permits. At last, with the German army no more than 30 miles away, the Department of Welfare assigned us a special train to take all our children under 15 years old to Limoges, a fairly large city in the central part of France. From Limoges we hoped to get to Montintin, a castle which ex-premier Léon Blum had once told me about. Travel permits for the older children would be forthcoming, I was assured, the next morning. As our children boarded the train, the fall of Paris was imminent. A man-made fog of smoke had already been laid over the city to protect it from the German bombers.

We had cheated as much as possible by slipping some of the older children onto the train along with the main group. Still a dozen or so had to be left behind, along with a handful of counselors, to wait for the permits. Emil Geisler, by the luck of the draw, was among them.

The final battle for France was fought less than 24 hours later within sight and smell of the Villa Helvetia. By the time the children were boarding our special train, it was already apparent that the government had all but ceased to function. The driver of our lone little delivery truck was sent back to Montmorency with instructions to get the rest of the children out. With their baggage filling

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up a good portion of the truck, the little group had to take turns walking and riding. And so Emil Geisler left his haven at Montmorency the same way he had left his home in Saarbrücken: walking.

This time he was not alone. The panic was on. Five million Frenchmen, Belgians and Dutch were swarming over the roads, and nothing was moving much faster than the pace of a walk anyway.

Although Limoges was only a little more than 200 miles southwest of Paris, it took the little group nine full days to make the journey. It was not long before their food was gone, and they were faced with the conditions that have confronted refugees in all wars. They started by trading their baggage and personal valuables for food. A black market, as always, materialized en route, as the refugees bid against one another, and in the end they were trading the really valued possessions they had been most reluctant to part with—gold rings or family keepsakes—for a loaf of bread or a couple of eggs. When they had nothing left to trade, they did what all armies do when on the move. They lived off the land. Emil, nothing if not resourceful, was a real asset to any advance patrol that was foraging the fields for food. By the end of the week all their baggage had been either traded or jettisoned, and everybody was riding in the back of the truck.

If we all came bare to Montintin, the castle was even barer. We slept the first night on the bare wooden floor and ate our first meals with our hands. In the morning we set to work to make beds and chairs and tables and eating utensils. School was temporarily suspended.

Under such frontier conditions Emil was in high spirits. Even that old irritating habit of disappearing into the woods became a community asset. When we found ourselves in need of some especially heavy timbers for a table, Emil would purse his lips thoughtfully and say, "I saw a tree three kilometers from here that will be just right."

No longer did I say, "But the tree does not belong to us." I said, "But how can we get it here?"

"Don't worry," Emil would say. "I'll get it here."

He'd take a couple of other boys, march off into the woods, and a few hours later they'd reappear, dragging the wood behind them. Exactly the kind of timbers we needed.

Although the armistice stopped the German Army just north of us, the mayor of Limoges was soon warning me that he had received orders to have me arrested and turned over to the Nazis. I had to flee from Montintin, and eventually, through an Underground escape route, I got to the United States and set to work to get the children over.

Through the cooperation of the U.S. State Department on one side and the intercession of the Quakers with the puppet Vichy government of unoccupied France on the other, we were able to get 240 children, mostly under 14, into the United States. According to the immigration law, though, nobody over 14 was eligible to apply for a visa unless he could present an affidavit from a relative or friend who was willing to assume full responsibility for him. We did have a small list of such relatives. With the others, we simply phoned or wrote to anybody having the same name, explained the situation and asked if they would not consider signing the affidavit for us, upon our guarantee that we would assume complete responsibility for the child from the moment he set foot in the country.

While we were engaged in this work, I received a letter from two of the older girls at Montintin, Yvonne and Eva.

"Yesterday again," they wrote, "a group of children left Montintin for the United States. We were waving good-bye, wishing them good luck, but we were sad and worried that we were left back and would have no chance to leave France before the Nazis might come. We have no relatives and friends in the United States; nobody will give us an affidavit to apply for a visa. Couldn't you try to get one of your friends to make out an affidavit for us? Maybe this would give us a chance to be saved."

At the bottom was a P.S. "Do you remember Emil Geisler? He, too, has no relatives or friends in the United States. He was 16 a few days ago, and he will have to go to a concentration camp as all boys over 16 have to do. Maybe you could also get an affidavit for him, so that he can emigrate to the United States."

An affidavit for Yvonne had already been filed. She was one of the very last we were able to bring over, though, because Eisenhower's armies invaded North Africa that November of 1942, and the Germans swept down to the Mediterranean and sealed off our homes.

Almost immediately I received a terrible letter from one of the non-Jewish counselors:

Last week we lived through a kind of St. Bartholomew's Massacre. At five o'clock in the morning we had guests with trucks at the door. They took a lot of people away with them. Then it was said that boys under 18 would be released again, but in the meantime they were already sent further. Allegedly to Poland, but we don't really know anything definite. Among those taken were Emil Geisler, Benno Singer and Klaus Martin. . . . Yesterday the little ones from our houses were taken, allegedly to be taken to their parents in the concentration camps. They took even two-year-olds from their nurseries, and let them sleep at the railway station. What they intend to do with them we don't know.

As reports came in from the Creuse and Saint-Raphaël, it became sickeningly apparent what they intended to do. The Nazis, with the help of Vichy police and *gendarmerie*, had swooped down on every one of our homes—and all other children's institutions in France as well—collected the children together in Paris and placed them on a train to Auschwitz, their annihilation camp in Poland.

What they intended to do was to wipe out every Jewish child and every child of a political enemy they could lay their hands on.

But the French—who hold a special place in my heart and, I trust, in the heart of God—never failed us. The *Maquis*—the French Underground—made the rescue of these innocents one of the major projects of the entire resistance movement. They destroyed a small bridge in a particularly dense forest area, attacked the train in force and controlled the battle long enough to rescue most of the children. Emil was one of the 70 still being held when the *Maquis* were finally

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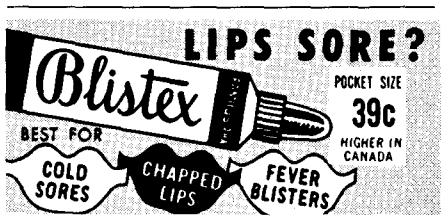

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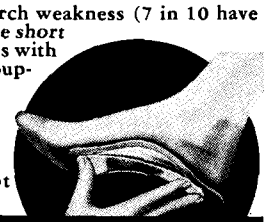

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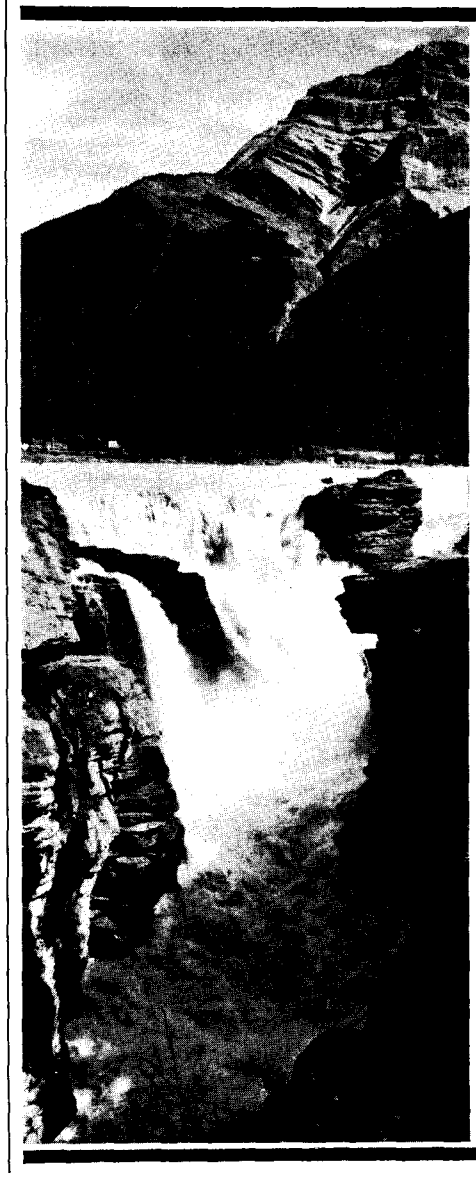

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There can be absolutely nothing in life for Emil unless he is absorbed, and yet Israel has not yet been able to absorb him.

driven back, and the train proceeded on its way to Auschwitz.

Too few people knew then what Auschwitz was; too many people today have already forgotten.

Two miles outside the southern Polish town of Auschwitz, not far from the Czechoslovakian border, the trains stopped at the end of a spur line and disgorged the prisoners into a bleak compound of barracks surrounded by electrified barbed wire. There was a band of musicians to welcome them, and there was a large sign which announced ARBEIT MACHT FREI [Work Brings Freedom]. There was indeed work to do, on the prison farm and in the prison factories, but work did not bring freedom. The prisoners who were considered fit to work slaved at their jobs until they died of beatings or starvation or disease. The prisoners who were considered unfit never got even that chance. They were ordered to strip naked and follow the signs directing them to the "baths." The baths—massive stone buildings—were showers of lethal gas. A whole chamberful of victims could be gassed in three minutes, after which attendants dragged the bodies to elevators that took them to the crematorium below. Each of the five furnaces had three openings, and each opening could accommodate three corpses at a time.

At least two-and-a-half million Jews were murdered at Auschwitz (nobody knows the exact figures), plus 24,000 Gypsies (almost the entire Gypsy population within Nazi reach), plus 40,000 German political prisoners, plus the intellectual and military leaders of Greece, Yugoslavia and Poland, plus unknown thousands of Russian war prisoners. Auschwitz was, of course, escape-proof. Of the 70 children who were not taken off the train from Paris to the death camp, 69 died there. One boy escaped. That boy was, of course, Emil Geisler.

Once outside the camp, he automatically pointed himself toward the one place he could, by any stretch of the imagination, think of as home: Montintin. In the middle of the war this very Jewish-looking boy walked across most of Poland, across the full length of Germany and across most of occupied France. It was a long, slow, excruciating trip, for he had to hide by day and travel only by night. He was helped and hidden and fed by sympathetic people all along the way. He was even hidden briefly by people who turned out, to his astonishment, to be nominal members of the Nazi Party. When the lone man, unobserved, is suddenly confronted with a decision which calls out to him as a human being rather than as a member of the pack, he finds that his humanity has not been so easily cut out of him.

When at last Emil reached Limoges, he was taken in by French farmers with whom he had sometimes worked during his days at Montintin. Thousands of children were being similarly hidden all over France, including most of those rescued from the train to Auschwitz. When the tide of battle finally turned, and the Allies finally liberated Limoges, Emil tried to enlist in the British Army. But he was not granted even this last opportunity of striking a direct blow at the enemy. His physical examination revealed an active case of tuberculosis, and the O.S.E. shipped him to a Swiss sanitarium. Shortly after the surrender of Germany I returned to Europe as Director of Child Projects for the Unitarian Service Committee, attached to U.N.R.R.A. Among the first things I did, quite naturally, was check into the fates of the children from the O.S.E. homes. This was when I first learned that Emil was still alive. Somewhat later, toward the end of 1949, I got word that he had gone to Israel. At the time I was happy to hear it. It seemed to me that if Israel were to be the homeland for the Wandering Jew, nobody could offer better credentials than Emil Geisler.

I wrote to him, but our correspondence through the succeeding years was limited by Emil's own dereliction as a writer. Lene and I have always sent New Year's cards to all the children we have been able to reestablish contact with. To the handful who are in Israel we have always sent the cards at Chanukah, along with coffee, chocolates and candy. Occasionally, once every two or three years, we would get a card from Emil with the briefest possible acknowledgment.

In the summer of 1956 I was the executive director of Wiltwyck School for Boys—a New York school for emotionally disturbed juvenile delinquents—and I took Lene to Istanbul to attend an international conference on mental health. Professor Elishewa Yaron of Jerusalem's Hebrew University, an old friend from the States, appointed herself as our guide for a weekend tour of Israel, and I took the chance to see Emil Geisler again.

To get to Stad Jam we traveled the one paved highway between Tel Aviv and Haifa, swung off through one of the few wooded areas in the country and on past the excavation work being done in the old Roman city of Caesarea.

At the entrance of the *kibbutz*, just before the dirt roads began to fork off in all directions, was a string of long, flat wooden buildings. By this time Lene and I were so wilted from the long ride that Ellie Yaron instructed the driver to park the car in the one shady spot up the road, while she went into the first of the buildings, an auto-repair shop, to ask where we might find Emil Geisler.

The foreman pointed to a red-haired man working on a car over in the corner. "That's him," he said, "right over there."

Ellie, quite pleased at the chance to be a bearer of glad tidings, went over to tell Emil he had visitors waiting outside.

Without saying a word, he went to the basin, washed his hands and dried them. "All right," he said, "let's go."

"Aren't you even going to ask who your visitors are?" she asked him in amazement.

He looked at her without batting an eye. "It is the Papaneks," he said.

Since we had been berating ourselves all the way down for not having let him know we might come, she was taken aback. "But," she stuttered, "I was under the impresssion they hadn't written you."

"No," he said. "They did not write me. But who in the world would come to visit me? There are only the Papaneks."

It was an emotional moment for us when we saw Emil coming toward us alongside Ellie. He embraced us both, kissing us on our cheeks and beaming at us in the old, shy way. We drove immediately on into the village to pay a courtesy call on the manager of the *kibbutz*. Emil was eager to show us off—to demonstrate that he was a man not without connections—and he was just as eager to show off the manager to us.

Auschwitz was escape-proof. Emil was one of 70 children who reached the extermination camp on a train from Paris. Of these, 69 died. Somehow Emil managed not only to survive but to escape.

The manager, a stocky, white-haired man of perhaps 65, was a typical Jewish scholar, by which I mean he had a directness of speech and a natural authority. He spoke to Lene and me in a mixture of German and Yiddish, with an occasional English word thrown in for good luck. To Ellie and everyone else he spoke pure Hebrew. Except Emil. In all Emil's years in the country he had not bothered, it became obvious, to learn the language.

The old man talked to us about the homes in France in a way that clearly indicated that Emil had told him a great deal about those days. "This is such a nice boy," he said, almost as if Emil were not standing right beside us. "But he has no friends. You must see what you can do about loosening him up."

It was all very pleasant. We had invited Emil to have supper with us at a small roadside restaurant, and the old man could not have been more pleased. "Listen," he told Emil, "take the day off. Take tomorrow off too. Take off as long as you want."

With that kind of cue, I immediately invited Emil to accompany us up to Haifa and Galilee. But Emil shook his head abruptly and snapped, "No! No, no, no." Neither the manager nor I could make him change his mind.

We still had the rest of the day, though. As usual, Emil knew the surrounding area like the back of his hand. When we stopped off at the excavation site of Caesarea, he was greeted so warmly that we could see he spent a good deal of his spare time there. The reason was apparent enough. The workers were from French Africa and, like Emil, they spoke almost no Hebrew.

Theoretically visitors are not supposed to take pictures, since the *kibbutz* sells its own picture postcards as a minor source of income. But once the workers discovered that we, too, spoke French, they posed handsomely alongside the statues they were in the process of digging out, and kept insisting, "Come on, take a picture of me over here."

When we left the excavation site, Emil took us on a conducted tour through a destroyed Arab village, lecturing to us as we drove along the old dirt roads. We were eager to get out, though, so that we could prowl through the ruins and take some more pictures.

With much the same abruptness with which he had declined our invitation to Galilee, Emil told us we would be wasting

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ur time. "I can tell you everything you ant to know," he said, "from here."

Either our disappointment or our surise must have shown on our faces, because he quickly capitulated, guided us hrough some of the buildings and even osed with Lene as if they were coming ut of the ruins.

Afterward we started to drive toward he restaurant. We were a good three or our miles away from the camp when mil suddenly slapped the driver on the

houlder and ordered him to stop. He got ut of the car and, leaning back through he open door, patted my wife on the heek and patted me on the shoulder.

"Good-bye," he said, "and good luck. hope I will hear from you again."

"But Emil," I said, "what are you oing? Why are you leaving us now?"

In all my life I had never heard Emil aise his voice. Now, all at once, he was houting in a kind of frenzy. "Do you elieve I can stay out the whole day? have to work, you know. I've got a lot f things to finish."

I was completely bewildered. "We now you have a lot to do, but I thought ou took the day off. We thought you re going to have supper with us."

"No, no," he shouted, not so much to now as to the open air. "I cannot eave the work."

I was about to ask him to let us drive im back to the *kibbutz* until I saw that here were tears running down his face. He was crying the way a small child cries, with the tears running down his cheeks and into his mouth. And this was no longer a boy. This was a man of 30. This was a man who had undergone enough terror and upheaval to have put most men into their graves.

The four of us just sat there, annihilated, watching after him as he walked away down the long ribbon of road, with nothing between him and the horizon but a great expanse of sand and an occasional solitary tree. Even the driver, a Yemenite Jew who had not understood a word we had said in his presence all day, was aware that something extraordinary had happened.

"Let's follow him," Lene said. But we all knew that would only make it worse. We hoped desperately that he would at least turn around and wave, as if that would somehow release us. He did not so much as turn his head. We watched him as he got smaller and smaller and all but disappeared from sight.

It was while we were sitting there, staring after him, that Ellie told us what he had said back in the workshop about having nobody except the Papaneks to visit him. It was one of the most shattering things I had ever heard in my life. We understood then—or thought we did—that he simply could not stand it any longer. He had to release his emotions; he had to shout, to get out and walk, to put his muscles back to work.

I began to think about the kind of life he was leading. At one point Lene had asked, "When will you get married, Emil?" He blushed, red as blood. "Give me time, give me time. I will also get married yet."

A little later, I asked if he had ever thought about returning to Paris. Or even to Saarbrücken.

"No," he said. "I have here a place where I live. I have friends here and I have work here."

But apparently he has no real friends. Apparently he will never get married. Apparently he feels safe nowhere on earth but in Israel. He wants to be absorbed, there is nothing in life for him unless he is absorbed, and yet Israel has not yet been able to absorb him.

It was only much later that I realized my experience with him had come full circle. The first and the last time I saw him he cried. I do not believe he is a man who has cried often. He is, I believe, a courageous man. Not the wild courage of the bared chest and the open fight, but the interior courage of sheer perseverance, of being able to lose face without ever losing ultimate goals. This is a Jewish characteristic, this interior courage. Particularly of the long-persecuted Jews of Middle Europe. They try to avoid the open blow, but they do not surrender.

That first day, in front of the Villa Helvetia, I slammed a gate in his face. I said, "No, you cannot come in." And that was an open blow from which there seemed no escape. In Israel—I hope I am wrong about this, but I believe it is the truth—in Israel I slammed another gate in his face. I showed him we could do nothing further for him.

I believe he expected us to do something for him that we were unable to do and, worse, were not even aware he expected us to do. Emil knew we would be back one day, and he believed that somehow we would be able to turn his life around; to assure him, at the very least, that the future was on his side.

Obviously, Lene and I were a bitter disappointment to him. After a few hours he saw that we were just two middle-aged people, snapping our pictures like any other tourists. We had come, after all these years, not to open any gate for him again but only on a single day's stopover between Tel Aviv and Haifa.

There is still one more thing I must bring up before I leave Emil Geisler, something that colors everything else about him and keeps him, perhaps, in Israel. After the war was over, we were all struck by a psychological problem we had barely anticipated—that there would be among the survivors a universal sense of guilt over the fact of their survival. Is it possible to conceive what a burden it is to be a lone survivor? Especially when that burden falls upon a boy who had serious doubts about his own worth to begin with?

Emil had been left behind. It seemed to be Emil's fate that he was always one of those who were left behind. You would imagine that anyone who had suffered as he had suffered and yet endured as he had endured would, far from feeling guilty about his survival, permit himself to feel like something of a hero.

But it does not work that way. The ones who saw the most and suffered the most and *still* survived are the ones who feel the guiltiest. Emil, let us not forget, is the sole survivor of his family; the lone survivor of the 70 children who were not rescued from that train to Auschwitz.

When I tried to find out about the Maquis attack on the train, Emil had almost nothing to say. When I asked him about his miraculous escape from the annihilation camp, he would only say that he had not been the only one. "Three or four others escaped too," he insisted. He could not recall their names, however, and—with all our checking—it is doubtful that any others could have survived without our learning about it.

Emil's reluctance to discuss anything except the long walk back to Limoges—and little enough about that—came as no great surprise to me. All the survivors of concentration camps climb into that same shell. I had discovered long before my visit to Stad Jam that you can question and probe, and never get back anything beyond a kind of vague disclaimer calculated to minimize the accident of their survival, to close the gap between themselves and the dead.

Behind every innocent question they hear the voice of the inquisitor snap:

Why are you alive, and the others dead?

What did you do?

Who did you know?

And behind all that: *Who did you betray?*

We ask no such questions, of course. We have no right to ask them. I would stake my life that Emil Geisler betrayed no one. How did Emil escape? I think his history provides all the necessary clues. It is possible that Emil, a useful boy anywhere, made himself useful around the camp to the point where some guard became fond enough of him to open up a gate. It is far more probable that while he was making himself useful, he was given just enough freedom so that with his genius for fading into the shadows he found an opportunity to escape without any help at all.

Imagine Emil, in later years, remembering every little word of ingratiation, every favor given and taken, and you can easily imagine this seedling guilt growing and growing, until five years after his escape he is driven to leave Europe and go to Israel to pay penance to his people. To find, perhaps, someone to forgive him for being alive.

Almost everything that has been written about children's reactions to wartime conditions provides a testimonial to their indestructibility, their resilience, their adaptability. To a great degree it is true. When the first group of children came to this country in 1942, the members of the waiting American committee expected them to be broken, quivering wrecks. Instead the children came to the dock waving at us, shouting at us, laughing at us.

But the story of Emil Geisler shows, I think, that nobody is quite that adaptable, that resilient, that indestructible. It is possible to spend too much of oneself on too many dark roads between Saarbrücken and Stad Jam. THE END

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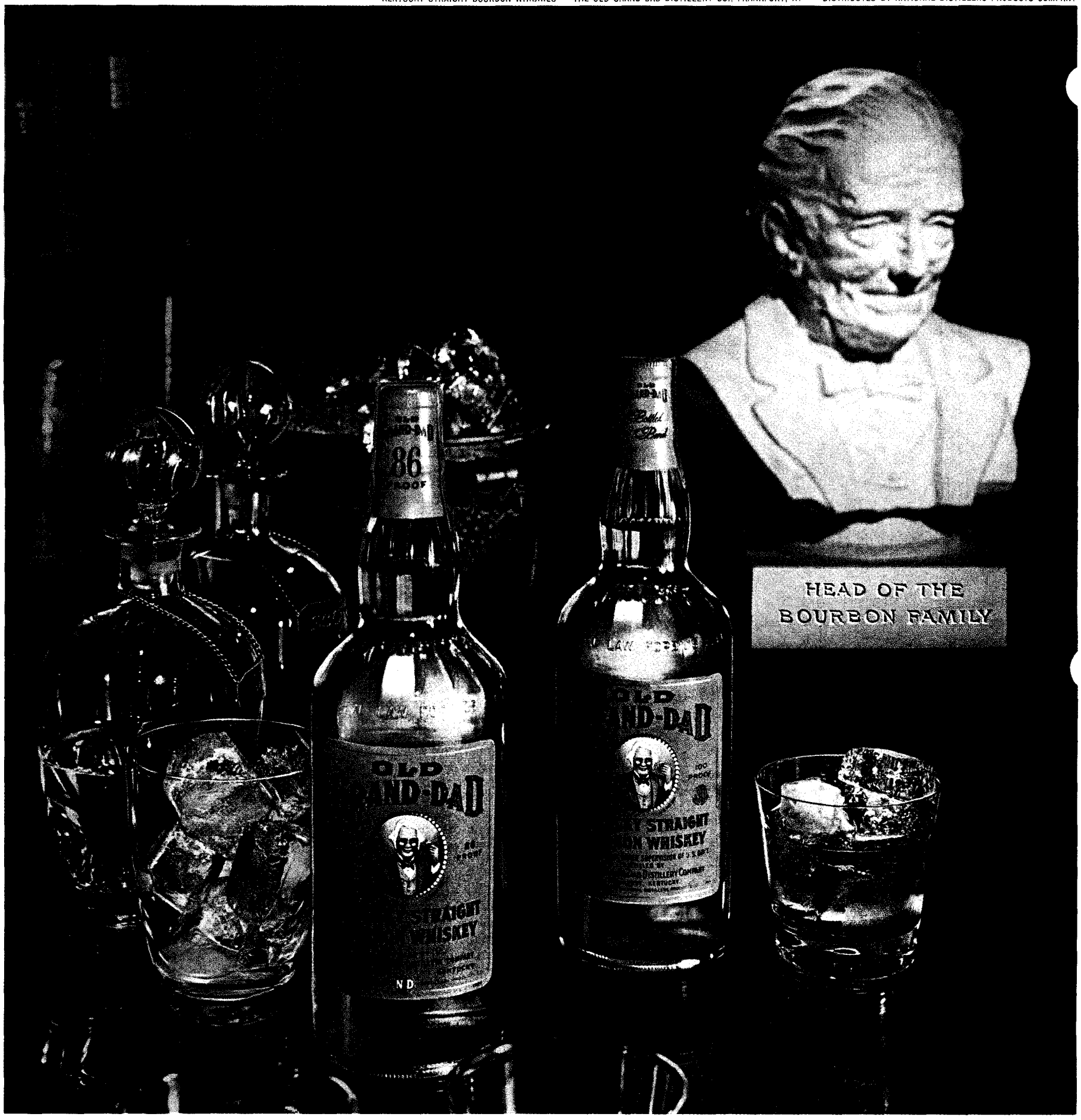

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Post
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BEGINNING....

THE PILGRIM PROJECT

BY HANK SEARLS

Hank Searls has successfully combined a lifelong fascination with flying with a highly rewarding career as a writer. He was a Navy pilot for ten years; he is the author of two novels, "The Big X" and "The Crowded Sky" (both of which he later adapted for the movies), as well as many radio dramas, magazine stories and articles on aviation. He recently wrote a screenplay of Air Force General George C. Kenney's book, "The Saga of Pappy Gunn," for Warner Brothers. Searls's interest in flying began during his boyhood in San Francisco, when he steeped himself in the "we fly at dawn" tradition of "Flying Aces" magazine and set his sights on Annapolis and a career in naval aviation. Following his graduation in 1944 from the U. S. Naval Academy (where he played football with Astronaut Alan Shepard), he spent the last year of World War II on a battleship in the Pacific, and after the war, six years flying photo reconnaissance planes. During the Korean conflict he served as writer-director of the Navy Combat Camera Group in Korea, managing, in the line of duty, to see the Far East from Singapore to the Yalu. In 1954 he resigned from the Navy. After a brief stint writing and directing institutional films for two major aircraft companies, he became a full-time free-lance writer. Now grounded in Malibu, Calif., with his wife and family, he spends his time skiing, sailing and skin diving—when he is not writing. This week "The Post" presents the first section of a two-part condensation of his new novel, "The Pilgrim Project" (to be published next month by McGraw-Hill). Of the book's theme, the space race, Searls says he agrees with President Johnson that "if we are not first to the moon, we shall not be first in space, and we shall one day not be first on earth."

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THE PILGRIM PROJECT

THERE WAS EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THE RUSSIANS HAD LAUNCHED A MAN TO THE MOON. HOW COULD WE RESPOND TO SUCH A CHALLENGE? IN THREE WEEKS' TIME COULD WE GET OUR OWN ASTRONAUT READY FOR THE RACE? WOULD WE DARE THE FANTASTIC HAZARDS? WOULD HE?

By HANK SEARLS

Steven James Lawrence hung in the morning sun of southeast Texas like a dripping block of ice in tongs. He was suspended in his pressure suit from the jammed yoke of the Low-Gravity Operations Simulator towering over the Integrated Mission Control Center. He was high enough to see the distant buildings of Houston across the lowland plain.

He was supported solely by the "iron jock," a steel girdle that passed around his middle and between his legs. The girdle was spitted near the small of his back by a steel bar which led to the giant tongs. He was very uncomfortable, and his own contribution to his plight had not pleased him or the people below.

Thirty feet beneath him, standing on imitation lunar soil under the huge bridge-like crane, a group of engineers and technicians tried to control their irritation. Every few minutes one of them would look up and shake his head. Steve felt like an idiot.

He began to sweat. He reached too abruptly to the bio-pack on his shoulders to change his suit temperature. He was gimbaled like a ship's compass, free to move in any direction, and the motion swung him upside down.

Cautiously, with the blood pounding to his head, he began to right himself, using the swimming motion all the astronauts had learned. When he was vertical again, he sighed.

It was the first kink in his schedule. Yesterday he had moved gratefully back to "earth" from the simulated lunar environment of the chamber after seventy-two hours burying and living in the Chuck Wagon shelter in which he was to live for a year on the moon.

Yesterday afternoon he had finished his navigational phase. In four hours he had flown three speeded-up lunar missions in the Lunar Trajectory Simulator; sitting confined in a seventy-foot-diameter room and riding a "crab" slowly again and again from a one-foot earth to a six-inch moon, shooting Canopus, the sun and the moon-earth system on the way.

Last night he had spent a cramped hour in the Flight Trainer while the operators and the colonel at the console tried, often successfully, to trick him with every disaster that could befall him on the pad.

He had been looking forward all week to this morning's session. Last year all thirty astronauts had gamboled lightly around in the Low-Gravity Trainer, one at a time, five sixths of their weight suspended from its gimbals. Trying to outdo one another, they had performed prodigious high jumps, somersaults, ballet leaps; had horsed around with insane, twenty-foot-long strides.

He had known that this morning must be different. Today he must master an odd shuffle, the only gait that would keep him from toppling in an environment in which gravity was cut to almost nothing. And he had mastered it.

Then, with five minutes to go, he had succumbed to a childish desire to leap high for a parting fling with the device, although they had warned him that the bearings had been jamming. And here he was, hanging like a damp union suit. Someone on the ground pointed up. Steve twisted, spotted a sling being lowered from the traveling platform twenty feet above him. He eased it around his arms like a helicopter pickup, reached back and managed to unlock the iron jock. Ignominiously he was lowered to the earth. He popped his faceplate, faced the colonel and the engineers.

"I'm sorry, fellows. There was no excuse for it—I must have flipped."

The technicians smiled, forgiving him.

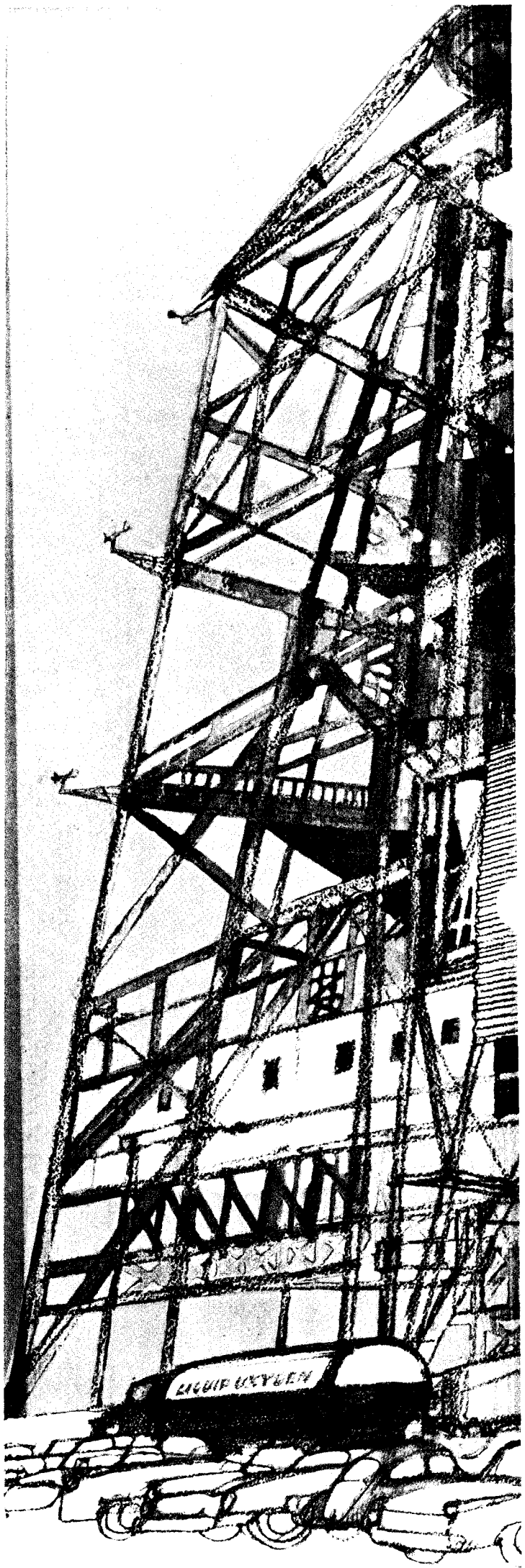
But the colonel didn't smile. They were due at the Flight Trainer in ten minutes. "Let's go, Steve," he said coolly. "Do we need lunch?"

Steve was not sure that he could stand another four hours buttoned in the capsule; it was shrinking by the day. He needed no lunch; what he needed was the break.

But he plugged in his portable air conditioner, hefted it, and followed the colonel dutifully to the van.

Steve Lawrence lay on his back in the crammed Mercury training capsule and blinked his burning eyes. On the panel two feet from his nose, the readings blurred. He reached to the console light and turned up the ruddy glow. It didn't help.

He looked out the window. The dark



Drawings by Franklin McMahon

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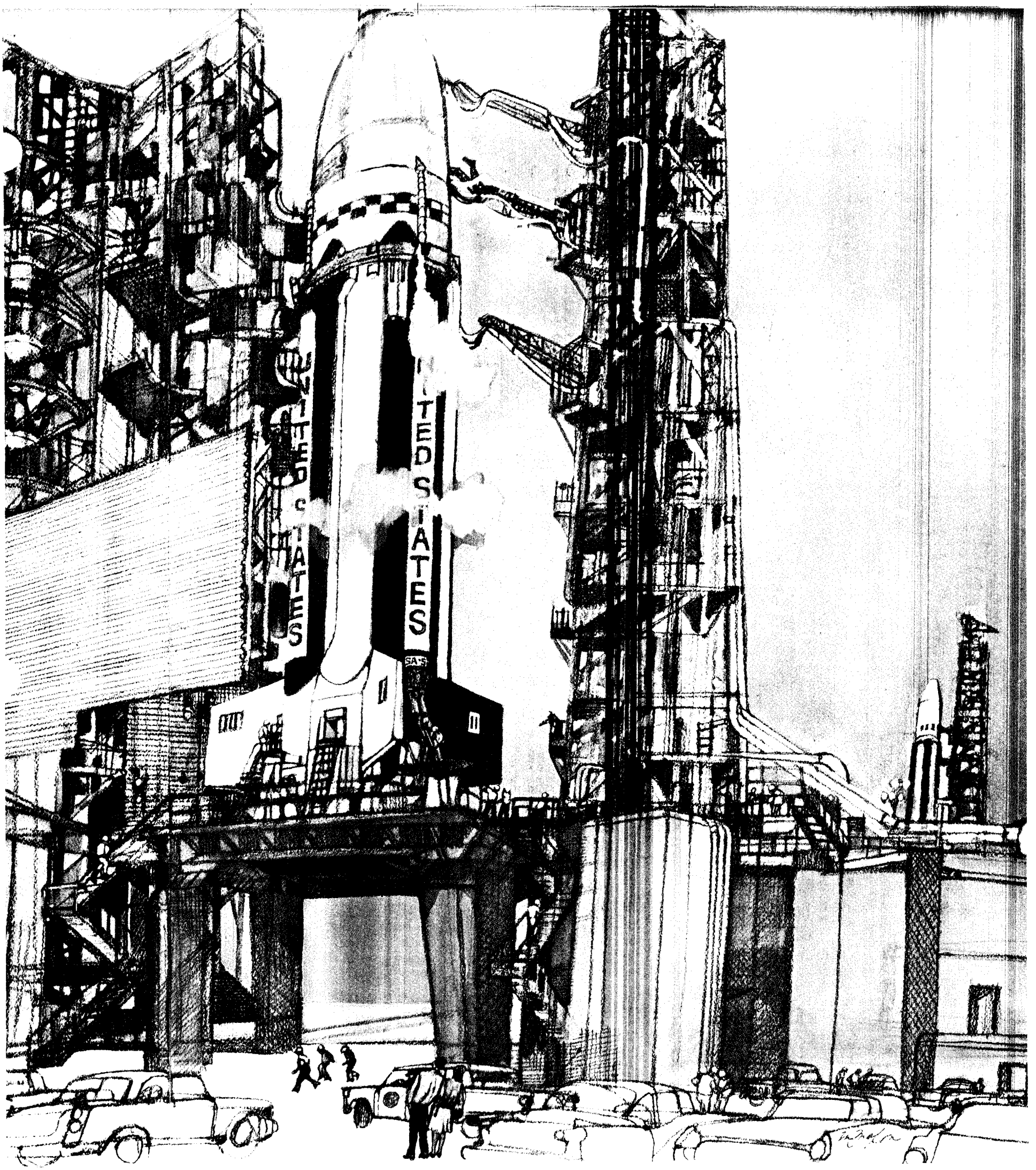

"Within ten days NASA intends to launch a man to the moon in a Mercury capsule, modified but originally designed for earth orbit. No provision is made for his return for at least a year. He'll be subject to unacceptable risk of meteorites, intense heat and cold, solar radiation. The man is not a foolish man, but he's been poorly advised. . . . The American public can save his life!"

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"earth" spun ponderously outside. The long hours of cockpit simulation had broken down his sense of reality.

All at once he was not looking at a projected image twenty feet outside his window. He was in earth orbit, approaching the point at which he would be hurled irrevocably toward the moon. In minutes he and the men who tracked him must decide whether to risk the three-day journey or whether he should reenter the atmosphere and land.

Intellect fought instinct. Consciously he knew that the "out the window" displays, however clever and elaborate, were movies, that his capsule was made of plywood, that he was anchored to the soil of Texas. But it did no good to know it when all of his senses screamed otherwise.

He moved his stick gently to break the spell. The movement only enhanced the spell; as he raised his nose, the moonlit horizon dipped in his window. He could actually feel the motion: he was as surely in orbit as if a million and a half pounds of thrust had hurled him there.

"Pilgrim One from Houston Cap Com," the colonel's voice crackled. "Stand by for Time to Injection."

"Roger," he said automatically. His eyes began to sweep the jumbled panel. Where was his backup stopwatch? In his ditty bag? He was behind schedule—the capsule was controlling him, not he the capsule. He glanced out at the "earth." It had disappeared, and only a black, star-filled void remained. He had drifted from his correct injection attitude. He fumbled with the stick.

The colonel's voice seemed to hint of alarm. "Pilgrim One, this is Cap Com! What is your attitude?"

Lousy, he almost screamed. *I want to abort*. Instead, he began to adjust his nose position, trying to fly the capsule with one eye on the "eight ball" and one eye open for the moonlit coast of Africa below.

At last he leveled himself, but by that time the colonel was counting.

"Stand by for countdown to injection minus thirty: ten, nine, eight, seven . . ."

Suddenly Steve realized that he was burning with heat. He glanced at the cabin temperature gauge in the corner of his panel.

One hundred and twenty degrees, and climbing!

He wanted to break in on the colonel, to report his problem; he could not, so he grabbed quickly at the heat-control handle and turned it full counterclockwise.

The heat dropped. Then the colonel's chant broke through.

"Four, three, two, one, mark! Thirty seconds to injection!"

He jabbed at his clock, missed, hit it again and started it. A full second late. Maybe two. Would his midcourse correction make up for the error? Or would he swing helplessly past the moon? He tried to remember. Suddenly he was freezing.

"Clock is running," he reported. "Cabin thermostat is out."

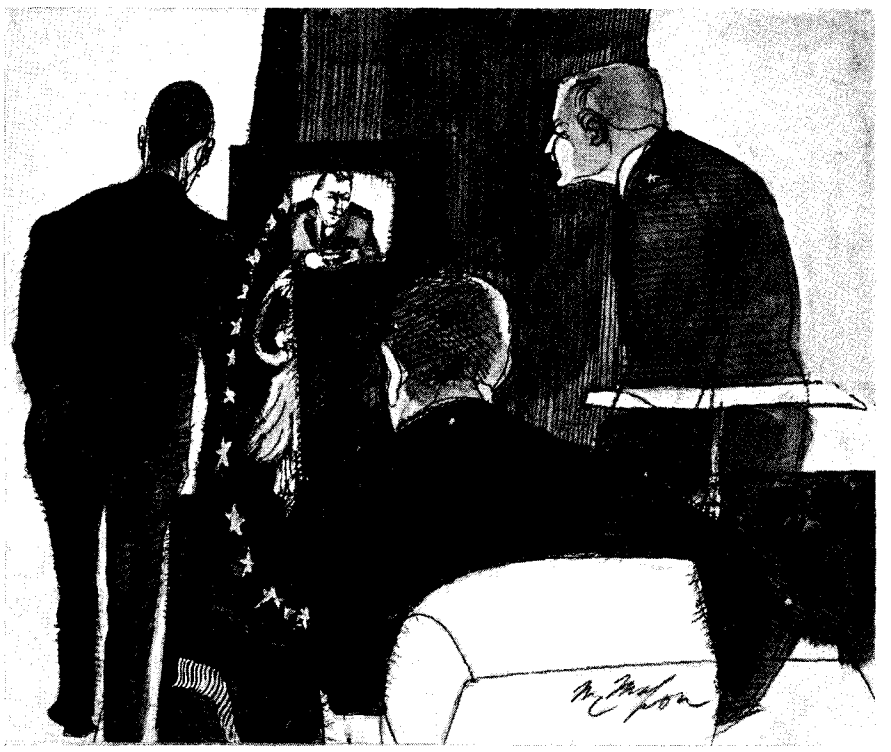
"Roger, Pilgrim One," the colonel said.

In the next thirty—no, twenty-five—seconds he must decide whether to go or not. He was shivering with cold; he twisted the cabin heat back and in seconds he was burning again.

He stared at the panel. His cabin pressure was dropping. All at once from the left side a red light blinked.

"Landing Bag Deployed" read the printing over the light.

He glanced at his clock. Eighteen seconds to injection, seventeen, sixteen . . .



The Vice President gasped. "Call them," he ordered the President. "Get him off the air!"

"Cap Com, Cap Com," he called, trying to keep his voice calm, "I show landing bag deployed, cabin pressure dropping, cabin temperature fluctuating! Do not inject me! Intend to abort on the next orbit. Do not inject!"

There was a deathly silence. "Acknowledge, Cap Com," he demanded.

He glanced out the window. The first light of dawn was tingeing the African coastline. He shifted to his emergency frequency, his hand shaking. "Acknowledge, damn it! I intend to abort."

To his right a hinge squeaked and daylight poured into his capsule. He stared, tense with shock. The colonel was looking down at him. "Roger," he said. There was not the vestige of a smile in his eyes. "Relax, Steve boy. You just aborted."

Steve found that his hands were clenched tightly. Waves of nausea washed over him. "OK," he said thickly. "Then let me out of this thing!"

As Steve stripped down outside the trainer, Rick Lincoln, a fellow astronaut, strolled in. He ignored the colonel, who was writing up the hop, and winked at Steve.

"You done noble, buddy."

Steve looked at him quickly. "Frankly, I panicked. Maybe I shouldn't even have aborted."

The project commander gave him a monkey grin. "You're supposed to do in the trainer what you'd do in the air. I'd have aborted."

The colonel looked up. "We didn't throw him anything that he couldn't have worked out in the trans-lunar phase."

"You always were a hero," the commander said. "I'm with him."

The commander left and Steve and the colonel were alone. Outside, in the Mission Control Center, the voice of Archie Gorman, the operations director, droned sonorously as he conducted his critique. The electric clock above the trainer read one P.M. There was time for Steve to get home to help his wife Mickey pack for Cape Kennedy; he was to follow tomorrow.

The colonel finished his write-up.

"Steve?"

"Yes?"

"Get the commander to fly you to the Cape."

Steve swallowed. "Where will you be?"

"I'm going to Washington. I'm going to advise the President not to send you."

Steve found that his throat was too tight to answer.

"You may not believe me," the colonel said, "but it is not because I've personally always wanted to be the first. It's more than that, now."

"Why is it?" Steve asked thickly. "I'd like to know."

The colonel faced him. "Because I'm afraid you'll panic and kill yourself. Because I'm afraid you'll abort unnecessarily. Because I'm the only one who wants us there badly enough," he said softly, "to make it all the way."

In a Washington hotel room Gus Scarbo, the Navy doctor who was aero-medical officer for the astronaut program, paced fretfully. From the first moment he had heard of it, he had been convinced that Pilgrim was a suicidal mission. He had protested violently, but in vain. He had even gone to the extreme of coming to Washington and breaching security to inform Senator Ralph Fellows, the minority leader and a man opposed to the whole spending program for space exploration, of his misgivings. Fellows had listened, but had given no indication he would take action. But damn it, there must be some way to stop this insane project.

In a fury of frustration, Gus slammed his palm on the bureau top. Steve Lawrence happened to be his oldest and closest friend, but that wasn't the point. The point was that a human being would be sent to the moon and expected to exist there for a year under conditions that in no way assured his survival, or even his eventual rescue if he did survive.

Suddenly Gus stopped his pacing. He tapped his hand with his fist, thinking.

He had had dinner with Joe Garcia, who handled astronaut press relations, the night before, and Joe knew nothing of the still-secret Pilgrim Project or his own revulsion at it. He called Joe's room. "That *Meet the Press* thing tonight, Joe, or whatever? You want *me* on it?"

"You?" Garcia hardly hesitated. "I think you'd be interesting as hell!"

"I'll be," Gus Scarbo promised quietly, "as interesting as I can."

Sy Larson of the CIA, feet on his desk in Archie Gorman's deeply carpeted office, leafed through the security manual on Pilgrim. In less

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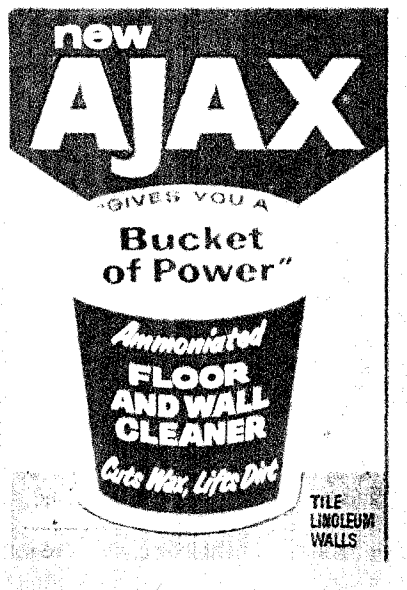

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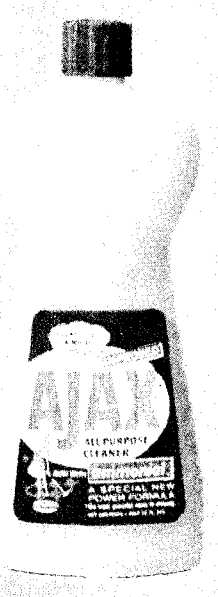

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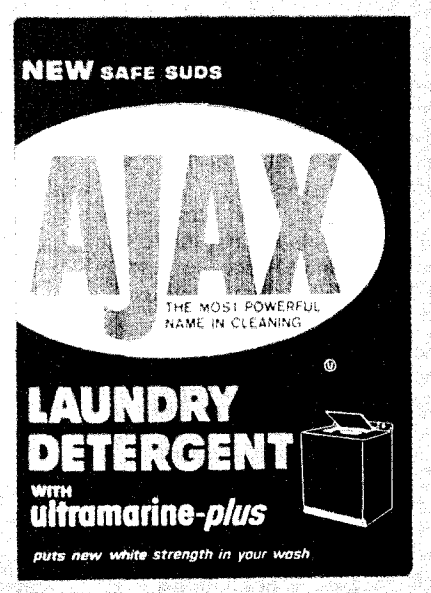

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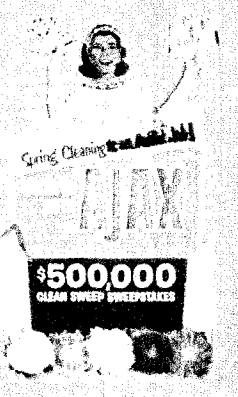

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than a week the pressure on him would be off; public announcement of the program would be made the moment that the Chuck Wagon shelter capsule landed successfully. As far as the public knew, the big project in the works was still Apollo, the three-man lunar expedition that had been so cautiously conceived and so thoroughly tested. Pilgrim would really jolt them.

He had worked hard. Tonight he would drive in to Houston for dinner and a movie. He thought suddenly of a secretary in Life Support Systems. The telephone rang while he was reaching to call her. It was the CIA man in Washington, assigned to keep an eye on Gus Scarbo and prevent him from scuttling Pilgrim.

He had lost Scarbo.

"I waited at the passenger ramp. Then I checked at the counter. He'd canceled his reservation back to Houston."

Sy was unable to hide his irritation.

"Did you check his hotel?"

"He's still registered."

Gus Scarbo floating around Washington in a mood of righteous anger was enough to give you ulcers. "Find him," Sy pled. "Will you for God's sake find him?"

The CIA man's voice rose a half note. "A brilliant suggestion, Sy! Just brilliant!"

The phone clicked. Sy Larson decided not to drive into downtown Houston. He would wait here for word.

The colonel waited miserably in the White House's oval study, wishing that the young Vice President would calm himself. It was hard enough to sit in this room and wonder whether your own motivation was selfless or selfish without watching your ally cracking before your eyes. The President was breaking loose from a dinner in the State Dining Room below to see them, and the strain on the youthful Vice President's face was agonizing to observe. He is as obsessed with winning this race as I am, thought the colonel, but stewing because he has to watch it from the sidelines.

"Now damn it," the Vice President warned, "be careful how you put it. He's been shaken up enough since he read Garrow's column. Telling him he picked the wrong man isn't going to help."

The colonel felt a spark of anger at Phil Garrow, the Washington columnist. He picked up the open paper on the coffee table.

"*The Apollo program is an inhuman risk of human life . . .*" The colonel shuddered to think what he would print in a week when he found out about Pilgrim. He went on: "*This hot-and-cold running war will be won in the jungles and on the seas and in the air and, if not there, in the cities. It won't be won on the moon.*

"They always get the last word, don't they? The press?"

The Vice President shrugged. "Sometimes I think we pamper them too much. We feed the papers and the networks so much information they get spoiled." He glanced at the clock, moved to a TV set in a walnut cabinet near the President's desk. "We give them Rick Lincoln for a panel show tonight; they scream because they don't get you and Lawrence." He flicked through the channels, found the one he was looking for, turned away. "Does anybody else down there think he's turned yellow?"

"Yellow?" The colonel stared at him. The Vice President was one of his closest friends; he thought of him as potentially great, but unless he learned to see grays among the blacks and whites . . . "My God, I never said he was yellow! This isn't a prep-school football team! It's just that I have a higher threshold of panic than he does. Something's bound to go wrong somewhere ——"

"It's not supposed to."

"Hell, it's going to. Serious or not. You know that."

"If it did, *you'd* go on," the Vice President murmured. "But don't play that up tonight."

"I won't. But Lawrence is no coward. The thing is, the guy in that capsule has to be looking for an excuse to land instead of an excuse to abort. Or we might as well scrub it now."

"Tonight, if you sound like a *kamikaze*," the Vice President warned, "you may scrub it all by yourself."

The colonel shifted irritably. "Don't you think I know it?"

He looked away quickly, ashamed. It was a poor way to talk to the Vice President of the United States, no matter how close they were, but nobody had to tell him when the Project teetered; he had helped to balance it for a year.

Steve deposited his son in the upper bunk. It was the last bedtime before his launch. Mickey would go down to Cape Kennedy, but unless the colonel somehow convinced them in Washington that he was unfit for Pilgrim, he would not see Stevie again for a year. Or for eternity? He stared at the glowing face, cherry red from a tussle in the living room, at the pink ears beneath the brush cut, at the nose, like Mickey's, broad and blunt. He has my eyes, he thought, looking into their blueness; if anything happens, I am leaving that. He had been avoiding the thought all evening. It wasn't an easy thought to avoid.

He tried to think of something to leave Stevie with, but the secrecy of the program restricted him. He would leave a letter for later, but what did you say to a six-year-old anyway? What did a soldier say the night before he left, or an arctic explorer? Stiff upper lip, old chap? Take care of your mother? Don't forget to keep the woodbox filled?

He decided to save the good-bye until after breakfast in the morning. He rumpled Stevie's hair.

"See you at breakfast."

"TV," Stevie demanded. "Until Mom comes in."

Steve kissed him, flicked on the battered TV set on the bureau, clicked off the light.

At the door he turned. His son was already staring at the set, lost in a program that he could no more comprehend than he could an encyclopedia. Steve drank in the sight of him in the dim green light. Then he left the room.

Mickey was washing dishes. In their first Navy years at Patuxent River, quartered in a steaming Quonset hut, he had helped her every night. "Save a few for me," he said suddenly.

"You haven't wiped dishes in years," she murmured. "Why tonight?" He could not answer, because he didn't know.

"I just want to. That's all."

The President leaned back in his chair behind the desk. The Vice President had held the floor for ten minutes, telling him of Pilgrim's accelerating momentum. But the President sensed that he was road-grading for what the colonel had to say, because he was sure that the colonel had not flown all the way from Houston to join in a happy duet.

He must hurry them to the point; he had a late meeting with two Russian diplomats now sipping brandy below. "So much for the hardware," he said, cutting off the Vice President. "Colonel, how's your protégé?"

The colonel's tanned face was drawn and taut. He licked his lips, seemed to feel a need to move, got up from the couch behind the coffee table. "Well, sir," he said, "that's why I'm here."

"I assumed so," the President said.

The colonel groped for words. He rubbed his temples, looked past the desk. As he did, he seemed to become fascinated with something across the room. He swallowed, and a frown flashed across his balding forehead. Shocked, the President spun around in his chair. The TV set in the walnut cabinet was on, murmuring softly. The colonel moved to it, turning up the volume. The President peered at the panel program on the screen.

Rick Lincoln he recognized immediately, sitting before a fieldstone fireplace with the moderator. The astronaut Public Affairs officer he knew too, a Joe Garcia. The other face he had to grope for; he had seen him somewhere in Houston during a tour of the Center. A medical man, the astronaut flight surgeon; Scarbo was the name, he remembered suddenly, a Navy doctor.

"What's wrong?" he asked sharply.

"Maybe it's all right," mused the colonel, his eyes still on the screen. "He's not an idiot, I guess, but I wouldn't have put him on the air . . ."

He seemed reluctant to leave the set. The moderator thanked Rick Lincoln for a description of the Apollo athletic program, and turned to the doctor.

"Now, Doctor Scarbo, we all know that the physical and mental stamina required of these Apollo candidates is a very high one. Ice-cold foot baths, running on treadmills, the idiot-box with the flashing lights. I wonder if you'd tell us what particular test you consider the most important of them all?"

Scarbo stared at his hands for so long that the President began to wonder whether he had heard the question. Then he looked up. His eyes were bloodshot and there were dark circles beneath them.

"No, sir," he said. "I'm not going to discuss trainee selection. I'm going to discuss a secret project—a project to beat the Russians to the moon. A suicidal project."

The Vice President gasped as if he had been hit. The colonel swung from the set. "Call them," he ordered the President. "Get him off the air!" Automatically the President's hand moved for the phone. He had it out of its cradle before he realized that it was too late. He put it back and watched with awful fascination as the man on the screen continued.

"It's called," the voice went on inexorably, "Project Pilgrim."

"No, damn it," yelled the Vice President. The President had a crazy impulse to turn off the set. On the screen the moderator was regarding the flight surgeon with an amused, half-credulous expression. Rick Lincoln leaned forward in his seat. He spoke bitterly, not to the moderator or to the camera but to Scarbo. His voice was very smooth, but his smile was no smile at all.

"I think," he said coolly, "the doctor is discussing some of the earlier studies that were made regarding feasibility of ——"

On the screen, Joe Garcia was on his feet. "This whole discussion," he said brutally, "is ridiculous. I will stake my personal reputation on that! I don't know why you'd want to mislead the public, Gus, but neither NASA nor I will have any part of it!"

The public-affairs officer was so convincing that for a wild instant the President had a surge of hope. If Scarbo shut up now, if he said not one more word, the incident could be carried off as a misunderstanding, an unfortunate choice of words, the rambling of a medical man who knew nothing of the real facts.

The doctor was regarding Garcia almost sadly. "No, Joe. This is real. This is firm. This is now." He turned toward the camera. "Within ten days NASA intends to launch a man to the moon in a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You will not explain everything in the morning—you'll explain right now!"

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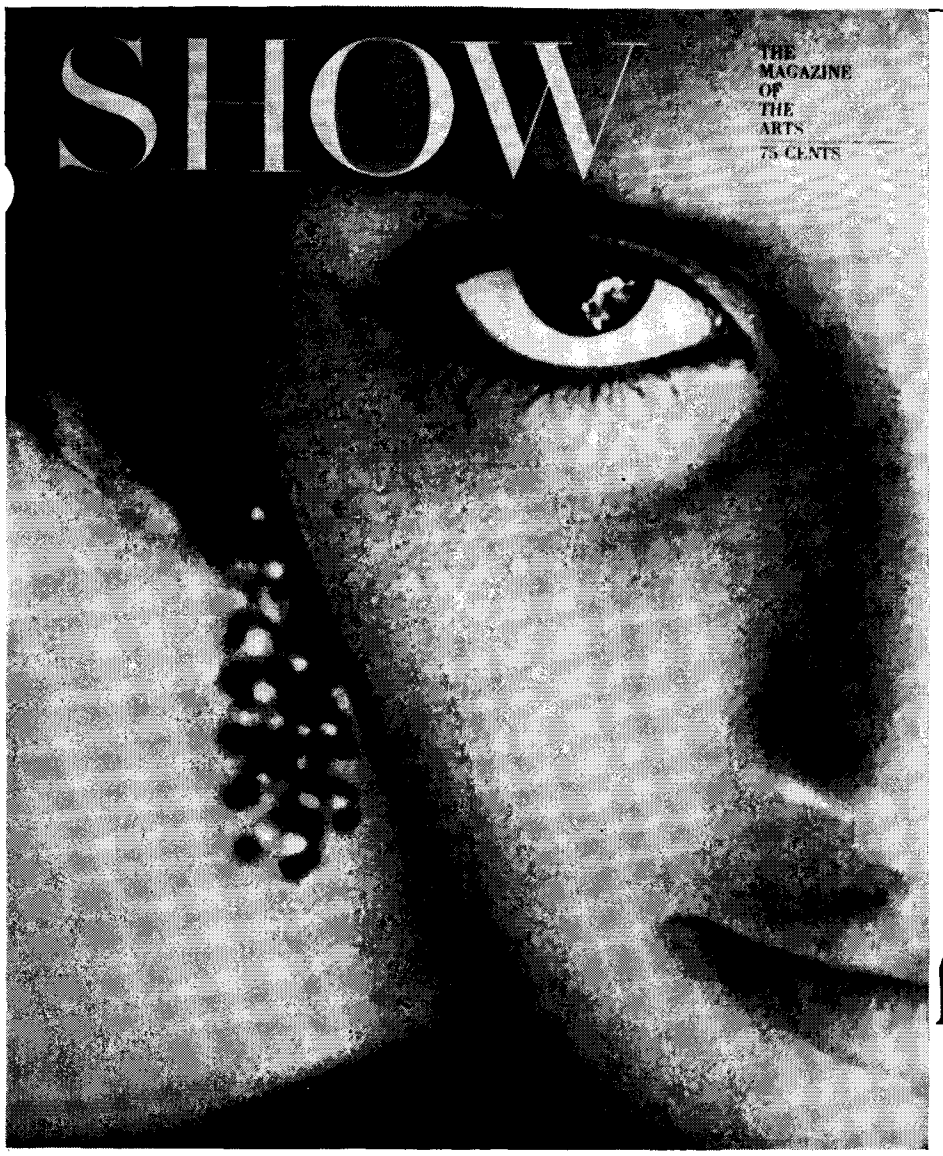

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Mercury capsule, modified but designed originally, as everyone knows, for earth orbit."

The Vice President lunged toward the desk. "Phone them," he demanded. "Phone them, damn it. Or I will!"

The President looked at him for an instant. The Vice President blushed and returned to his seat. "You're right. It's too late. It's just too damn late!"

The voice beat on incessantly: ". . . to launch him on a sixty-six-hour trajectory. No provision is made for his return for at least a year. He'll be subject to unacceptable risk of meteorites, intense heat and cold, solar radiation. The man who was chosen is a civilian, a Korean veteran, of proven courage in test work. He is not a foolish man, but in this instance he's been very poorly advised. The American public can save his life by concerted effort, telegrams ——"

The moderator came suddenly to life. "If this is secret, Doctor, this network can't permit ——"

"I'm almost through," the doctor said mildly.

"You're through, all right," grated the Vice President. "You're through!"

"Turn it off," the President said wearily. A light on his desk telephone was flickering. He ignored it. "Turn it off, Colonel."

The colonel turned from the lifeless TV set, trying to dampen his searing anger at Scarbo. The President was tapping a pen thoughtfully on his bronze desk calender, his face lined with disappointment.

"Well, gentlemen," he said. "This may well dispose of Pilgrim."

The Vice President spoke too swiftly: "It doesn't change the physical facts! Just the political ones. It really doesn't change a thing!"

"Not even the Russian schedule?" the President asked.

"We can't quit because they're liable to beat us by a couple of days," the Vice President protested. "We have a dream, damn it, to live up to! We've made a promise!"

"That the moon," murmured the President, "won't be 'governed by the hostile flag of conflict'? Yes. Well, we won't risk our Administration for a dream."

"We said once," the Vice President reminded him icily, "that if we're not first on the moon we will not be first in space, and one day soon we will not be first on earth. Does that fact change because some psycho doctor spills his guts on a television show?"

"No," the President admitted, "it doesn't."

"That's the real risk, damn it! It transcends the political risk!"

"You make it sound so simple," the President flared. "It's a failing of youth. You might try to overcome it. We will not risk our Administration to send a man to the moon, and we will not risk the life of the man! Is that clear?"

The Vice President nodded, but the colonel saw a tiny muscle working in his cheek and knew that he was not through yet. The President laid down his pencil and leaned back. More softly, he said, "This is my dream too. I want us there first. If we are not, my grandchildren and yours will suffer for our sloth. On the other hand, I think they would suffer also if my party was drummed out of power for trying to win this race, and I am not prepared to kill a man to win it, either. If Pilgrim can balance between these two threats, it might go on. We'll see what the public reaction is." He looked at the colonel. "Now, you had a report for me on Lawrence's training?"

On the flight from Houston the colonel had rehearsed what he would say; he had been steeling himself for this moment for the past twelve hours. He had catalogued his points: If they had to send a civilian because the Russians had said *they* were sending a civilian, then Lawrence was unquestionably the only civilian who could have been chosen, but they had simply overloaded a human brain as one might overload an electrical circuit; the Mercury capsule was too complex to learn in three weeks or six. No question of courage, no question of motivation. Purely an elementary problem in human engineering: Demand too much too quickly from the pilot and he will crack like a mouse in a maze.

The words were on his lips when he had a sudden vision of the President rising, shrugging, canceling the mission because the obstacles had simply piled too high. He heard tires crunching on the driveway three floors below. There was a polite murmur from the portico; the dinner must be dissolving. From the tone of the voices, the colonel doubted that anyone had yet heard the news. He took a deep breath. "On schedule," he said.

The President nodded, and his eyes never left the colonel's face. "Any recommendations?"

A telephone on the desk began to flash. The colonel heard a cricket chirping on the lawn. He could feel his own heart thumping.

"No recommendations, Mr. President. No recommendations at all."

It was 5:20 by the electric clock on his desk when the President entered his study the next morning. His press secretary was due at 5:30. He poured himself a cup of coffee from a Silex gurgling on a sideboard and moved to the windows. Wisps of pink tinged the southwest sky. Today would be a hot one, he decided, in more ways than one. When he had awakened he had gone to the Rose Guest Room for a look at Pennsylvania Avenue, half expecting to find pickets marching outside the fence. There had been no pickets yet, but he had a feeling that the avenue would not sleep for long.

Ned Mooney, the President's press secretary, knocked on the study door and entered from the Treaty Room.

"Morning, Ned," the President said. "Cup of coffee?"

"Good morning, Mr. President," Mooney murmured. He sat in his favorite leather chair, teetered the cup of coffee in his hand. "I'll start," he began, "with the wire services. They're playing it straight. They've determined that Scarbo is a Navy commander with twenty-three years in, a wife and no children, born in Louisiana. UPI got a man over to interview him after the show last night and got no comment. Then the FBI got there."

The President remembered that he had left no instructions for Scarbo's treatment. The doctor had acted traitorously, but certainly from deep conviction; besides, his case would be a political time bomb to be handled with silken gloves.

"Where is he?" the President asked, suddenly worried.

"Naval Hospital, Bethesda. Confined."

"Good," sighed the President gratefully. "Go on."

The press secretary continued, inflecting his voice in unconscious imitation of the newscasters he had spent half the night listening to. "In general," he concluded, "nobody editorialized. The reason is that they hadn't decided whether there really is a Pilgrim Project. Scarbo could have been drunk, or nuts."

"What about today?" the President wanted to know.

Mooney shrugged. "Today they'll know. The radio commentators will be the worst. Fulton Lewis might bleed all over. On TV the networks will probably play it straight. Chet Huntley'll try to do something in depth on it tonight. Some of the local stations may nibble at the moral implications. They'll all reflect the papers, though."

The President braced himself. "OK, let's get at that."

Ned Mooney put down his coffee cup and began to tick the papers off on his fingers.

"We'll follow the sun from east to west. In New York the *Herald Trib* will probably moralize. You'll get your most enlightened editorials out of the *Times*, of course. They may even go along. Or they may wait for more information, and not say anything at all now."

"You think so?" the President asked hopefully.

Mooney nodded and continued across the country from east to west. "The Seattle *Times*," he concluded, "will want to withdraw our tracking stations to our own borders and the hell with the moon. *L'Humanité* in Paris, the London *Observer*, *Die Sturm*—they'll variously deride us. And now, thanks to Doctor Scarbo, the newsmagazines will have time to do cover stories on Lawrence, and maybe some of the opinion weeklies too."

The President stared. "My God, Ned, the newsmagazines support the space program. They can't turn on it now!"

"Can't they?" Ned Mooney had worked for one of them. "How's this? '*The woman and the little boy will wait for the news in the little house by Clear Lake, on the outskirts of Houston. If Lawrence dies they will doubtless move out. In the big house on Pennsylvania Avenue, they will be waiting too. If he dies or even fails, they may be moving too.*'"

The President crossed the room, poured another cup of coffee. His hand trembled. "If they wrote that," he asked, trying to keep his voice light, "would they be talking about an election defeat?"

"If he's sent against the will of the country? And gets killed?"

The President moved to the window. Ruddy streaks of sunlight lay in strata across the sky. Early-morning traffic was beginning to move. "What'll I do?" he asked Mooney.

"Go on the air. Tell the story. Straight."

"When?"

"Tonight. Tomorrow at the latest."

The President nodded. "Tomorrow."

"Thank you, Mr. President," Ned Mooney said. He glanced at his watch.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They do pretty well, considering not one of them has a flat tail!"

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"The *Post* must have hit the street. I'll go down to the mail room."

The President went back to his quarters. He awakened his wife for breakfast. Leaving her room, he paused at the window. Three solitary pickets marched in silent circle on Pennsylvania Avenue. Two were women, a fat one and a skinny one, and both wore shapeless dresses and carried roughly painted signs. He could not read the printing.

In the old Senate Office Building Senator Ralph Fellows regarded his work.

"*Remarks on How We of the Senate Can Prevent the Disbursement of Further Funds for a One-Man Lunar Landing Attempt.*"

He glanced at his watch. It was almost four; if he was going to circulate it on the floor before his speech, he would have to move quickly. But he had an odd reluctance to make a move. He decided to work on his speech later. He would be able to give it ten days earlier than he would have, had it not been for the misguided Navy doctor, Gus Scarbo, but perhaps he would let the President have his say first, so that he could have the last word. Anyway, he had to face a TV interview on the Senate Office Building steps at five.

"Bring me that breakdown on NASA's budget," he called to his secretary. "And phone the Navy Department. Find out something about Lawrence's war record."

He despised bathos, demagoguery and sentimentality. He intended to keep the interview strictly at pocketbook level. But the doctor had said Lawrence was a Korean veteran. It would do no harm to have the facts.

Steve Lawrence, flying from the rear seat, waltzed the jet trainer through the Florida sky in time to Western music pouring through his headset from Orlando, a hundred miles ahead. On the way up the Texas coast Rick Lincoln and he had done nothing more serious or space-like than to fly a parabolic trajectory; a dive to Mach. 8, a gut-cramming climb, then over the top and down for the few seconds of weightlessness that Rick could squeeze from the plane.

Then Steve had taken over from the rear seat and danced through slow rolls, loops, Immelmanns and lazy eights as his nerves relaxed and the blue Gulf twinkled beneath. The familiar green of the Mississippi, Alabama and northwest Florida coasts unrolled below, lush and restful. Just past Pensacola Beach he dropped to wave-top level, flashing along the dazzling sand, skimming the surf, rocking his wings madly at every group of sunbathers that flicked into sight.

Now the Patrick Air Force Base omnibeacon began to sing its initials into his headset. They were at Cape Kennedy. From the air, to Steve, it was a grotesque, bigheaded dwarf with tiny feet and a prominent rear pointed perkily to the Atlantic.

The old launching sites from which Al Shepard had first rocketed down-range were very near the tail-end of the dwarf. But the sites had marched north up his body for years, across the sand and scrub. The Mercury-Atlas pads were at the small of his back, and the first Saturn launching complex lay at the shoulders.

The two pads of Complex 37 were well up the skinny neck. From one, the Chuck Wagon shelter would be launched.

He shivered. In a week, if Gus Scarbo had not wrecked the schedule, he would follow from the other.

He glanced farther north. Almost finished at the head of the dwarf were the tallest buildings in Florida, the Vertical Assembly skyscrapers of the Advanced Saturn boosters. Next to them was the launching complex from which the Apollo shot would go to pick him up. Twelve months from now.

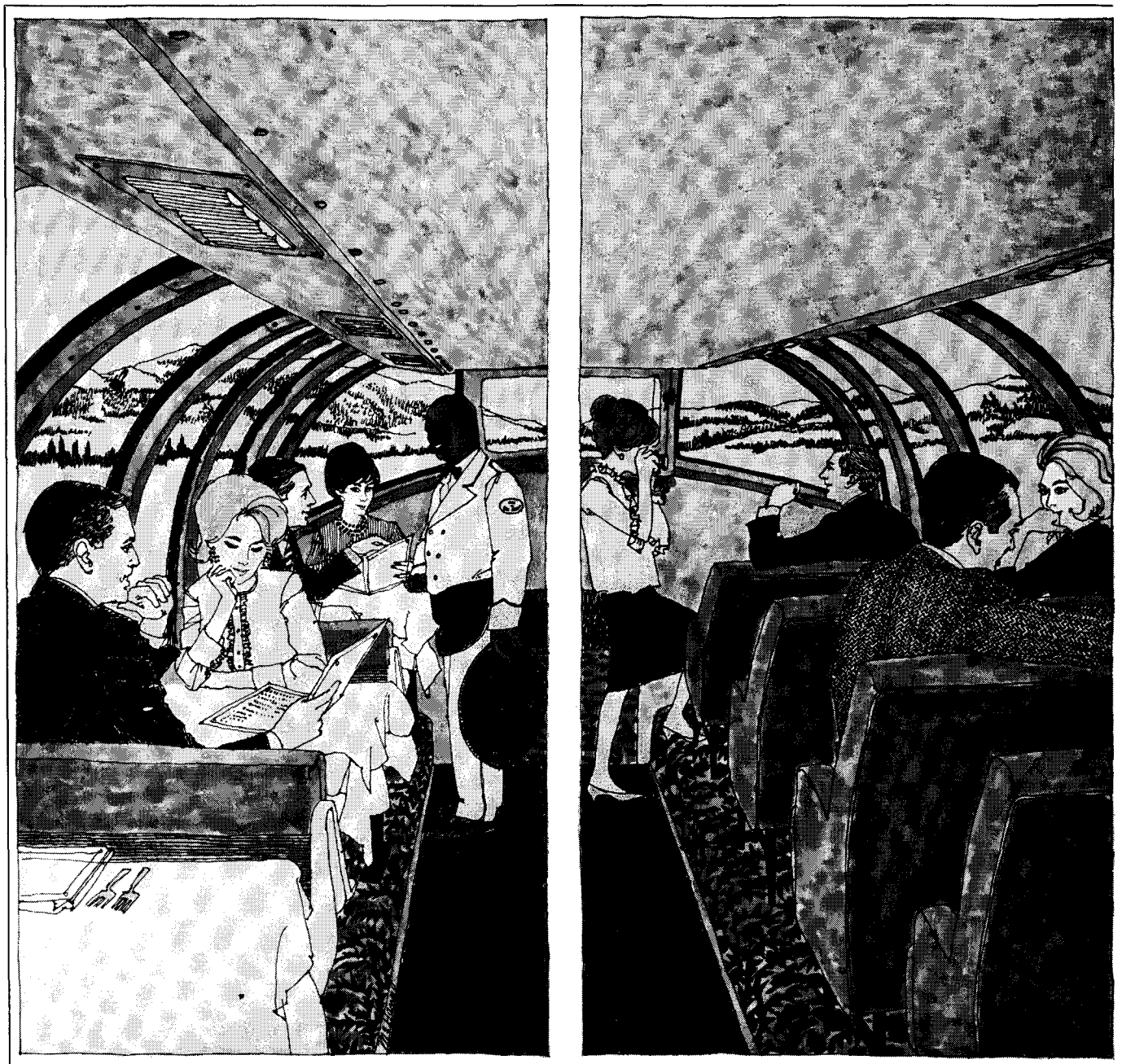
He yawned nervously, popping his ears.

Rick called Patrick tower for landing clearance, clutched at the thickening air with his dive-brakes; and all at once Steve was floating through the moist heat toward whatever Gus Scarbo's two minutes on TV had scared up below.

An hour later he sat in air-conditioned darkness in the astronaut quarters on the upper story of Hangar S, listening to Rick Lincoln lecture on lunar terrain.

The presidential press secretary had sent instructions that he was not to be seen by newsmen for as much as a moment; the press had been barred from the Cape. He had been spirited into his preflight quarters with no more strain than if he had been an anonymous engineer reporting for work. Now he sank back in his deep leather chair, almost ashamed because he was enjoying Rick's lecture while the world outside exploded in a burst of recriminations, charges, accusations and admissions.

It was cool and comfortable in the living quarters. In the hangar bay below white-smocked technicians were weighing the Mercury capsule with scales delicate



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enough to notice changes in its center of gravity caused by the Florida tides.

Steve would live here and eat in the dining room in the block-long dining trailer below until six hours before his launch.

There was something of the "what will you have for your last meal?" psychology in the furniture of the quarters—the striped cushions, the reclining chair in which he now sat, the quilted spread in the bedroom next door.

"OK, buster," Rick said now. "Orient yourself. You've seen this one before."

The black-and-white face of the moon leaped into stark relief on the silver screen. The picture had been shot through the giant reflector at the Pic du Midi Observatory in the French Pyrenees. On the image were superimposed the grid lines of the familiar forty-four lunar areas of the International Astronautical Federation.

The slide-projector buzzed and a new plate appeared. It was another excellent one, sharp and clear.

For some reason Rick had been the first to see that the study of lunar geography could make the difference between life and death for the first fifty men to land on the moon. Someday navigational aids would stud the peaks and craters; someday roving vehicles, abandoned outposts and emergency shelters would make a mistaken landmark no more serious than one on earth. But until that time came, only knowledge would prevent the first men from becoming hopelessly lost.

And so Rick had studied the face of the moon as thoroughly as the navigation that might get them there. His desk was full of sketches, translating the vertical photographs into landscapes. Some of the astronauts had been amused at first.

"Laugh, you bastards," he had said. "I can always sell them to the science-fiction magazines. But some day you'll be standing there with egg on your face, arguing with your partner whether that crater's ten miles this side of the mountain or fifty miles the other side of it. And neither one of you'll remember how high they are. And there won't be haze to help you."

Now Rick was an acknowledged expert.

"OK, Steve boy," he said. "This is a new one to you."

The projector buzzed, and a large and brilliant photograph slipped onto the screen. Steve frowned at it, trying to recognize the terrain features before Rick pointed them out.

"The Struve Area?" he guessed.

"That's right. I'll start with Schröter's Valley . . ."

It was far north of the locale in which he must land, far from the Surveyor Beacon and the intended point of impact of his shelter. But it was a measure of Rick's thoroughness to show it, and a measure of something else as well, some extra care for his well-being.

"Rick?" Steve interrupted.

"Yeah?"

"How do you feel about this now?"

"Lousy."

"Because of the risk?"

"Yes."

"There's something else, isn't there?"

"You want to know?" For a long moment Rick stood silhouetted in the darkened room, his face in shadow. Finally he said, very bitterly, "I feel lousy because I discovered something."

"What?"

"That I couldn't have done it. Even if I *had* been ordered."

"I'm not in that capsule yet myself," Steve observed. "I have my own doubts."

"You are losing them by the hour." Rick shrugged. "Well, there's one thing I can do."

"Yes?"

"I may not be heroic enough to try to get there first, but I know every crater on the face of the moon. If you listen to me, you just may not get lost."

Someone had entered the room. Rick stopped. They had left word that they were not to be disturbed; this was the last lunar session. The light flicked on.

It was the colonel, face stubbled, as if he had not had time to shave. He nodded at Steve.

"How's it feel to be a celebrity?"

Steve's heart began to pound.

"Did you see the President?"

The colonel moved to the lunar atlas on the coffee table, flipped the pages idly.

"I saw him."

"Did you ——" The words almost stuck. "Did you get me scrubbed?"

The colonel looked up. "You're very concerned. Why?"

Steve moved to the atlas. It was opened to the Area Grimaldi on the edge of the Sea of Storms. He pointed between Flamsteed and Hansteen craters. His finger trembled.

"Because, damn it, I want to go!"

The colonel nodded.

"You're going. I can't rock the boat. Not now." He spoke hoarsely. "If anybody goes, it'll be you."

Steve discovered that he was weak with relief. The colonel studied him. Then, for the first time in a week, he smiled. "You know," he said softly, "I think you're catching it. I do indeed. . . ."

"We're at Schröter's Gulch, heading south," Rick interrupted. "Unless you want to come, maybe we'd better get on with it."

The colonel shook his head and went to superintend the capsule check. Steve settled in the darkness, thinking.

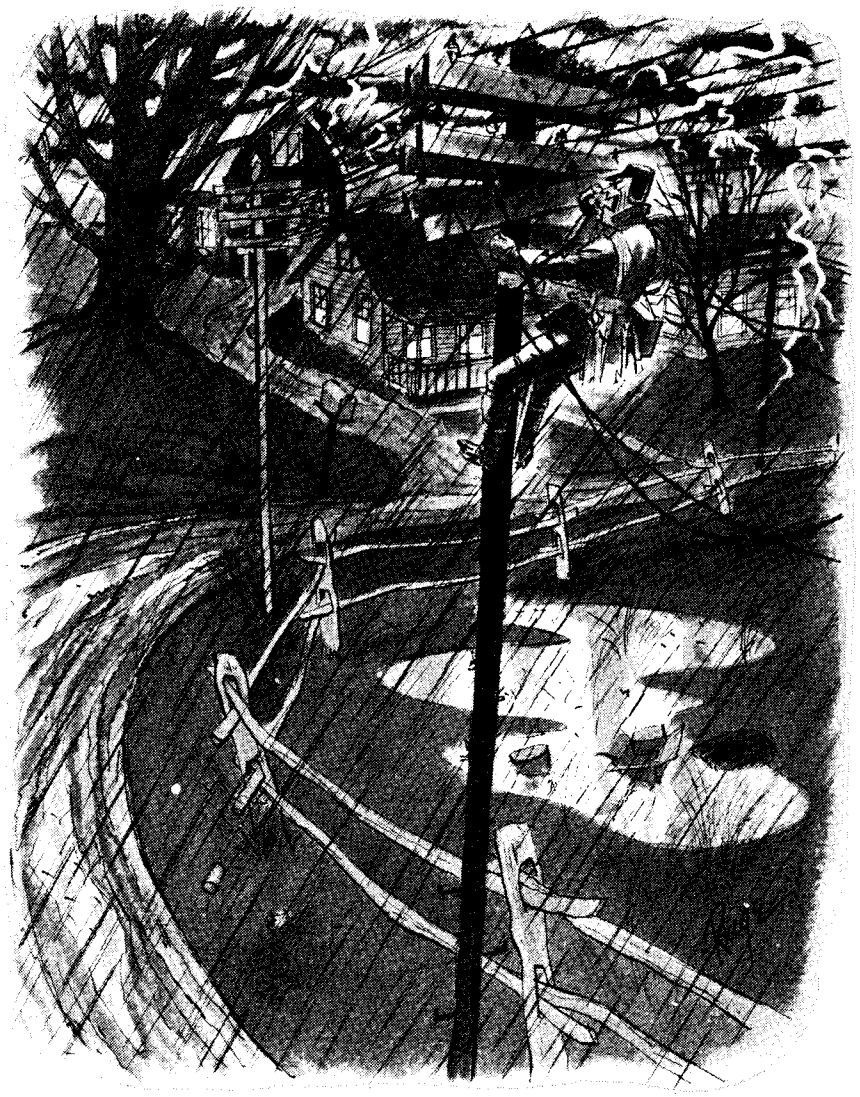
Catching it . . .

He was no fanatic. He would not let himself become one. He had promised Mickey.

But deep inside he wondered if the colonel was right.

Senator Ralph Fellows watched from the worn leather chair in his brownstone Washington flat as Charlie Choy, his ancient Chinese house boy, fiddled with the dials. The President's face came alight on the TV screen. Choy stepped back, his parchment face beautiful in wonderment as always when the miracle was accomplished and a picture actually appeared on the tube.

The Senator sipped his ginless tonic. He had cut off alcohol two years ago because he found himself awaiting his evening cocktail with too much anticipation. Tonight he considered relaxing the rule. For some reason the President's predicament did not amuse him. In fact, the thought of the President's plight had all day made the senator obscurely jumpy and irritable. A drink might calm him, but he put aside the impulse.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . but I did dial 112-212-555-941 and then KL 5-8310!"

The President, when he was trapped, was a truly effective speaker, and this was one of his better nights. He was weaving a web already, speaking straight to the screen with the deliberate, solid air of candor that seemed lately to hypnotize the voter.

". . . Our project was undertaken eighteen months ago. The Soviets had promised cooperation in a joint moon venture. But when the Soviet space platform was launched it was launched in secret. This, despite Soviet assurances once that they actually had no lunar ambitions; this despite their signature on a U.N. prohibition of military weapons in outer space.

"Project Pilgrim had already been conceived and rejected. It was launched again the next *day* on the drawing boards of our own engineers. The Soviets had breached the faith, so plans for Pilgrim were also launched in secret. We were *not* asleep. . . ."

The senator shook off the homey spell. Don't mention, he thought sardonically, the day after the Russian launch, with NASA hysterical and the White House a madhouse. Pilgrim was the convulsive gesture of a man caught with his pants down. You *were* asleep, you and your young men. Tell them so.

"The project," the President continued, "was authorized by me on April eighteenth . . ."

"But not by Congress," Ralph Fellows murmured. "Tell them."

". . . authorized, of course, only after conferences with scientists in the fields of propulsion, space biology and astrophysics. . . .

"Project Mercury astronauts were consulted," the President continued. "They agreed that the element of risk appeared to be high. . . ."

Senator Fellows raised his eyebrows in surprise. A tactical mistake to admit it? Or a wise move to mention painlessly the risk in case Project Pilgrim was launched and unsuccessful?

But it would *not* be launched!

The President went on: "The first two Project Mercury astronauts who were asked were among the most experienced Americans in space. They did not find the risks unacceptable. Both volunteered for Pilgrim."

But they were military men. Mention that! Risks for your country are part of a military career. What about the next one asked? What about the civilian?

"When, to make sure that our desire to internationalize the moon was not misunderstood, a civilian astronaut was consulted, he also volunteered. . . ."

The senator moved uncomfortably. He had been wondering for days exactly why Lawrence had agreed to go. Pressured, probably, or somehow bribed, or simply too inexperienced to know what he was doing. Or were the risks perhaps not as great as the press was painting them? It didn't matter. The President's next year's budget, thank God, was before the Senate; tomorrow the President would find Apollo grounded, broke, insolvent. Without Apollo to rescue the astronaut next year, there could be no Pilgrim launch now.

"At the same time that we started Pilgrim," the President continued, "this country introduced in the U.N. resolutions which, if accepted, would have made Pilgrim unnecessary. These motions sought to put teeth into the 1961 resolution of the General Assembly that celestial bodies were international terri-

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tory, not subject to domain of any of the powers."

The senator winced. The President was skirting an area that made him uneasy. Why *had* the Russians been so reluctant to allow teeth in the resolution? Why were they changing their tack, if the moon was of no use? Why had they gone ahead alone?

The President lately gave the illusion on TV of looking the viewer individually in the eye. The senator shifted in his seat.

"No one in the free world knows today," the President finished, "if the moon, on its endless journey through space, could be turned against an individual nation or group of nations on earth." He seemed tired. He paused and went on. "But our strength requires that if there is even *risk* to our own country, we act." The President's face filled the screen. Close up, his image was that of a very worried man. "It has become my sorrowful judgment that there is such a risk. I have acted. I ask for support." He paused. "I ask for *your* support." He nodded, unsmilingly, and he was gone, and on the screen loomed the Great Seal of the United States.

At ten P.M. Senator Ralph Fellows, cleaning his false teeth, heard the phone ring. Irritably he put the plate in a water glass, hurried to catch the bedside extension before Charlie Choy took the easy way out and told whoever it was that he was asleep. It was his secretary.

"The Chuck Wagon supply capsule launch," she said, "is planned for ten A.M. tomorrow at Cape Kennedy. I knew you wanted to speak to the President before it was decided, so I thought ——"

"Thank you, Myrna," the senator said. He hung up, stared at the phone. He could probably get through to the White House. The President was not reckless. The senator had little doubt that when he told the President what he was going to do, the President would cancel the supply launch. He wondered how much money it would save if he stopped the supply capsule now. Probably not much, if it was already on the pad.

He had no real obligation to scuttle it. If it was a failure, let the Administration stew in it.

And if it was not, the Senate would anyway tomorrow prevent the *manned* launch. By election time all that anyone would remember was that the Administration had spent millions on a housing project on the moon that no one would ever use. The risk was all the President's. If your enemy insisted on backing to the edge of a mine shaft to fight, why try to restrain him?

The President waited while the TV technicians moved the last of the lights from his executive office in the West Wing. He was almost reluctant to see them go.

On a couch flanking the marble fireplace squirmed the Vice President. He was as restless, he had said himself, as a tomcat at midnight. Facing him on the matching couch sat Ned Mooney. Compared to the tense politician, the press secretary was a mountain of calm. The President sighed. "Ned, what did you think?"

Ned Mooney smiled noncommitally. "In general? Well, as a newspaperman I have to admit that in terms of logic and content your talk may have left something to be desired."

The Vice President broke in angrily. "I think it was great!"

"OK, Ned," the President murmured. He was suddenly depressed. He had written the speech himself, wanting to make sure that nobody got between him and the viewer. "Next time I'll call you in earlier."

Ned Mooney got up. The President had known him from the time Ned had covered the Senate; he had never seen him enthusiastic. But now he was grinning like a college cheerleader. "Next time," Ned said softly, "do it the same way! It was sincere. It showed."

The President was moved. "Do you think I convinced anybody?"

"Believe me, Mr. President! The uncommitted—you convinced. Nobody ever convinces the others."

They watched him leave the room.

"My feelings," the Vice President said, "exactly."

"Thanks." The President walked back to his desk. "We'll know tomorrow."

"They can't stop Chuck Wagon tomorrow," the Vice President said significantly, "so it may not matter."

The President glanced at him speculatively but said nothing. He thinks I am wavering, he thought, and is pushing me again. He moved to his desk, half-sat on its top, gaining strength from the solid oak. He picked up the Washington *Star*. An enormous Wirephoto of the Saturn booster, stark against the Florida sky, took up the second page. Perched atop its last stage was a slim Polaris braking rocket; capping it all was the ridiculous tin can in which a man was to live for a year. *If* he decided to launch it. If it

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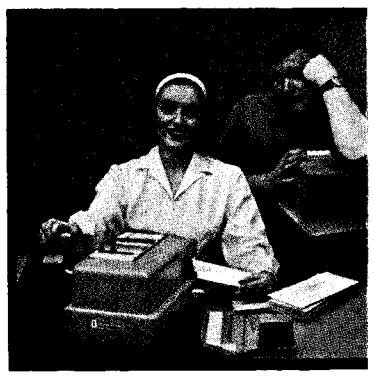

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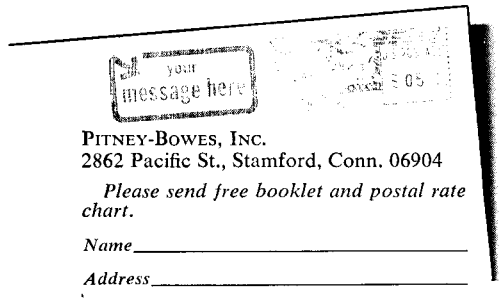

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landed safely on the moon. If he was allowed to launch the man. And if the man landed safely on the moon to find it. He folded the paper.

"I wonder," he mused, "if the Russians'd send it back?"

The Vice President looked at him blankly.

The President smiled. "If something went wrong and it landed in Siberia, do you think they'd send it back?"

The young man knew exactly what the President was talking about but did not consider it worthy of reply.

"You know," the President observed, "I haven't heard you laugh for a month?"

The Vice President smiled thinly. "I haven't heard anything funny. OK, the Chuck Wagon launch is scheduled at——"

"Can you stop Ralph Fellows on the floor?" the President cut in.

"No," the Vice President said, startled. "Look, even if he's got the votes to cut NASA next year, it can't hurt Chuck Wagon tomorrow!"

"It's funny," the President mused, "I haven't heard from him tonight."

"Why should you?"

"Why isn't he trying to knock out the supply launch? With a threat. He would if he *didn't* have the votes."

The Vice President's eyes narrowed. "That old bastard!" he grated. "He *wants* us to launch the shelter. He's trying to trap us!"

"I think," said the President, "you're a hundred percent correct."

The Vice President began to pace the room. His color was mounting; he looked as if he would like to put his fist through the window to the Rose Garden. "OK," he said finally, "let's trap *him*. Let's launch anyway!"

The President regarded him grimly. It was time for a lesson in the complexities of the presidency. If he could not drum them through now, the country might suffer for it later.

"Let me describe for you a potential situation," he said. "You can color it as you please. We launch Chuck Wagon tomorrow. Ralph Fellows bulldogs the Senate into cutting next year's Apollo budget. Chuck Wagon lands successfully, so we would like to launch Lawrence to inhabit it, but we know that Apollo can not rescue him next year because it will slip from lack of funds. What do we do?"

"Launch him anyway," the Vice President snapped, "and go for a supplemental! Congress isn't going to leave him there."

"That's true," the President said. "Then is that what you would do?"

The young man flushed more deeply, but nodded. "Absolutely."

"I see," the President sighed. "Do you have any concept of what that might cause? You're a lawyer. This is a provable, malicious, arbitrary overriding of the fiscal desires of Congress by the executive branch, remember!"

The Vice President, for the first time, seemed shaken. "Yes, but ——"

"But, hell!" exploded the President. "Suppose I were impeached? Where would you end up?"

The young man shook his head doggedly. "This is more important than political ambitions."

"Because this is a dream! All right. There are other dreams! We've sworn a war on poverty! We have been swinging a club for civil rights! We've been sending troops into pestholes and civilians into the jungle, and we've hardly started yet! What happens to the rest of the dreams? Do we flush them down the drain to beat the Russians to the moon?"

For a long while the young man held his eyes. Then, suddenly, incredibly, he nodded. "You're right," he mumbled. "We shouldn't risk the rest."

"All right," said the President. "Do we launch that billion-dollar shelter tomorrow and let Fellows point to it in November, empty, rusting in the middle of that damned lunar plain?"

"Maybe," the Vice President murmured, "we better wait."

The President felt better. "Do you *really* think," he asked softly, "if we don't launch the shelter tomorrow, we'll ever launch the man?"

The Vice President shook his head worriedly. "No. What the hell *will* we do?"

The President looked out the French doors. An evening thunderhead, glowing orange at its base from the lights of Arlington, had drifted over the Potomac. Lightning flashed suddenly, silhouetting the Washington Monument. For an instant the President saw in it the Saturn on the pad. They had gone too far to turn back.

"We'll launch the shelter capsule," he said slowly, "as we planned. We'll hope the Senate lets us launch the man."

Steve Lawrence lay sleepless in bed at the Cape Carib Motel. Headlights from late Cocoa Beach traffic swept the drapes and vanished. Beside him Mickey sighed and burrowed deeper into her pillow, like a small child hiding from school.

A girl giggled in the parking area outside. He wondered what time it was.

Across the patio the steel band was throbbing still, so it could not be after midnight. He must sleep. Tomorrow would start at 6:30 when a Cape Kennedy security car would pick them up to take them to breakfast at Hangar S, where no stray reporter could burst in and bother them.

"*Ma . . . til . . . da! Ma . . . til . . . da!*" chanted a local Belafonte, to the muffled Caribbean beat that had become Cape Kennedy's folk music. "*Matilda, she take me money and run Venezuela. . . .*"

His mind raced over the things he must do. If he planned carefully he could keep Mickey near him for the next eighteen hours. They would be their last hours together.

Tomorrow he would see his shelter launched; Mickey could watch it from the blockhouse too, on internal television or through the periscope assigned him.

He chilled. T-minus-zero for the shelter launch was 8:34 A.M. But just before they had slipped off to sleep after the President's talk, there had been a "hold" for a frozen valve.

He was reaching for the phone when Mickey stirred.

No, he thought, stopping short. If the valve was still frozen, there was nothing he could do about it. To keep up with him tomorrow she would need all the sleep she could get.

Assuming the launch was successful, the press was scheduled for a crack at him afterward. He wondered if he really wanted her there to see him sweating under the barrage.

"What odds do you give yourself, Mr. Lawrence? When do you think Apollo and the Lunar Excursion Module will be able to rescue you? Do you feel in three weeks you've learned the Mercury capsule well enough?"

He had replied to these mentally, though, already, and the trivial ones too: "Yes, ma'am, there was a Bible in that shelter capsule. I'll be busy, but I'll probably read it."

About the Big Question he wasn't sure. He wasn't sure of the answer, and he wasn't sure that he wanted Mickey to know he wasn't.

"What *is* your motivation, Mr. Lawrence? *Why* have you volunteered?"

Did he reply with the stiff pride of the patriot, or an explorer's far-off gaze, or smile a Lindbergh smile and keep his peace?

He put the dismal choices from his mind and searched for a chink in the rest of the day's schedule.

If he could find a free hour, there was an intruder-proof beach near Complex 37 for a swim with Mickey.

Perhaps after the astronaut meeting . . .

When the press was through with him, he would have a last conference with the astronauts as a group, those not already at Johannesburg, Canton Island or Woomera as capsule communicators for his own launch. They would finish the plans for next year's rendezvous on the lunar surface, would estimate how much help Steve could give his rescuers in the Lunar Excursion Module.

To that meeting he should take Mickey too. No matter how technical the language became, it would strengthen her faith to hear them discussing his rescue.

Rescue?

Without warning he began to shake.

The Pilgrim Project was impossible, a nightmare. He was a simple test pilot, assigned to Apollo. When he woke up from the dream, all would go as they had planned for years.

He was clammy and cold. He fought a crazy impulse to crush Mickey into his arms, to cling to her, to face the world with her tomorrow and tell it he would stay.

He must be careful all day tomorrow. He must show no weakness. After tomorrow, in the hurricane of preparation for his launch, she would practically disappear. So the last four days would pose no problem.

But tomorrow, when they were alone together, he must be careful. And he must keep repeating to her his promise, given so often in these last days, that when the time came for the fateful decision whether to attempt a moon landing, if all conditions were not perfect he would abort the mission, simply swing around the moon and return to earth.

After breakfast Steve had an unfortunate idea, calculated to show Mickey how solid a prospect was his rescue. He told the NASA driver to swing north to the nearly completed pads and towers of Complex 39, so that Mickey could see at close range the Advanced Saturn Vertical Assembly Building.

Its enormous doors gaped as if waiting for the boosters that would next year fling the Apollo lunar mission to his aid.

But the building, the steel tracks leading from it to half-finished pedestals, the canal down which the giant boosters would be floated had an air of abandonment. Too late he realized why. The workers were gathered somewhere to watch the Chuck Wagon shelter launch.

He told her why the complex was deserted and she pretended to accept it, but the effect was deadly; it was impossible to visualize a successful firing from so

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm quite agreeable to a merger with another company, but surely, there must be a more businesslike way to go about it."

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desolate a spot. So he told the driver to go on.

At the guard post half a mile from his own familiar Complex 37 he heard 'ckey suck in her breath.

Across the flat scrub two Saturn I oosters spired, brilliant white in the early Florida sun. They were twins. But men were swarming over the umbilical structure of the right-hand one; it was sucking liquid oxygen and its skin was thick with frost; on its top perched the minuscule shelter. The other, a thousand feet away, was deserted, and nothing rode its nose. Steve's tiny Mercury cabin would not be hoisted to its top for another two days. By that time, if all went well, the shelter would be resting on the moon.

But Mickey's eyes were on the empty booster, not the active one. He sighed and squeezed her hand. As they approached the blockhouse, the behemoth Launch Service Structure left the Chuck Wagon rocket and began to crawl along tracks to a central position. It was a ponderous, prehistoric beast, high as a twenty-story building. Sometime in the last week it had squatted over each launch pad, plucked up the components of the million-pound vehicles, and raised them unit by unit beside their umbilical towers.

Now it would hold its distance as the first of its creations burst its shackles in a cascade of flame.

Mickey had never been in the Launch Control Center during a firing. As a pot-bellied guard looked at her pass, Steve saw her glance at the steel entrance door. It weighed twenty-three tons, and looked

'Claustrophobia?" he smiled.

"A vault," she murmured.

"You'll be glad for all that steel, Mrs. Lawrence," said the guard, "if that baby blows up on the pad."

Steve stared at him. "That's an interesting speculation for her," he said tightly. "Since if the next one goes I'll be in it."

Steve, sitting in the front row of the glassed-in observation balcony between Mickey and a Florida senator, looked down at the control room. No one was wandering any more; everyone was intent on a panel or console.

"T minus fifty seconds," said the voice on the intercom.

The test supervisor at the rear of the amphitheater stood suddenly, stretched and sat down again, as if the strain had become too great to bear.

"T minus forty seconds, counting," his assistant said into a microphone. He was a bald-headed young man with thick glasses and thick lips; he sat sideways, casually, at his panel next to the range safety officer. He seemed determined to earn a reputation today as a calm voice in a storm of emotion.

"Lox tanks pressurized," another voice crackled, taut with excitement.

The reports picked up in frequency. They would snap over the circuit, Steve knew, at a faster and faster rate, as if the men who had written the countdown manual had been sadistic dramatists, tightening the screws on the technicians

the vehicle gathered its muscles outside.

"Countdown time synchronized with vehicle operations," said the test supervisor.

"All oscillographs on," a woman's voice reported.

The senator from Florida was using the huge lens of the periscope. When he saw Steve craning, he very quickly swung it back. Steve turned it so that Mickey could see too.

The frosty, sweating vehicle filled the lens. A puff of vapor shot yards to the side, then dissipated. An umbilical line swung free, dangled for a moment like an elephant's trunk, and disappeared into the tower.

Some internal tremor dislodged a chunk of frost from high on the third stage; it spun lazily in the bright sunlight and crashed on the flame deflector.

"T minus thirty seconds . . ."

"Lox bubbling 'off.'"

"Range safe . . ."

Steve smelled cigarette smoke and stale air conditioning and found that he was gripping Mickey's hand too tightly. He licked his lips.

The maddening chant went on: "T minus twenty-five seconds. A hold for any reason after this point will necessitate a scrub. . . ."

Please, God, no holds. No holds . . .

"T minus five seconds . . ."

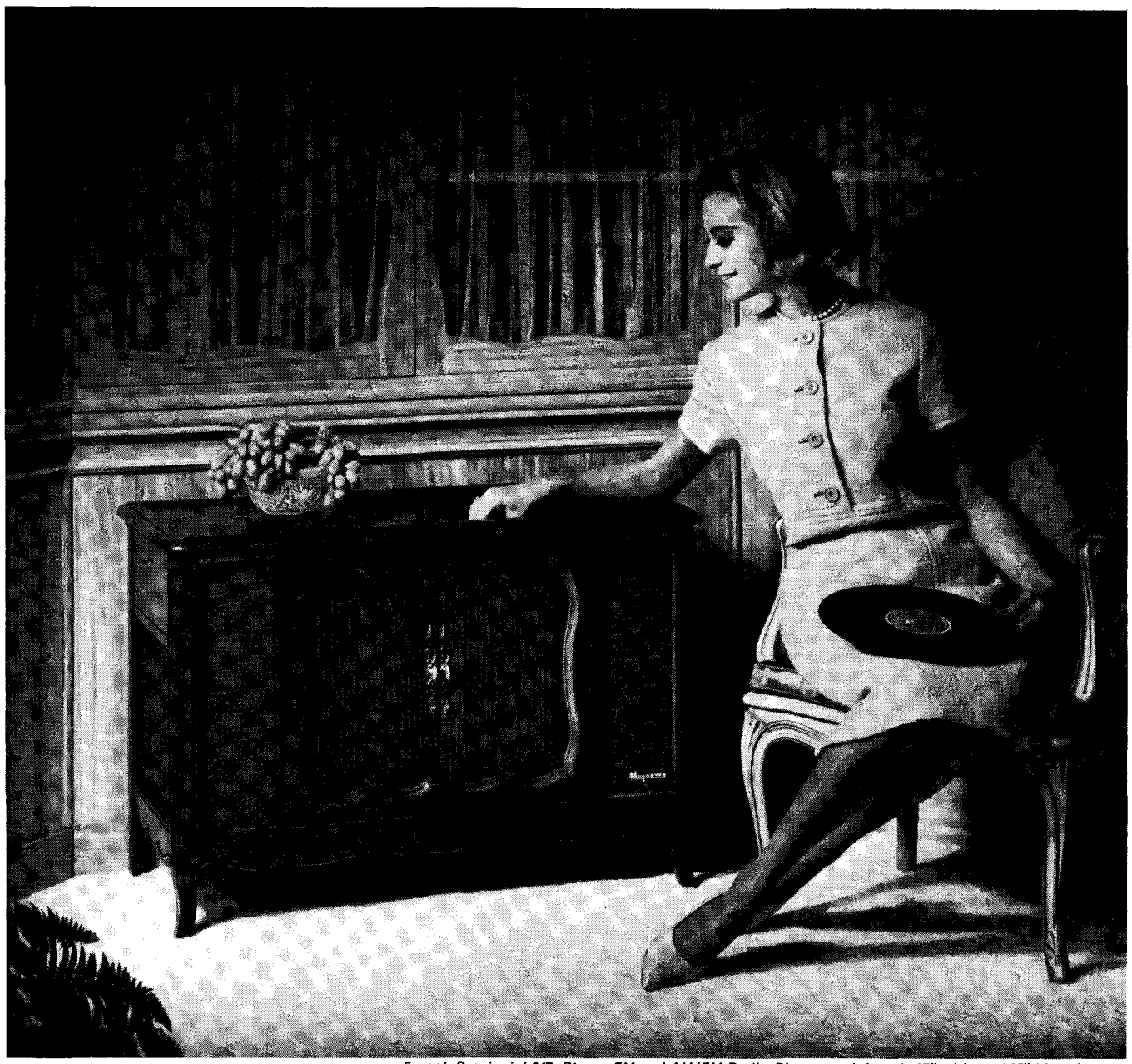
"Retract swing arm . . ."

A long arm from the umbilical tower swung back, hesitated as if reluctant to trust the balance of a pile of blocks, then continued and vanished into the tower.

"Flush pad!"

A half-million gallons of water per minute poured over the flame deflectors in a minor Niagara. Dazzling rainbows wreathed the pad. He heard Mickey draw her breath.

"Four, three, two, one . . . zero!"



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Pilgrim Project

Two rock-hard columns of white-hot flame appeared instantly. The blockhouse was deathly still. A barely discernible vibration began to build.

Steve felt it in his bowels.

"Ignition, engines five and seven!"

Two more columns of flame joined the first. Still the vehicle stood immovable.

"Ignition, engines six and eight!"

Two more engines caught, and flame cascaded from the deflectors in a golden torrent, turning the water into billows of steam. Now the rumble in the blockhouse could be felt from toe to head. The vehicle stood clamped immovably but the capsule on its nose swayed visibly as the rockets strained to be free.

The bird shuddered in frustration. Ice showered from the upper stages, spun into the cauldron below. The fourteen-foot concrete shell of the blockhouse pulsed with life.

"Hold-downs released!"

The yellow steel shackles sprang aside.

"First motion!"

"*Lift off!*"

The motion was so minute at first that Mickey missed it.

"It isn't going," she breathed.

There was an odd catch in her voice. He glanced at her quickly. Her face shone with hope.

Sick for her, he touched her hand.

For now the ball of flame turned pear-shaped. The vehicle inched from the pad; it was feet from the pedestal and then yards. The Saturn was up, up, up, accelerating endlessly into the Florida sky.

The hard lance of flame on which it rode turned suddenly from gold to red. Almost unnoticeably the trajectory began to arch. For what seemed like hours the periscope followed it until its flar was a memory in the sapphire blue.

Sweet and true, he knew, and running hot . . .

The intercom crackled into life. In its background someone cut loose with a rebel yell.

Steve stood up. He felt drained and weak. The senator rose.

"I may have to fight for your Pilgrim launch on the floor of the Senate tonight," he said. "Any second thoughts?"

Steve shook his head. "No, sir."

"So far, so good?"

He glanced at Mickey. She was smiling stiffly.

"So far," he said softly, "so good."

Senator Ralph Fellows climbed aboard the rubber-tired, blue-gray subway car in the basement of the Senate Office Building. He indicated the seat next to him for the redheaded senator from Georgia. The little train started its one-minute trip to the Capitol.

"Goddard Space Flight Center," the redheaded senator remarked, "says the Chuck Wagon shelter's running right on the nose."

Ralph Fellows peered at him sharply. He had had a restless night.

"Look, Red, nobody says you have to support me. If you think these eggheads ought to go ahead, say so."

"I *didn't* say so," the Georgian remarked mildly. "And I don't intend to abandon our position. I simply observed ——"

"Sorry, Red," Ralph Fellows sai "You want to see this?"

He handed him a copy of his remarks on next year's appropriation bill, then opened the Los Angeles *Times*.

He read swiftly, scanning the reaction to last night's presidential address with growing curiosity. He looked at a man-on-the-street column, uneasily aware that it read as though it might have been slanted so that the majority of those interviewed approved the project.

"I'll be damned," he said aloud.

Quickly he tore open the San Francisco paper. He glanced at the headlines: SHELTER SHOT GOING. Then he turned swiftly to the editorial page, and smoothed the paper back.

RUB TWO BOY SCOUTS TOGETHER

Anti-Administration forces, among them this paper occasionally, call the young man in the White House a "boy scout" when they are displeased with him, which is usually.

Presumably Astronaut Steve Lawrence is a member of the same troop. Trustworthy, loyal, helpful . . . The rest of the oath escapes us. It doesn't matter. Oath and scouts have become a symbol of fun, anyway.

How do you start a fire? Rub two boy scouts together. Laughter.

The senator stiffened, sensing danger.

These two boy scouts seem to have been rubbed together. And fire has kindled in certain youth of the North Beach coffeehouses and the tourists' Barbary Coast, where there were no fires before and certainly no bc scouts.

Sparks glow when you talk to booz young sailors along Market Street: "We'll beat 'em, buster. I knew it all the time."

In his Chinatown pad a young artist in a beret doesn't laugh, but says: "The greatest!"

It is doubtless time for cold-eyed politicians to throw water on the fire.

Gigantic shovel of Consol's Hanna Division, Cadiz, Ohio, takes 100-ton scoops at a time to remove 100-foot-high mountain of earth and rock above coal seam in strip mining operation. This machine can move nearly 8,000 tons of material each hour, and it runs continuously around the clock. Note how its enormous size dwarfs the bulldozer at its base.

"BIG JOBS TAKE BIG IDEAS" / Wausau Story

by G. A. SHOEMAKER, *President, Consolidation Coal Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

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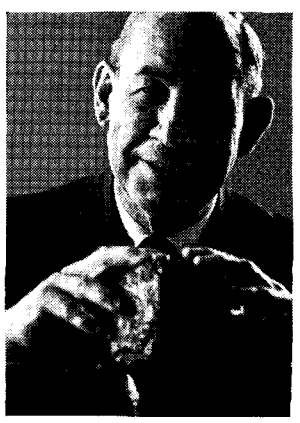

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But it has been nice to see it glow for Lawrence as it did for Lindbergh in the eyes of American youth.

The subway had stopped, and the Georgian was waiting politely for Ralph Fellows to leave the car. Fellows had an impulse to crumple the paper and hurl it away.

Instead, he handed it to the other senator.

"Read this, Red. We're 'cold-eyed politicians.'"

The Senate chaplain droned the invocation.

Senator Fellows studied the crystal bottle on his mahogany desk. Under the bottle lay his remarks. Like most senators, he used the flask as a paperweight.

The sand the bottles held had originally been used to dry senatorial ink. And it was said that some of them had held good Kentucky bourbon too, to stiffen the nerve when tempers were short and a cloakroom caning or a duel in the Virginia dawn was a hazard of politics.

Stephen Douglas had once sat at this desk. Ralph Fellows picked up the bottle. It was smooth in his hand, of a glossiness one never found today; its angles and facets were sharp and uncompromising. He wondered if Douglas had kept it filled with sand or liquor.

Black was black and white was white in the day of the Little Giant. For weeks he had stood at bay in this chamber, Lincoln's chamber, lion mane flowing and massive shoulders squared, and shouted them all down. In his brilliance he was blind, but he saw Lincoln as evil; he would topple him if he brought the country crashing with him.

And yet . . . when the guns rumbled he had looked into the eyes of his tall, gaunt enemy. Then he had nodded and ridden to the Border States to plead Abe Lincoln's cause.

"And, Heavenly Father," chanted the chaplain, "let us not fail in our efforts. We reach for the stars and the planets so that Your Word shall rule them and free men shall tread them unafraid."

The senator sat bolt upright. He stared at the chaplain's bowed head.

Only with an effort did he keep from rising in protest. He sank back, cold with anger, and drew his remarks from under the bottle.

He was the first out of his seat when the clerk completed his quorum call. He looked into the tired eyes of the man in the chair. In them he saw defeat.

He rose for recognition.

"The Senator from California," sighed the Vice President.

Briskly, and without using the notes, Ralph Fellows began.

Steve Lawrence emerged dripping in swimming trunks from the warm Atlantic water. He sat in the late-afternoon sun of Cape Kennedy and watched Mickey padding along the orange sand.

She was looking for doubloons. The colonel had told her when he jeeped them here of a treasure armada driven on the Florida beaches in 1733.

It had been a glorious day, despite the rush. The launch of the Chuck Wagon shelter had been flawless; its course was still arrow-true; the press conference had been easy—it was as if secretly even the journalists were wishing Pilgrim well.

And in the living room of his quarters atop Hangar S, the final plans for his rescue had gone so smoothly that even Mickey must have been cheered.

And still, on the way to the hidden beach, the colonel had glanced at his watch and said, "Senator Fellows will be starting in Washington now, Steve. We ought to be burning candles."

And Mickey had looked away, as if ashamed of her own thoughts.

Now she raced toward him along the wet beach, her feet exploding golden bursts of sand. She dropped to her knees, grinning evilly.

"You look like Apol ——" she began. The smile faded. "You look like a sun god."

He knew that she was fighting to keep the very thought of space from between them for the rest of the day. He kissed her lightly.

"You look like—who? A water nymph? Lorelei?"

But the fun was gone. She gazed out at the brassy chop of the mild Atlantic. "Hans Christian Andersen's mermaid?" she suggested.

He knew the story but he tried to divert her. "Entice me, Lorelei. Tempt me onto rocks . . ."

"I saw her, you know."

"H'mm?"

"When Daddy was attaché in Copenhagen. The Little Mermaid's statue, on a rock in the water. Off Langelinie Park. Waiting all alone, looking out to sea, and everybody would come to see her and she never moved, even when they took her picture. . . ."

Her eyes were wet. He moved his lips along the back of her hand.

"She was a mermaid," he reminded her. "So the prince *couldn't* come back. You're no mermaid, and I will."

"Tonight?" she asked softly.

He had to shake his head. He had a last pressure-suit fitting. It might take until midnight. And he needed his sleep.

"When?" she wanted to know.

Tomorrow his isolation was supposed to begin. The medics were afraid that if he left the shelter of Hangar S he might be exposed to mumps or a virus or a head cold; even his food from now on would be under microscopic analysis. He was not supposed to leave the Cape.

The hell with it. He'd talk them into it; otherwise he'd go over the wall like a West Point cadet. They would have one more hour alone.

"Sometime before Saturday." He leered at her. "In the meantime, this beach is completely ——"

He heard the jeep engine and sat up. The colonel stopped and got out. He looked down at them, his face sick.

"What is it?" Steve demanded.

"Trouble."

Steve peered into the shadowed eyes. "The Senate!" he guessed. "He killed it in the Senate!"

The colonel shook his head.

"The Russians, Steve. They launched. Half an hour ago."

Steve scrambled to his feet, breathing heavily. It would be almost a week before dawn would come to the Sea of Storms.

"It's too early! The position isn't right!"

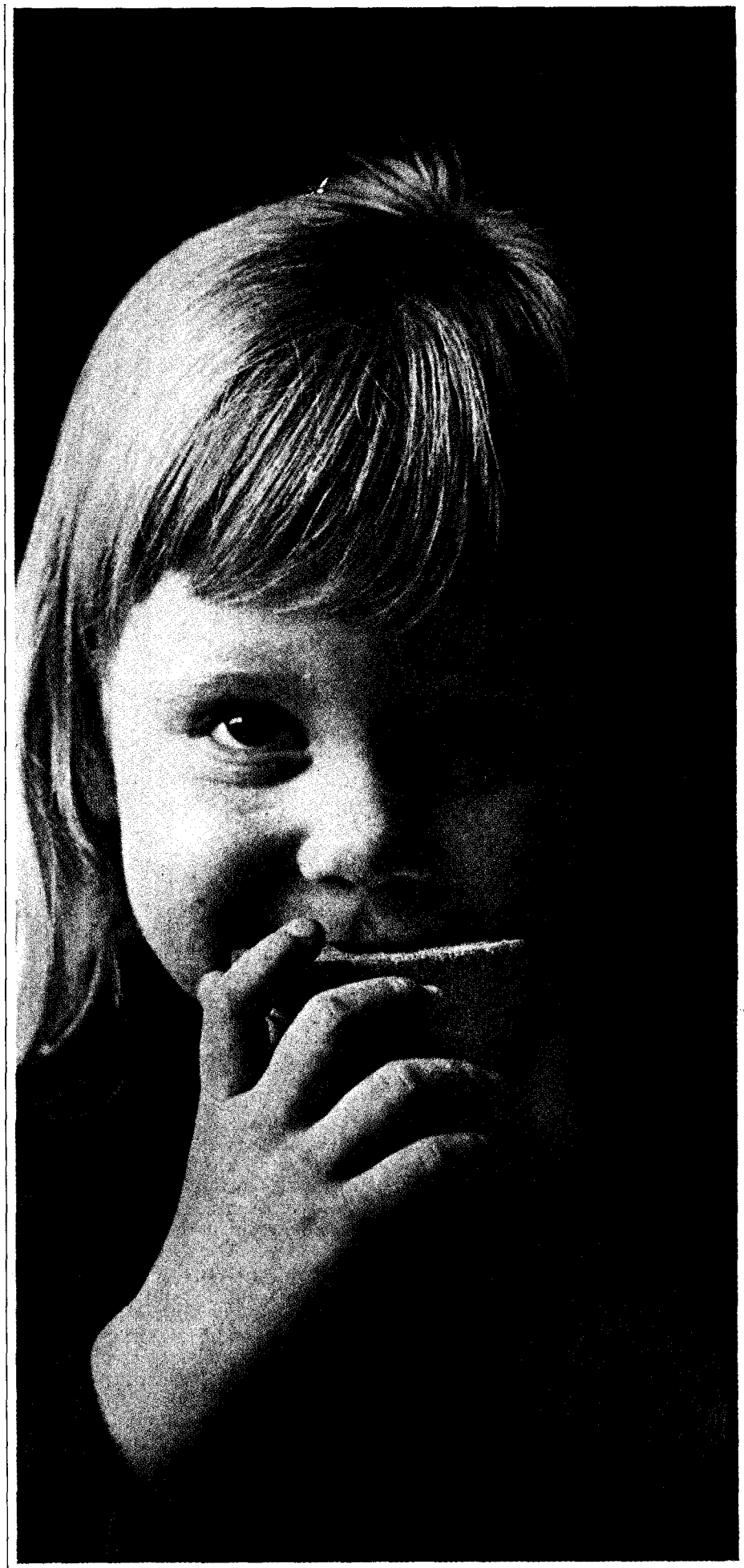
"You can blame your boy Gus Scarbo for that!"

Steve found himself shaking with anger as if the Russians had cheated in a game. To land by radar or earthshine was too awful to contemplate.

"He'll kill himself! It isn't worth the risk!"

"To a Russian," the colonel said softly, "maybe it is."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



First thing you probably noticed was the bright color. Then the scent. Then the sweet, squishy taste. You learned fast that oranges were a lot of fun to eat. They still are. Your grocer has a raft of plump, delicious Florida oranges just waiting to prove it. Eat them any way you like. Skinned. Sliced. Squeezed. Or peel and pull them apart with your bare hands. Great balls of fun! Remember?

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The Fighting Yankee of Seville

John Fulton, an American art student, was determined to become a matador. He made it and learned the truth about a dirty business.

By ROBERT DALEY

John Fulton waits for fight time in the arena at Seville.

In March, 1956, when he was 23, John Fulton went to Spain to conquer bullfighting. He was enthusiastic, innocent, poor. He had about $500 in his pocket. He spoke Spanish haltingly. He knew no one in Spain, and no one there knew him.

When Fulton had been in Spain a few weeks, he went to Ubeda, a dusty country town in the southern part, hoping for a fight. From Seville, the train lurched all day across the baking plain. Fulton rode third class, packed in with country people, squalling children, squawking chickens. He worried about tomorrow. At Ubeda there was to be a novice fight, four youths against four defective bulls from some unknown ranch. Fulton would assist one of the four boys. He had come all this way hoping to get a chance to cape one of the bulls. It was just a thin hope.

On Fulton's first morning in Ubeda, he went with his manager to watch the bulls sorted. The bulls were oversize, with grotesque horn formations.

During the sorting, one bull gored another in the eye. Seeing this, one of Fulton's young companions refused to fight the injured, dangerous animal. Fulton agreed to fill in on the program.

The small arena at Ubeda was half full. The mob was noisy and hostile. The blind bull came out third, and Fulton ran to meet it. He opened his cape in the classic manner, but the bull's blind eye didn't see it. The horn caught Fulton above the right knee. He flew up into the air, then crashed down heavily. He couldn't breathe. When he stood, his knee buckled. His costume was ripped from knee to waist. Blood ran down his leg.

Fulton could do nothing stylish with the bull. At last, groggy, thoroughly disillusioned, he just killed it. On the train returning to Madrid, Fulton asked his manager hesitatingly, "How did I do?"

"Lousy," said the manager. "You want to know something, kid? You'll never make it."

Fulton was born John Fulton Short on May 25, 1932, in Philadelphia. (He dropped "Short" later because Spaniards couldn't pronounce it.) He attended the Philadelphia Museum School of Art, and in 1953 won a year's scholarship to an art school in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. There, a retired matador named Pepe Ortiz befriended him and taught him some tricks. John Fulton was thrilled by bullfighting.

During the next two years in the Army in Texas, Fulton had seven fights as a *novillero* in the Mexican border towns. Since much of the audience was American, Fulton was an attraction. He earned up to $250 per fight, as much as leading Mexican *novilleros*, and the bulls never scratched him.

Fulton naïvely believed that his experience in Mexico, plus his passion for bullfighting, was all he needed to succeed in Spain. He did not know that although bullfighting has been cloaked in a romantic aura, it is a sordid business. There are graft and corruption and favoritism—and people swindling you and laughing at you. It is much like boxing in the United States. There are only so many dates, so many arenas, and it takes more than talent to fight a main event. A few powerful men control bullfighting. Often they work in saloons, keeping their records in their pockets or their heads. All transactions are in cash.

Each year some 8,000 youths apply for licenses to fight bulls in public in Spain. Only a small portion of these, about 230 in 1963, actually do get into the ring. Most *novilleros* cannot get fights unless they are the protégés of the powerful manager-promoters.

Each year only about 15 *novilleros* are promoted to full matador. In two centuries of bullfighting only two of these had been Americans. Fulton wanted to be the third.

If he was to get fights, Fulton needed a manager with influence. He talked it over with José Muñoz, son of the owner of his hotel.

Muñoz was a manager of bullfighters himself, he told Fulton. His eyes blinked nervously. He said he was a man of great influence in taurine circles.

Fulton begged Muñoz to manage him. Muñoz whipped a contract out of his pocket, and Fulton, although confused by the document, signed it. Later he found he had signed with Muñoz for five years, with power of attorney for three years, both maximum periods allowed by the bullfight syndicate. In addition, Fulton had signed an indemnity clause. If Fulton broke the contract, he was to pay Muñoz 500,000 pesetas—at that time more than $10,000.

Muñoz soon arranged Fulton's first fight. Fulton did not get paid. He had several others, including Ubeda. Still he got no money. The manager began to ask for funds for "expenses."

At last Muñoz realized Fulton was not a rich American. As they rode crowded trains third class to and from fights in seedy village rings, Muñoz began to berate him constantly. He criticized his style in the ring.

"If you don't believe in me, let's tear up the contract," Fulton said desperately.

"Pay me my 500,000-peseta indemnity first," said Muñoz.

The months passed. Fulton's money was nearly gone, and so was his hope. He heard of a *tienta* (testing of cows) at Juan Belmonte's ranch. Belmonte had revolutionized the bullfighting business 40 years before, and was now a leading breeder of fighting stock. Fulton had met him once in a Madrid café, and the aging matador had shown a kindly interest in the young American.

Fulton rode out across the vast arid plain where the bull ranches lay hot and dusty under the glaring sun. Perhaps Belmonte would let him work a cow. If so, he would show everything he knew, then ask Belmonte for an honest opinion.

Belmonte's luxurious living room opened onto a terrace, and below the terrace was the tiny ring used for *tientas*. Spanish *novilleros* worked several cows. Belmonte's foreman noted the qualities of each cow in a book, while Belmonte made comments to his guests. Fulton stood to one side, hoping to be allowed to cape a cow. Did Belmonte even remember he was there?

Another cow entered the ring.

Belmonte leaned over the railing.

"Fulton, *el norteamericano*," he said. "*Coge la muleta* [Take the cloth]." Fulton's stomach tightened.

Fulton moved toward the cow. He began to link passes, first with the right hand, then with the left. In his desperation, he tried every pass he had ever dreamed of doing. On and on he went. He may have given the cow 30 passes, it may have been a hundred. He did not know. Dimly he could hear Belmonte remarking to his guests, "The boy knows what he's doing, doesn't he? He's quite brave. Yes, he's not bad at all. Why, this is amazing, he's enormously good."

Fulton flung the sword away and plunged in over the horns with his bare hand outstretched in a simulated kill. Belmonte and his guests were on their feet applauding.

But Fulton's career did not advance, despite his friendship with Belmonte. He fought seven or eight times each year, never was paid more than $700, and was bled by extravagant expenses. It was 1960 before Fulton was able to get out of his contract with Muñoz.

Fulton traveled about seeing promoters, begging for fights. But no one wanted him. "An American bullfighter," the promoters would say. "You must be joking. No one would come."

Then, unexpectedly, the call came. Would he fight in Madrid on October 15, 1961? The bulls would be leftovers which no *novillero* with a name had been willing to fight all year, but it would be better than nothing.

Fulton had five days to get ready. He had not fought in five months, he was out of practice, and he felt the Madrid fight was probably his last chance to make good.

He rode in a taxi to the ring, wearing a new $200 bullfighting costume—the colorful "suit of lights"—which he had designed himself. He wanted to look his best in Madrid. In the crowd near the arena people ran alongside the taxi screaming anti-American insults in the window. Fulton soon realized he wasn't a *novillero* making his debut in Madrid, he was Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Six feet, one inch tall, thin and solemn, he towered over the other *toreros*. It was raining. The bulls were impossible to work, especially in the rain. Fulton was jeered and reviled on the first of his two bulls, though he was as adequate as the other two *novilleros* had been with theirs.

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In the rain the crowd was in the mood to be hostile. Too poor to bring a complete team of assistants up from Seville with him, Fulton had hired a picador he didn't know from Madrid's vast pool of second-rate (and therefore unemployed) bullfighters' assistants, and now this man was unable to weaken Fulton's second bull. When Fulton went out to kill the bull, its head was still high. Worse, it kept backing away from him. He was unable to kill it within the time limit.

This has happened to many bullfighters at one time or another. One summer the famous El Cordobes, currently the highest-paid bullfighter, had three bulls sent back to the corrals alive when he was unable to kill them. Nonetheless, it is often considered the ultimate disgrace in bullfighting. Fulton left the ring, his head bowed with shame. The mob jeered and whistled derisively.

It was eight months before Fulton got his chance to make a comeback in Seville. The crowd honored his performance by giving him a tour of the ring on his first bull, and applause on the other. Fulton was now sure he could never really succeed as a *novillero* in Spain. But if he could just get promoted to the rank of full matador, he felt he could fight often in Mexico.

Any matador can promote any *novillero*. Many sell the promotion, but Fulton had no money. Also, he wanted to be promoted in a first-class ring and by a first-class matador if possible. Fulton began to ask star matadors if they would promote him.

By the spring of 1963 Fulton had worked many times at *tientas* at the ranch of Don Felix Moreno Ardanuy. Moreno's animals were always big and difficult, and so avoided by all star matadors. But Fulton had proved he could handle them, and Don Felix admired him.

The Seville ring had bought a set of six Moreno bulls for Easter Sunday, but none of the stars would sign, and so the promoter was stuck with the bulls. By July 18, to get rid of the bulls, the promoter was ready to take any three *toreros* willing to face them. Don Felix suggested Fulton. If Fulton would sign, the senior matador that day, José María Montilla, would promote him to matador. Fulton signed. He would be paid $1,000.

The bulls of Don Felix looked fearsome. One of them was gray, and the biggest to be fought in Seville in three years. There was so much gloom around Fulton that one of his assistants, a *banderillero*, hurriedly left town.

But Fulton himself was calm. Before the fight, waiting behind the gates for the opening parade, he was gripped not by fear but by a kind of cold anger. At last he had reached his dream. In a few moments he would touch it, and he felt very little of the elation he had expected to feel. "I felt I had worked hard for this. I deserved it. I had put in seven years. I felt absolutely, coldly competent."

The *alternativa* ceremony—the promotion to matador—is always a moving thing. Montilla, proudly raising his *montera* (*torero's* hat) to the president's box, asked for permission to kill the first bull. Then, 10 feet out from the fence, Montilla handed his sword and muleta to Fulton. They embraced warmly, the audience applauded, and Montilla said, "I wish you luck, Matador. Now use this sword on that coward of a bull that is waiting for you."

Fulton began to work the bull competently, closely. The band played. Then he swooped in to kill.

The crowd waved handkerchiefs, petitioning the president's box for the award of an ear. The petition was denied, but the president signaled Fulton to take a tour of the ring. He received a tremendous ovation.

His second bull, the huge gray one, rushed about hooking the cloth from the hands of Fulton's assistants. They were terrified of it and wished they had left town like the other *banderillero*. But Fulton, watching carefully, still felt coldly sure of himself. He thought he knew exactly what the bull needed, he planned the fight he would make, and then he stepped out from behind the fence and began to make it. When this bull was dead, he received another long ovation. It was a distinguished debut. Later one critic wrote, "In no way could you distinguish Fulton's work from that of a Spaniard." It was the kind of praise Fulton had waited seven years to hear.

Back in his apartment, Fulton at last felt elation. His friends crowded in. Champagne flowed.

Fulton thought that never in his life had he felt so happy. "Somebody send a telegram to that *banderillero* who ran away," he called out at one point. "Tell him that the bulls are dead, and it is safe now to come back to Seville." THE END

While Spanish aficionados look on critically, Fulton gracefully passes a charging bull's horn-tip close to his body. Here he wears costume reserved for benefit performances.

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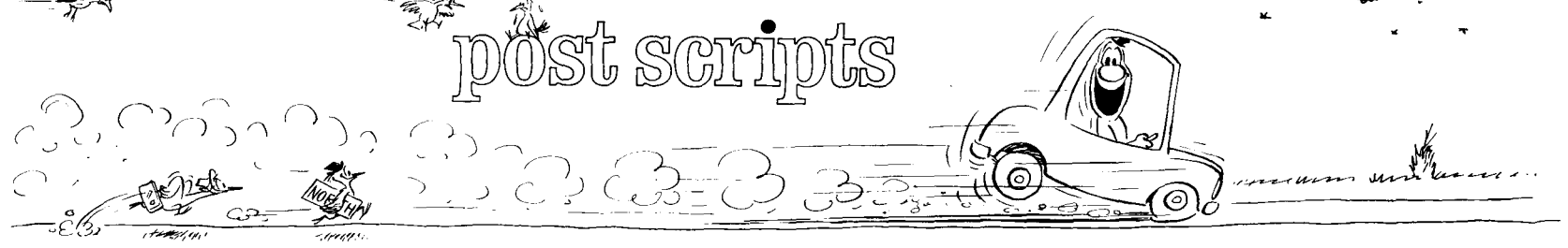
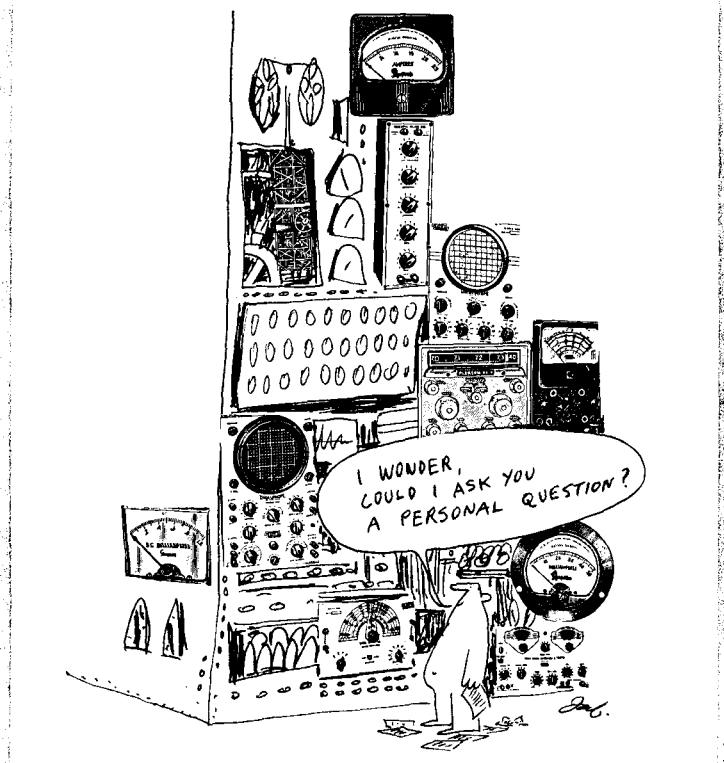
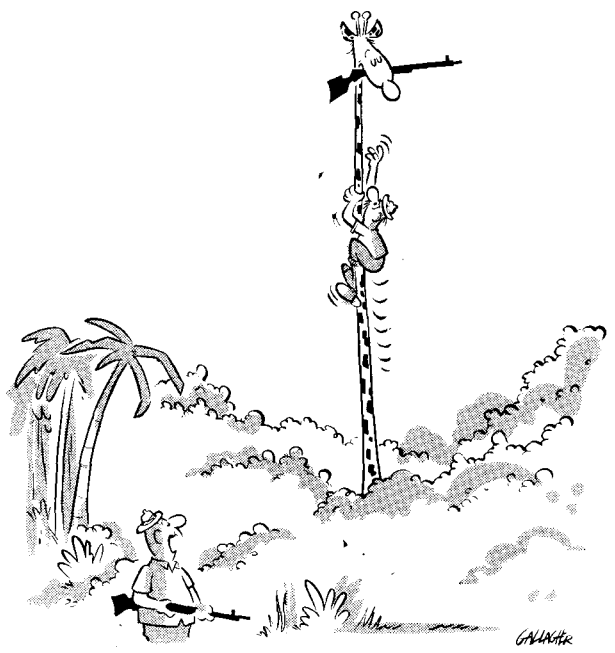
post scripts

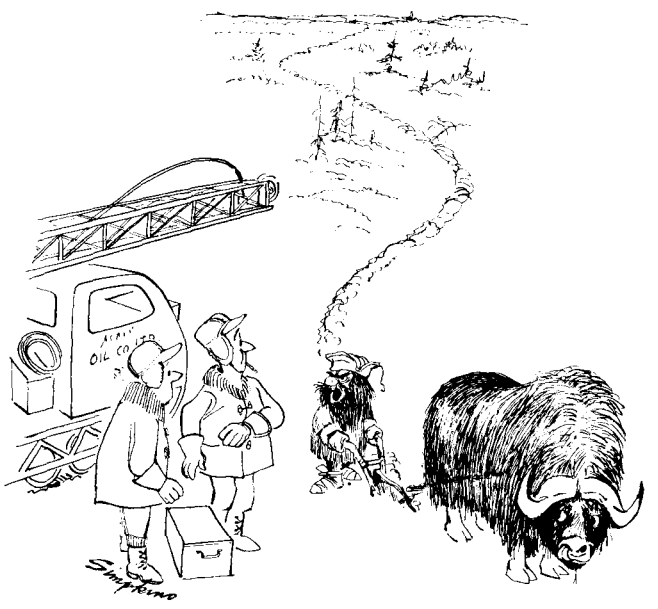






"Need any help there, Caruthers?"

"Quite frankly, I'm in this business to make a quick buck, and then get out."



"Git off my farm!"

"We've got one!"

"Actually, Julius, we could throw it up in one day, but the unions would raise the devil."

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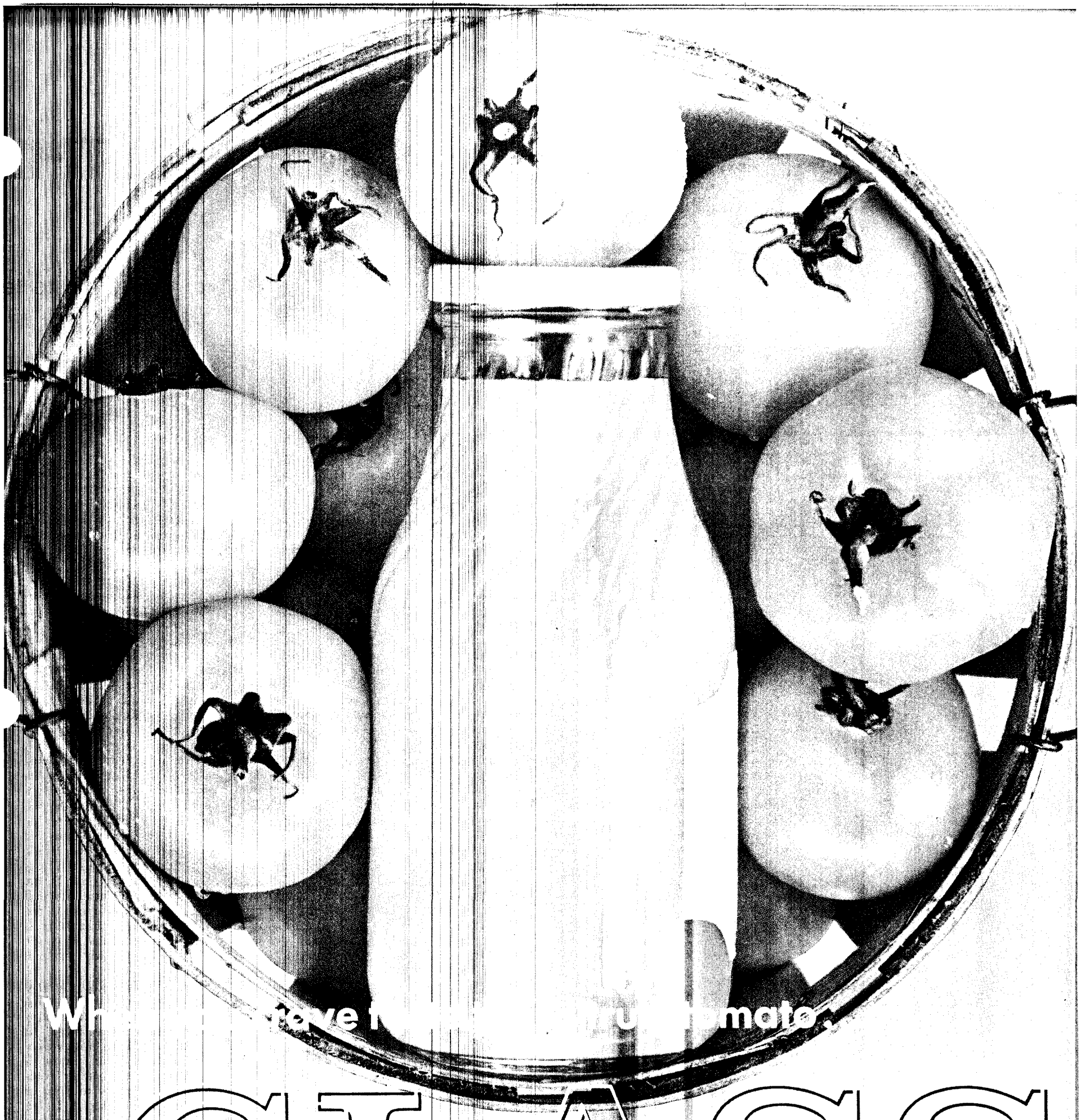

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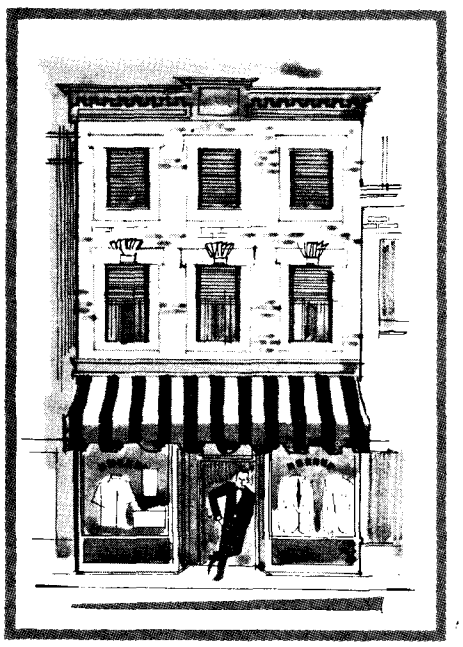
FAIR TRADE OR FOUL, THI

The profits in bigness: Volume and variety give the chain store and the discount house a competitive edge.



The values in smallness: Hubert Humphrey doesn't like to contemplate "an America where a man can't start his own little store."

The latest bill to le

some bi

By MARTIN MAYER

"Why is Humphrey interested in this bill?" said Sen. Hubert Humphrey, brisk and earnest in the office of the majority whip at a corner of the Capitol. "It's because he sees a problem in the private-enterprise field. Look at our independent retail stores. What's the rate of failures? Mergers? Closeouts? Net profits are down sharply from what they were ten, fifteen years ago.

"I have," Humphrey continued, shifting into first person, "a sentimental interest in the pharmacy business. My father before me, a state legislator and a good businessman, built the Humphrey Drugstore in Huron, South Dakota—I don't have any financial interest in it now; my brother runs it. But I know from experience that you can't make money giving goods away. When you see discounters and chain stores selling things for their cost, you know people are paying for it somewhere—like the restaurant man who gives away steak; you know he's selling a lot of whiskey. In the pharmacy business, the only reason there *is* any net profit is the prescriptions. It's the man who has prescriptions filled who's paying for the discounters."

The bill with which Humphrey began his discourse is S. 774, known as "Quality Stabilization." In essence, it is a national "fair trade" law. "Quality Stabilization," like "fair trade," is a fancy phrase for what lawyers accurately call "resale-price maintenance." Humphrey's bill would empower manufacturers of brand-name products to establish across the country the retail price of their branded goods, and to get federal court in junctions against anybody who tried to sell below that price. This is the second go-round for national fair trade—which was part of Roosevelt's NRA—and the newest skirmish in a lawyers' war as old as the first chains of 5 & 10c stores. Recently, the war has been going badly for the fair traders—23 state courts have made state fair-trade laws ineffective, or thrown them out in the last few years.

Almost everyone has a stake in this legislation. Most economists believe that if it passed, and manufacturers used it, housewives would have to pay higher average prices for a long list of goods—conceivably, for everything except foods (which have never come under fair-trade laws to any extent) and prescription drugs (which are specifically exempted in the bill). "Any way you cut the mustard," says Chairman Paul Rand Dixon of the Federal Trade Commission, "it's going to cost the consumer—and five billion dollars a year is not a farfetched estimate." On the other hand, the bill would help eliminate some sleazy retailing practices that now lure the shopper into paying higher prices than she expects or even realizes she's paying. And it might keep in business some tens of thousands of small retailers who would otherwise be overwhelmed by competition from big chains and block-long discount houses.

If this bill were like other legislation, nobody would give a used Green Stamp for its chances. Quality Stabilization has been opposed under Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson by every agency of the Federal Government from the Defense Department to the Small Business Administration. Every major power center in the nation is against it, from the National Association of Manufacturers to the AFL-CIO. Nevertheless, the bill will almost certainly pass the House sometime before May 1, and it may be reported favorably by the Senate Commerce Committee. There is a fair chance that the bill will wind up on President Johnson's desk, and while the press has carried predictions that Johnson would veto it, the President has not said so himself.

What gives the bill its steam is what Sen. William Proxmire calls the "startling, stubborn fact that small business simply is not surviving in the retail area." At least 10,000 retail businesses fail or are absorbed by chains every year, and in almost every American city vacant storefronts bear mute testimony to a major change in the nation's social fabric. Marketing analyst E. B. Weiss predicts that by 1970 large chains will do three quarters or more of the nation's retail business. Behind the push for Quality Stabilization lies the small retailer's hope that the Government can help. "We're not asking for a bill to guarantee the survival of independent retailing," says Mike Mermey, whose father's Bronx grocery store went under to competition from the chains 40 years ago, and who has been since 1949 the head of a druggists' group working for fair trade. "We're asking only for an *opportunity* to exist."

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ATTLE RAGES AGAIN!

anufacturers dictate retailers' prices could cost the consumer as much as $5 billion a year. But a lot of small businessmen and ongressmen think it's needed to preserve the American Way.

As Senator Humphrey has said, Quality Stabilization bears a resemblance to agricultural price-support laws. It is an attempt to defend small people who could not stand the gaff of truly competitive situations, to sacrifice economic efficiency for the social values of pluralism. "I don't want my boys to grow up," Humphrey says, "in an America where a man can't start his own little store, and has to work for a large organization."

A fair amount of money has been spent in lobbying for Quality Stabilization—perhaps $200,000 a year. "I have a file yea thick," says Democratic Rep. Otis Pike of New York, "an amazingly large olume of mail on what I consider a uiet issue." But the really effective spokesmen for the bill have been men whose personal experience gives wings to their words. The Humphrey family drugstore, Sen. A. S. Mike Monroney's Oklahoma furniture store, Rep. Chet Holifield's California men's wear store, Rep. Thomas M. Pelly's Washington stationery store—these relatively small businesses speak directly onto the floor of the Congress. If Quality Stabilization passes, it will not be because of lobbyists but because the storekeepers who sit in Congress carried the battle.

Nobody denies the plight of the small retailer. Though the Robinson-Patman Act guarantees that manufacturers cannot do special favors for big stores, the ordinary favors—quantity discounts, quick replacement of stock on fast-moving items—are enough to give the big guy a real advantage. Discount chains and department stores can borrow money and give credit more easily than the local retailer. If a price war develops, they can stand it longer—and because they sell many different kinds of merchandise, they can make up in other departments what they lose on the bargains.

Storekeepers, large and small, have expenses for rent, for salaries, light and heat, maintenance, advertising, fixtures and inventory (and for "shrinkage"—the loss suffered from the goods the American consumer steals—which runs near two percent of sales). They pay these expenses, and make a buck, out of the difrence between what the manufacturer wholesaler charges them for merchandise and what they can charge the customer. This gross profit is called the "markup," and it is calculated—for primitive reasons of public relations—on the store's selling price rather than on its purchase price. Thus, if a store buys a silver-plated electric swizzle stick for $12 and sells it for $20, the $8 gross profit is considered a markup of 40 percent (on the $20 selling price) rather than 66⅔ percent (on the $12 cost to the store). Although nobody knows for sure what the "average" markup is in American stores, it would probably fall somewhere near 35 percent. Net profits are at best a minor fraction of the markup—rarely higher than five percent on total sales.

But even the average storekeeper, if there is such a person, does not deal in average goods. He stocks a variety of items which by tradition or logic command different markups. A recent survey of a large discount drug operation, in the magazine *Discount Merchandising*, showed a spread from 17 percent (on toothpastes) to 59 percent (on hair nets).

Push vs. pull

There are natural reasons why different items carry different markups. Things like headache remedies and laundry soaps are "pulled through" the distribution system by advertising, and it costs a storekeeper relatively little to handle them; things like pianos and shoes have to be "pushed through" by personal selling in the store.

Right after the war, when all a merchant needed to make money was a little oil for the hinges so the door would open easily, American retailing grew fat and lazy and began operating on a roughly uniform markup of about 40 percent for all goods, regardless of how easy they were to sell. This was before the state courts got around to throwing out the fair-trade laws. Until then, as far as anybody knew, it was illegal in 45 states to cut prices below the manufacturer's list.

But one of the wonders of capitalism is the way honey draws flies. Provided they don't need a gigantic investment, people will flock to start their own businesses in any part of the economy where the profits are high—and then, with luck, their competition will knock down the prices.

In retailing, the flies lit first on major appliances. Even an untalented newcomer could look good when established department stores and appliance houses were selling for $250 a brand-name refrigerator on which the manufacturer's price was $150. Discounters found they could make a profit selling "white goods" like refrigerators and washing machines with a markup of only about 25 percent—or a $200 price on an item that costs the retailer $150. They found, too, that the laws against price-cutting were weak and hard to enforce.

For the discounter, white goods are the best of all possible worlds. The companies that make them are the blue chips of America, from General Motors to General Electric to specialists like Maytag and Amana, and the quality of the brand rubs off on the store. Chicago discounter Sol Polk, for example, has five gigantic store complexes which sell almost nothing but branded appliances and furniture. It is an impressive experience to ride with Polk in his little electric golf cart around his "distribution center," a warehouse the size of a small steel mill on the western edge of Chicago. Here, taken from the railroad cars that run through the building and piled 40 feet high by forklift trucks, is a fantastic collection of what Americans identify as wealth, the big appliances in the big cartons marked with the big brand names—and it all belongs to the son of an unsuccessful sign painter, who built it himself from a little store he opened in 1937.

The well-run discount house can almost always operate on lower markups than the neighborhood store. Many of a retailer's costs are fixed; if he can get more volume for a given expenditure on rent, he can charge less of the rent to each sale, and if he can "turn over" his stock more often, he does not have to recover so much of his inventory costs from any one customer. Discount houses are often built cheaply on cheap land, and they may offer only limited services—few salespeople, no wrapping, no delivery.

Many of these economies, however, wear away as the store expands from appliances to other items—the discounter needs much bigger markups on shoes and suits and toiletries than he needed on refrigerators. But the discounter gets people into the store by offering bargains, or "loss leaders"—as, of course, do many dealers who are not discounters. As the discounter moves into new areas and meets rising costs, he is tempted to advertise a brand name at a big saving, and then to "switch" the customer in the store from the brand to something that carries the store's own name, on which the markup may be quite high.

There is no doubt that such things do happen. President Michael Daroff of Botany Industries, maker of one of the largest brands of men's suits, told a Senate committee bitterly of a Philadelphia discount house which had advertised "Botany 500" suits at one dollar over the wholesale price. Botany had not sold this store any suits, and it sent a man to check up. "People came in," Daroff reported, "and wanted to buy one of our suits. In fact, they had a big crowd in the store to try to buy the suits, and they couldn't fit them because they had either small sizes or some big sizes. The salesman said to him, 'You don't want to buy that brand. That brand is not so good anyhow.' He said, 'Our own brand [the store's private label] is better than that.' Not only are they killing us," Daroff concluded, "they are even knocking us."

Advocates of Quality Stabilization argue that these unbranded or "private label" goods are inferior stuff, Hong Kong schlock and the like. Some undoubtedly are—but others undoubtedly aren't. Of the 800 or so American manufacturers who own advertised brands, about half also produce for operations like Sears and A&P, or for anybody else who can order a large-enough quantity to justify the printing of special labels—which rules out the neighborhood store.

Sol Cantor, whose Interstate chain includes both "first line" department stores and discount stores, says that he would rather sell branded merchandise, "because I can move it ten percent faster." But he thinks it is nonsense to say that the stores really need national brands—A&P and Sears have grown by the exploitation of their own labels—or that there is always a difference in quality between the two varieties. "We had hardware made by a big brand-name company for our label," he says, "and it's the same goods, only two dollars cheaper. There's a shirt we buy for $21.50 a dozen [$1.79 a shirt]. We sell it in the first-line stores for $2.99, and in the discount stores for $2.59 or even $2.39. One of our stores, the best in town, put it under a

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When John Anderson finds a dealer cutting prices, he cuts him off—and sends out black-bordered notices.

pack (a wholesaler's brand name) and sold it at three for ten dollars. And it was the same damned shirt."

Lacking private labels of his own, and needing something like list price on the branded product which the discounter is advertising for less, the small dealer feels himself squeezed to death. What he wants out of Quality Stabilization is a situation where the brand is reserved for him, and the discounter must make do with private labels. Sol Cantor thinks he's being silly. "In December alone," Cantor says, "our ten White Front stores in Los Angeles sold six thousand television sets, a thousand of them color. No television manufacturer is going to cut us off."

While failing to get the discounter off his neck, moreover, Quality Stabilization might expose the small dealer to assault from the other end of the retailing jungle. Rep. John Dingell, the leading opponent of the bill in the House, thinks the right to cut prices is the local man's strongest weapon against the fancy, well-established downtown store. "In Detroit," Dingell says, "if everybody paid the same price, everybody would go to Hudson's [the city's top department store]."

But there is something here beyond economics. The big page in the paper, luring people to the discount house by advertising a branded product at 30 percent below the neighborhood-store price, does not merely damage the local retailer's business—it hurts his reputation in his community, and his self-respect. To his customers, friends and neighbors he is made to appear a fraud and a knave, a man who has been overcharging people, gouging them on the necessities of life. Michael Carosella, who runs a family shoe store in Bethel, Conn., put the matter bluntly before a House Committee: "If they want to advertise price and not attach the brand name to it, fine. . . . It is good competition. . . . But don't come into a given area and take any particular brand names—and show Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public, 'This guy has been sticking you for 40-some-odd years. . . .'"

Manufacturers, too, can suffer a loss of reputation if their brands become "footballs," advertised by big stores at low prices to draw the crowds. "The cosmetics manufacturer *must* control his price," says Philip Jehle, counsel for the National Association of Retail Druggists. "Women will not buy cut-rate cosmetics—price-cutting debases this sort of product in women's eyes." And though most manufacturers are pleased with the discounter, who moves a lot of goods, some are damaged by the loss of retail outlets that inevitably occurs when the big store advertises a brand at a price the small store cannot match. Sunbeam, for example, had almost 1,000 dealers in Washington, D.C., before its electric razor became the favorite bargain item of local discounters; less than a year later there were fewer than 100 Washington dealers who would handle the line. Simonize and Prestone virtually disappeared from gas stations once discount auto-supply shops began advertising them.

Corning Glass (Pyrex and Corning Ware) also worries about keeping enough retail outlets, mostly hardware stores. "I wish I had a product susceptible to saturation advertising," says R. Lee Waterman, a tall, serious, gray-haired man who spent 20 years in the retailing wars for W.T. Grant and Montgomery Ward and now runs Corning's consumer-products division. "I wouldn't be interested in this bill. My advertising would make people come into the stores and ask for my product, and I could force retailers to carry it and to beat out a price on the anvil of their own anguish. Or, if I had a high-value, low-weight product, which I could profitably ship to many small dealers, I wouldn't need the bill—I could franchise dealers and sell only to those who agreed to charge my price. But I can't advertise heavily—and my product has a relatively low value per pound, so nearly all my shipments have to be in carload lots to wholesalers.

"Our lab has developed a new glass-ceramic with remarkable qualities, but to sell it we have to rely not on our dealers' reluctant acquiescence but on their active collaboration. They'll have to display it and talk about it. And they won't do that if they believe that once they've built up the product some downtown store will take the business away by advertising it at a lower price. We can't afford to become a target for stores which base their promotional appeal on someone else's name, the best-known name they can lay their hands on."

The powerhouse and treasure chest of Quality Stabilization is, like Waterman, a man who needs help from a lot of small dealers—John Anderson, a fierce old crusader of 80 whose Anco windshield wipers are on most American cars. He mines what ought to be an enormous market—the rubber on a wiper blade does not stay "live" more than a year or so at most. But it isn't in the head of the normal motorist to think about changing wiper blades when he pulls into the gas station, and Anderson has to rely on his 140,000 dealers to push his product. He can do it only if the dealers are guaranteed a good profit. "The gas-station operator," Anderson says, "makes more profit on a pair of Anco blades than he'll make on a tire. You never saw such emotional support as we get from our dealers."

Anderson's policy not to sell to discounters goes back to 1922, and at one point he even refused to sell to a Jersey Standard affiliate which was doing one quarter of all his business. He has two public-relations firms and a number of front organizations on his payroll, working for Quality Stabilization, which is a name he invented. He probably puts $100,000 a year of his own money into promoting this bill. In Anderson's book, *all* discounters are pirates and saboteurs, who are rapidly wrecking the country.

Anco would not be able to fair-trade its wipers under Quality Stabilization, because the bill bars products which are not "in free and open competition" with other "goods usable for the same purpose"—and Anco's patents probably give it a monopoly in blades for curved windshields. "It's one of the most ridiculous damned things in the world," Anderson says cheerfully, "that I couldn't use this bill I'm fighting for. But you find little nuggets of integrity all over the place."

In fact, Anco has been able to maintain its prices even under current legislation, and so has Corning. Whenever Anderson finds a retailer cutting prices on wipers, he cuts off the man, and sends a black-bordered notice of his action to all the 6,000 wholesalers who handle his products. Corning fair-trades its lines in the 22 states where such action can be effective, and signs individual agreements with dealers in 27 others. "It's a nuisance," Waterman says, "but we can do it. As of today, our products are being sold at regular prices—very happily—by sixty percent of the discount houses."

Even the appliance manufacturers, whose electric razors, toasters and such were the favorite footballs of the discounter, are not wholly defenseless. Sunbeam and General Electric abandoned fair trade after the federal courts ruled in 1957 that state laws could not be used to prevent mail-order shipments from out of state at less than established prices. But Sunbeam has now begun marketing one of its lines on a "consignment" basis. The dealer doesn't pay Sunbeam for the merchandise until he sells it, and he receives a commission on the sale rather than a markup. Because the retailer never owns the product, he has no rights at all in pricing it, and Sunbeam maintains control from factory to user.

Like "lassoed cattle"

Such remedies, however, are not available to the small manufacturer, who cannot afford Corning's staff of representatives to sign up businesses individually or Sunbeam's investment in merchandise to be shipped on consignment. Indeed, the small manufacturer probably can't afford the legal costs of enforcing fair trade in the states where it now exists—simply getting a case against a discounter ready for filing costs upward of $1,500 in New York, and if the case is defended the costs go even higher. "Without this bill," John Anderson says dolefully, "small beginnings in commerce and trade will die. Manufacturers won't live long enough to establish their trademark."

Even granting this argument, and accepting the theory that the man who makes and promotes a brand has a continuing interest in what use is made of it, many people are queasy about the power a resale-price-maintenance law gives a manufacturer. The retailer, after all, has purchased the goods, and he owns them. To make him follow a manufacturer's policy in handling what he has bought and paid for—even though that policy may not be what is best for him—seems like strong medicine to many judges.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court put the matter strongly last year: "The very idea that a commercial entity may hold in one fettering price-fixing grasp all businessmen engaged in vending a certain product, just as a herdsman holds lassoed cattle on the plains, offends against the most elementary concept of a free and independent society." The decision in which this sentence appeared actually upheld Pennsylvania's fair-trade law—but it also, obviously, indicated the courts would find ways to rule in favor of people who broke it.

A similar fate could easily overtake Quality Stabilization if it ever becomes law. Congress has twice passed enabling acts to help the states set up and enforce fair-trade laws—the Miller-Tydings Act of 1937 and the McGuire Act of 1952. Twice the courts have responded with rulings (in 1951 and 1957) that made the acts virtually meaningless for products in interstate commerce, which means almost everything. The Justice Department has already let it be known—quietly—that if a manufacturer moves against a price-cutter because of a tip from a rival dealer, the Government will bring suit for conspiracy to violate the antitrust laws—Quality Stabilization or no Quality Stabilization.

What bothers the Justice Department is the fact that the bill purports to help the small retailer but gives power only to manufacturers, who may or may not have the little dealer's best interests at heart. Manufacturers are concerned with moving merchandise, not with feeding retailers' families. Even the firms most dedicated to fair trade have sometimes looked the other way when they felt a discounter was doing a job for them—Sol Polk never had any great trouble getting merchandise, though Illinois is a strong fair-trade state. It is fairly easy to imagine a situation under Quality Stabilization where manufacturers were slashing each other in a price war while the retailers involuntarily did all the bleeding. In short, the manufacturers might compete not by reducing their own wholesale prices but by cutting the markup they allowed their dealers.

Since the retail price is divided between dealer and producer, and since the producer wants as much of it as he can get, manufacturers who control their retail prices normally give their dealers lower markups than manufacturers who merely "suggest a list price." For example, the consignment arrangement of one major small-appliance manufacturer gives the dealer about 25 percent vs. the industry's average markup of about 40 percent. Sen. Barry Goldwater, who seems to be leaning against the bill, says that in his experience a department store couldn't live on the markups allowed in fair-trade situations.

Confusingly enough, this very argument—somewhat differently phrased—is used by some proponents of Quality Stabilization to prove that the bill wouldn't raise havoc with the cost of living. Even though brand-name bargains might become rarer, they claim, the squeeze on dealers would forestall the big rise in consumer prices the Federal Trade Commission fears.

Quality Stabilization, as Representative Pike observes, "is not a black and white matter." But it is, emphatically, a sensitive one that seems to get people's dander up no matter where they stand or how well they understand the issues. The mail continues to pour in to Congressmen's offices arguing for every conceivable angle of the case, and the letters, says Pike, are "emotional." There is no party line to help a Congressman decide, and Pike doesn't expect there will be. "It's really the sort of issue everybody would like to hide from. But ducking issues is a poor way to get reelected. When the bill comes to the floor, I'll make up my mind and I'll vote."

For Pike, and for many other uncommitted Representatives and Senators, it will not be an easy vote to cast. THE END

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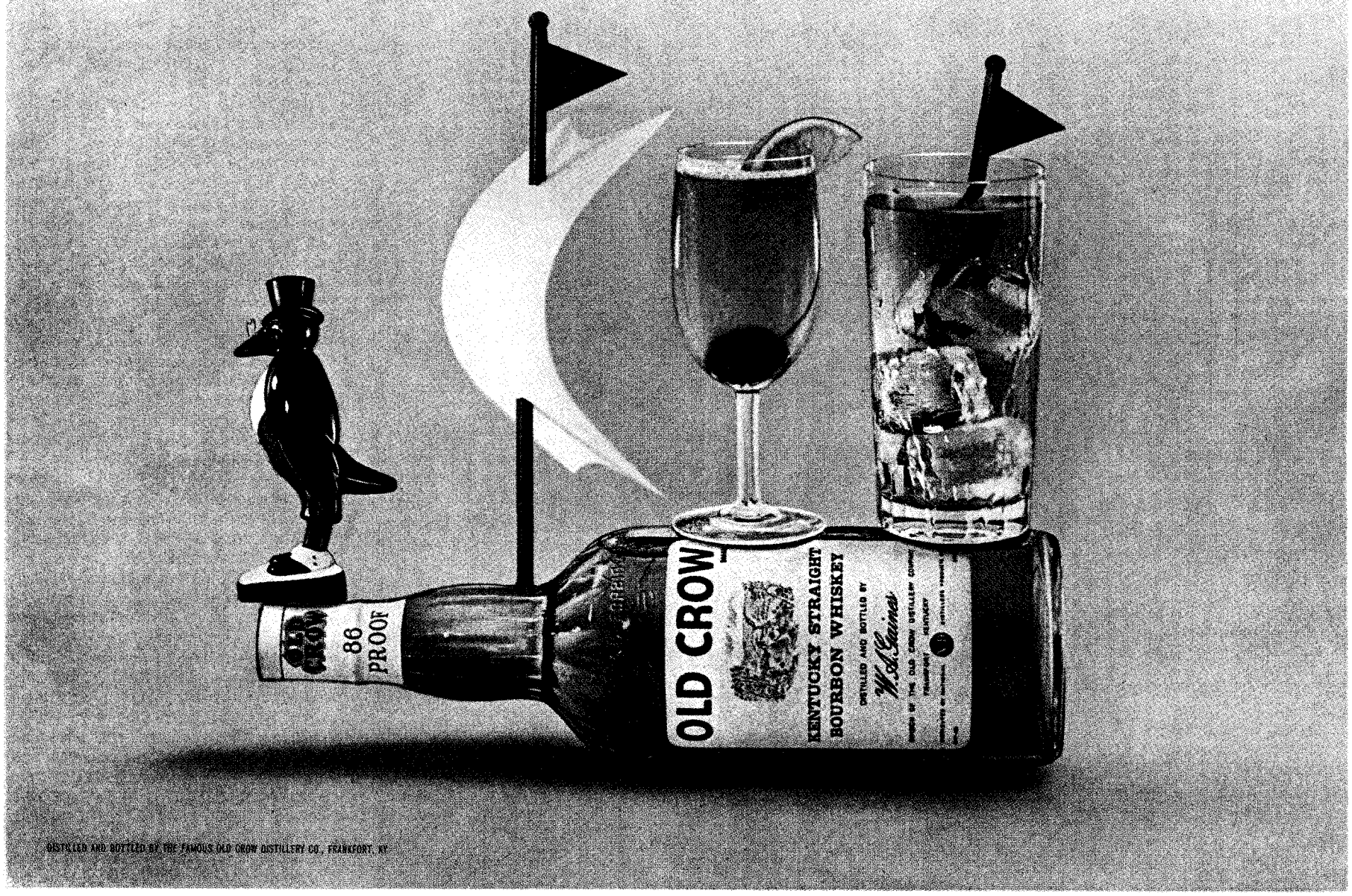
This is the bird that launched a thousand sips: More likely a thousand thousand. Probably more. And a good many of those sippers were illustrious men—Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, O. Henry—Old Crowers, all. Once you experience Old Crow's character and mellow smoothness you'll understand why it's modern America's favorite bourbon, too. Pleasure ahoy!

OLD CROW

The greatest name in bourbon



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MONK

HIGH PRIEST OF JAZZ

By Lewis H. Lapham

His onstage antics have been called goofy, and his music has been labeled far-out, but having survived 20 years of neglect, pianist Thelonious Sphere Monk finally has gained recognition as one of the dominant jazz figures of our age.

Flanked by wife Nellie, daughter Barbara and son Thelonious Jr., Monk sits becalmed amid clutter of his New York flat.

At the end of the hall on the ground floor of a tenement on New York's West 63rd Street, behind a rickety door, in three small rooms littered with cardboard cartons, catsup bottles, half-empty suitcases, Japanese dolls in glass boxes, soup dishes stacked on a piano, steam irons, clothes hanging from nails in the fiberboard walls, shopping bags and children's toys, lives Thelonious Sphere Monk.

There he has lived all but seven of the 43 years of his life, first with his mother, his brother and his sister, and then with his wife and two children, entangled in a domestic clutter wholly inappropriate to his reputation as the weird and enigmatic genius of modern jazz.

Among all the jazz musicians of his generation, none was reported "further out" than Monk. Tales of his strangeness drifted through the stale and noisy air of every jazz joint. The hipsters, taking his name for an obscure joke, called him "The Mad Monk" or "The High Priest of Bop." They made much of his clumsy dances, his fondness for silly hats, his gift for cryptic and whimsical statement. (In response to the question "Why do you play such strange chords, Mr. Monk?" he once told a disc jockey, "Those easy chords are hard to find nowadays.") It was always assumed that he could be found in some dark back room, a remote, if not imaginary, figure, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

But all the while, oblivious to the smell of boiling cabbage in the corridor, he has remained on West 63rd Street, a sentimental man with kind eyes and a full beard, playing his blunt and angular jazz on the grand piano in his kitchen.

Now suddenly, after 20 years of neglect, the critics are beginning to suspect that Monk may be the dominant jazz musician of his time. His conception of rhythm and harmony has influenced the playing of such dissimilar musicians as Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins. Several of his tunes, among them *Around About Midnight*, *Off Minor* and *Epistrophy*, have become jazz standards. His use of dissonance is analyzed in composition courses at the Juilliard School of Music. Recently published articles assign him a niche in the development of jazz comparable to those of Jelly Roll Morton, Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington.

And yet, notwithstanding his new fame, the old rumors persist. Ask anybody who does not know him well, and he will say, "Yeah, man, that Monk, he's a funny cat, man, he's something else."

Contrary to prevalent gossip, Monk is neither crazy nor putting on an act. The story of his life is the story of an honest man in a not-so-honest world. In many ways naïve, believing—as he once told a trumpet player, "the truth is not supposed to hurt you"—Monk never learned to tell the convenient lies or make the customary compromises. That he should have been proclaimed the complete and perfect hipster is an absurd irony.

An emotional and intuitive man, possessing a child's vision of the world, Monk talks, sleeps, eats, laughs, walks or dances as the spirit moves him. Some-

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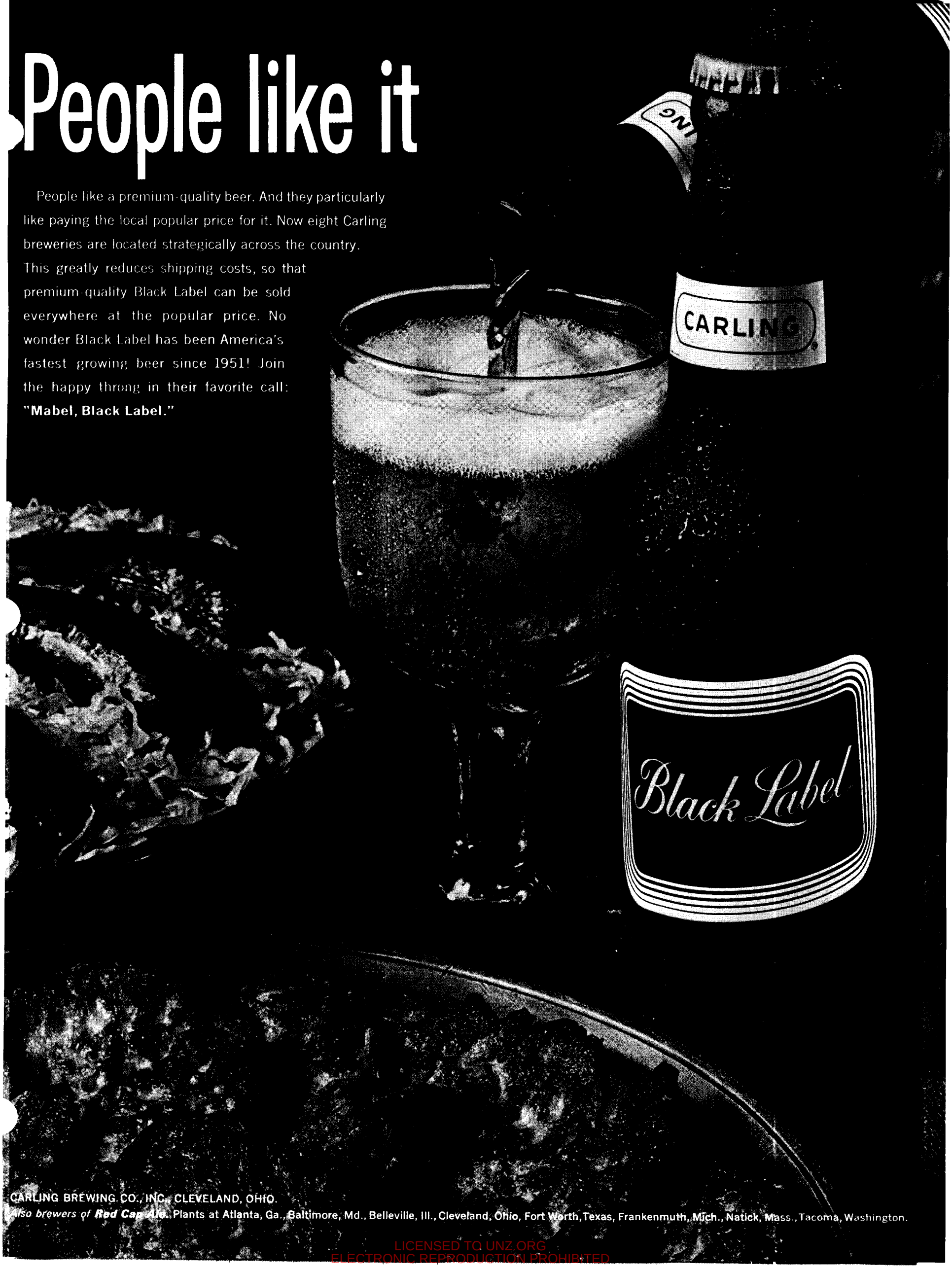

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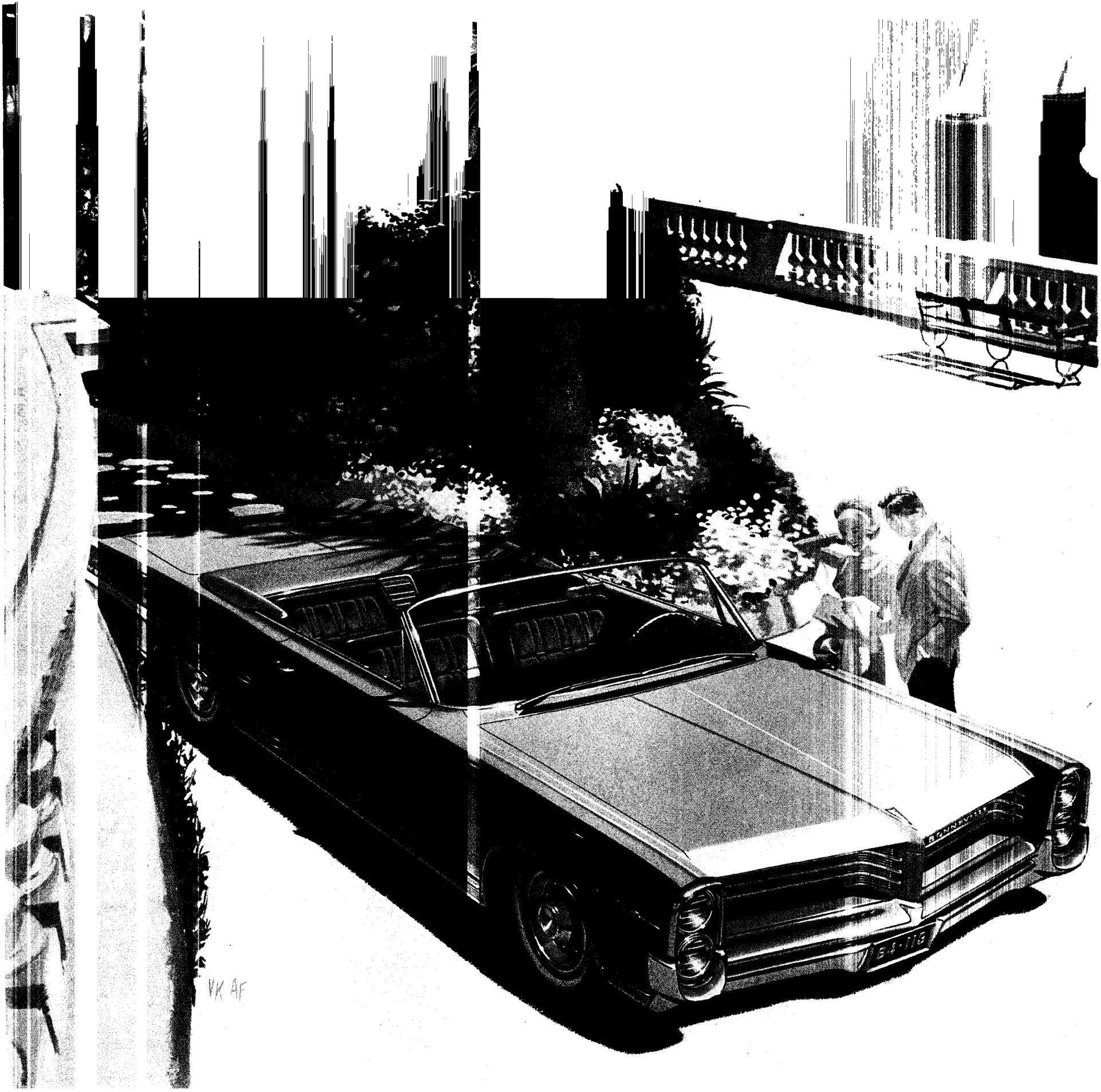

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To the question, "What is jazz?" Thelonious Sphere Monk once replied, "New York, man. You can feel it. It's around in the air."

times he neglects to go to bed for three days; at other times he will speak to no one, not even to his wife, Nellie. Harry Colomby, a New York high-school teacher who has managed Monk for 10 years, still finds it difficult to approach his only client. "I feel like I'm breaking in on his private world," Colomby said, "like I'm somewhere I don't belong."

The center of Monk's world is his junkyard apartment. Fires apparently caused by faulty wiring have gutted it twice, but Monk has refurnished it rather than move away. He knows the neighborhood and the people who live there. Distant places on the other side of Central Park or across the Hudson River seem to him foreign and uncertain, inhabited by unreliable people who, for no apparent reason, one day ask for your autograph and the next day want to put you in jail.

A few weeks ago, safe inside his apartment, it occurred to Monk to talk. It was shortly before midnight, and he had just returned from a recording session. He wore an elegantly cut sharkskin suit, a purple shirt made of Japanese silk, a dockworker's cap and a diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand. He had brought his music home in a torn manila envelope bearing the imprint of a second-hand furniture store in Brooklyn. To calm himself, he first took a can of grape soda from the icebox and then sat down t the piano.

While he played *Lulu's Back in Town*, Nellie rummaged through the bedroom in search of his slippers. Married to Monk for 17 years, Nellie watches over him as if he were one of the children, even picking out his clothes in the morning. "We don't talk much," she said, "but I just like being with him."

After about 20 minutes Monk stood up and started pacing between the icebox and the kitchen sink. He edged around chairs, ironing boards, and a typewriter balanced on a stack of old telephone books, steadily smoking cigarettes and producing at least three gold lighters from his various pockets. As he passed the piano on his tours of the room, he would occasionally reach down and play a progression of major or minor chords, depending upon his mood.

Monk stands steadfastly erect, carrying himself with a dignity that marks him as a man of serious purpose. He speaks in a soft drawl, slurring his words and ending his sentences with the question, "You dig, man, you dig?" He talks the same way he plays a tune, fixing upon one theme and running it through numerous variations, worrying it and taking it apart until he gets it right. He began with the subject of his reputation.

"That's a drag picture they're paintin' of me, man," he said. "A lot of people still think I'm nuts or somethin' . . . but I dig it, man; I can feel the draft."

Rumors of Monk's eccentricity have followed him all his life. Named after his father, he was born October 10, 1920, in Rocky Mount, N.C. His mother, a civil-service worker and a Jehovah's Witness, brought him to New York when he was four. His father, who was ill, preferred to live in the South. Except for one summer as the mascot of the fire department in Batavia, N.Y., he grew up in the West 60's, a Negro ghetto known as San Juan Hill.

Nellie, who first saw him on a neighborhood playground when she was 12, remembers him as a polite but determined little boy who went his own way. "Even when Thelonious was a kid," she said, "he knew exactly who he was."

He took his first piano lessons when he was eight; at the age of 15 he was playing jobs in local dance halls and cafés, insisting on his already unorthodox harmonies. At high school he excelled at mathematics and basketball and ignored the bitter arguments about racial prejudice. "When I was a kid," he once remarked to his white manager, Colomby, "some of the guys tried to get me to hate white people and for a while I tried real hard. But every time I got to hating them some white guy would come along and mess the whole thing up."

Before he was 17 Monk quit school and joined a troupe of wandering evangelists. The troupe disbanded in Kansas City. Monk found work playing in the local dives, where pianist Mary Lou Williams, who later became a prominent exponent of the modern style, first heard him. "He was playing the same chords then as now," she said, "only then most people called it 'zombie music.'"

Back home in New York in 1939, Monk, bypassed by the war, began to explore the possibilities of the new sound with a number of other musicians, most notably Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. Gradually, over a period of six or seven years, during innumerable jam sessions at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem and Kelly's Stable on 52nd Street, there evolved the jazz known as "bop."

Bop at first seemed a form of exaggerated and satirical protest against the predictable regularities of dixieland and swing. The music emphasized harmonies previously judged dissonant. The rhythms became more complex; sudden gaps appeared in the melodic line. Remembering the early days of the new jazz, Monk said, "We had to compose a lot of music to bring out certain harmonies. I mean, man, the music wasn't on the scene."

A few musicians managed to use the new style to their commercial advantage, but Monk failed to do so. Part of his failure to be taken seriously resulted from his antics on the bandstand. His taste in hats, for example, runs to berets, fezzes, Chinese-coolie hats, baseball caps and a miscellaneous assortment of fedoras, derbies and skullcaps.

Once seated at the piano, he becomes transfixed by the music, an expression of openmouthed surprise on his broad face, like that of a child watching a magician change oranges into rabbits. He stomps both feet on the floor, and his whole body follows the rises and falls of the melodic line. In the early 1940's the hipsters, anxious to appear cool in all things, interpreted this enthusiasm as an affectation. They likewise dismissed his dancing as a sideshow.

If he is not playing himself, Monk stands up to conduct his band, shambling around the stage in an awkward approximation of the buck-and-wing, grunting, snapping his fingers, suddenly thrusting his open palm at the drummer or the tenor to indicate a solo. At such moments he resembles a meandering, but musical, duck. "When he dances," said one musician, "that means he's satisfied with

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"I don't believe in the word 'try,'" declares Monk, "I believe in the word 'do.'"

Thelonious Monk

what he hears . . . he used to say to me 'if the groove is really driving, then feet will move.'"

Despite his recent recognition, some nightclub owners and critics still complain of Monk's bizarre mannerisms. The complaints bewilder him. "I don't imitate anybody," he said. "I have my own way of walking and talking. They want me to smile at the audience or play every forty minutes, like a train schedule or something, but I can't be grinning at somebody's face for nothing, man. I'm thinking how to play, and I ain't got time for that fancy stuff."

The fierce intransigence of his convictions also hurt him commercially and often frightened people. In a milieu where departures from conventional morality are considered proper if not obligatory, Monk remained embarrassingly square. After quitting work at four A.M. he would go dutifully home to Nellie. "He's so straight, it makes you nervous," Colomby said. "A man's not supposed to be that way in this business."

Charlie Rouse, the tenor saxophonist in Monk's band for the last five years, made the same point, offering an example of what he called "Monk's unbending guts." He and Monk once were driving to Baltimore to play a week's engagement at a club. Monk stopped at a motel in Newcastle, Del., in hopes of using the men's room. He did not know that the motel discouraged Negroes.

"I was asleep in the back of the car," Rouse said, "or I could have told him not to do that. . . . He just doesn't think about those segregation things."

The manager of the motel asked Monk to leave, but, because Monk seemed slow about going, the manager summoned the police. By the time the first cop arrived, Monk had returned to his car. The cop tried to pull him out of it. Puzzled and offended, Monk shook the cop off.

"After that, man," Rouse said, "it was awful. Cops jumping out of squad cars all over the place and beating up on Monk. They handcuffed him and took us to jail. But Monk didn't back down. If he thinks he's right, he sticks by what he thinks. He stood there and defied the judge. If they told him to sit down, he stood up. If they told him to say something, he said nothing. Finally they let us go, and I said, 'Monk, you're sure some stubborn black man.'"

Although that incident occurred as late as 1958, it indicates Monk's stubborn defense of his own point of view, an attribute that made it difficult for him to find work in the 1940's. The established booking agencies refused to deal with him. A club owner in Detroit, terrified by Monk's glowering intensity, asked the police to throw him out of a club in which he had been engaged for a week. Other owners refused to serve Monk liquor or told him that their three-year-old sons could play better piano.

Monk endured the abuse without losing his humor. Once he was hired with tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins for a one-night stand at a club in New York, but Rollins never arrived. When Monk tried to collect Rollins's pay as well as his own, the owner refused. "Man, you're twelve drags," Monk said. "Ain't you got no ears? I was playing twice as fast."

Monk's fortunes fell to their lowest ebb in 1951 when he was arrested for possession of narcotics. Detectives found a package of drugs within a few feet of a car occupied by Monk and some friends. Although known to be "clean," Monk refused to implicate anyone else. Nellie implored Monk to exonerate himself, but he hated the idea of being thought "a drag." He silently served 60 days in jail. After his release, the police took away his cabaret card, which prevented him from working in New York nightclubs.

The next six years seemed interminable. Unfounded rumors had it that Monk was in jail or locked up in an asylum. The disc jockeys seldom played his music. Nellie worked as a seamstress.

Occasionally Monk found a job out of town, but mostly he remained on 63rd Street, playing the piano in the kitchen and cooking for his children. His son, Thelonious Sphere Monk Jr., was born in 1950; his daughter, Barbara, in 1954.

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Monk dressed as carefully as his circumstances allowed and could be counted upon for a small sum of money if an unemployed musician showed up in need of a loan. "I didn't get raggedy," he said. "They thought I'd become a bum, but I fooled 'em. I stayed on the scene."

His music sustained him. During those bleak years of worry and debt he composed more than 50 tunes now becoming familiar to an increasingly appreciative audience. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Monk resisted the clichés that soon developed in the new style. His own compositions combine the driving force of traditional jazz with the oblique ironies of modern jazz. Monk's percussive melodies, sometimes witty, sometimes sad, move in wide leaps—characteristically in intervals of a seventh, a ninth or a flatted fifth—across intricate, insistent rhythms. His sense of formal development gives his music a buoyant solidity that distinguishes it from the work of any other jazz musician. Charlie Rouse, seeking to describe Monk's sound, called it "hard but soulful."

Monk composes slowly, only as the mood comes upon him. His intense concentration permits him to write music in a room loud with the noise of a radio, or even sitting in his son's red wagon on the sidewalk. Sometimes, as with *Crepuscule for Nellie*, a ballad for his wife, he will think about a tune for three months before he puts it on paper.

Lately Monk has taken to composing music in the house of the Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter, the sister of the third Baron Rothschild. A friend and protectress of New York jazz musicians, the baroness lives in Weehawken, N.J., surrounded by 40 Siamese cats. *Pannonica*, a tune that Monk wrote for her in the late 1950's, later became the theme for the soundtrack of the French film *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

Always seeking perfection, Monk demands the same from his sidemen. At the first of several recording sessions before he went to Europe this spring, he painstakingly wrote down the harmonic progressions of a tune called *Shuffle Boil* for Butch Warren, his bassist. After the quartet had recorded 13 versions of the tune, Warren complained about the complexity of the rhythms. "I'm trying, Thelonious," Warren said, "but I can't seem to get it right."

"I don't believe in the word 'try,'" Monk said. "I believe in the word 'do.'"

To a saxophonist who once advanced a similar complaint, Monk said, "You have an instrument, don't you? Either play it or throw it away."

In the spring of 1957 Monk regained his cabaret card and moved into the Five-Spot Café on the Lower East Side. Without any but the most perfunctory publicity, the crowds soon came. "Every place I work," Monk said, "they try to keep it a secret, but I always did have people standing around watching me. I made it on my own, without the help of no agents."

The following year the *Down Be* critics poll elected Monk the best jazz pianist. Subsequent reappraisals by the critics invariably mentioned the "long-lost" or the "forgotten" Monk, and then discussed the "urgent beauty" of his compositions. In 1963 Columbia Records signed Monk to a five-year contract and began advertising him with the adjectives usually reserved for popular singers.

Monk's talents have won him global acceptance, but he still feels easiest in New York. Asked, "What is jazz?" he once answered, "New York, man. You can feel it. It's around in the air."

The first time he played a concert in Switzerland, he was asked how he liked the lakes. He said he preferred the lake in Central Park, a chauvinistic answer, characteristic of him. He believes his 1954 Buick is the best car in the world, that he is married to the best wife, lives on the best block in the best town and, despite his various troubles with established authority, is a citizen of the best country. A critic soliciting musical opinion once asked him to name his favorite vocal group. Monk nominated Fred Waring, on the ground that he "is the only guy that sings the *Star-Spangled Banner* right."

Monk has accepted his success without surprise, but he remains slightly suspicious of the attendant publicity. "I was playing the same stuff twenty years ago, man," he says, "and nobody was painting any portraits."

He nevertheless enjoys his new affluence. He likes traveling first class on airplanes and usually carries a bill of large denomination, either $100 or $1,000, on the theory that "you never know when you're gonna run into a bargain."

But if he indulges himself with the toys of wealth, the same belief in himself that sustained him during the lean years now enables him to avoid the equally destructive temptations of commercial success. Whereas many successful musicians subside into a repetitious formula, Monk continues to experiment.

Standing in the shambles of his apartment, his children off at New England boarding schools and his wife asking him whether he wanted to take his green suède shoes to Stockholm, Monk gazed at the ceiling and said, "The only cats worth anything are the cats who take chances. Sometimes I play things I never heard myself."

Whereupon, it being three A.M. on a cold night, Monk decided to walk around the corner for a quart of strawberry ice cream. He asked Nellie if she thought he should change his shirt. She said it would not be necessary, but she wanted to know how long he would be out. Monk promised to return in less than a half an hour. He got all the way to the front door before he realized he had forgotten his boots. With the apologetic smile of an absentminded but obedient husband, he went meekly back to fetch them.

Outside in the street, walking in the shadows of the warehouses on 11th Avenue, the lights of the Jersey pier glowing cold and far-off across the Hudson River, Monk listened to the wind rattling empty tin cans in a vacant lot. He looked at the sky and said:

"You know what's the loudest noise in the world, man? The loudest noise in the world is silence." THE END

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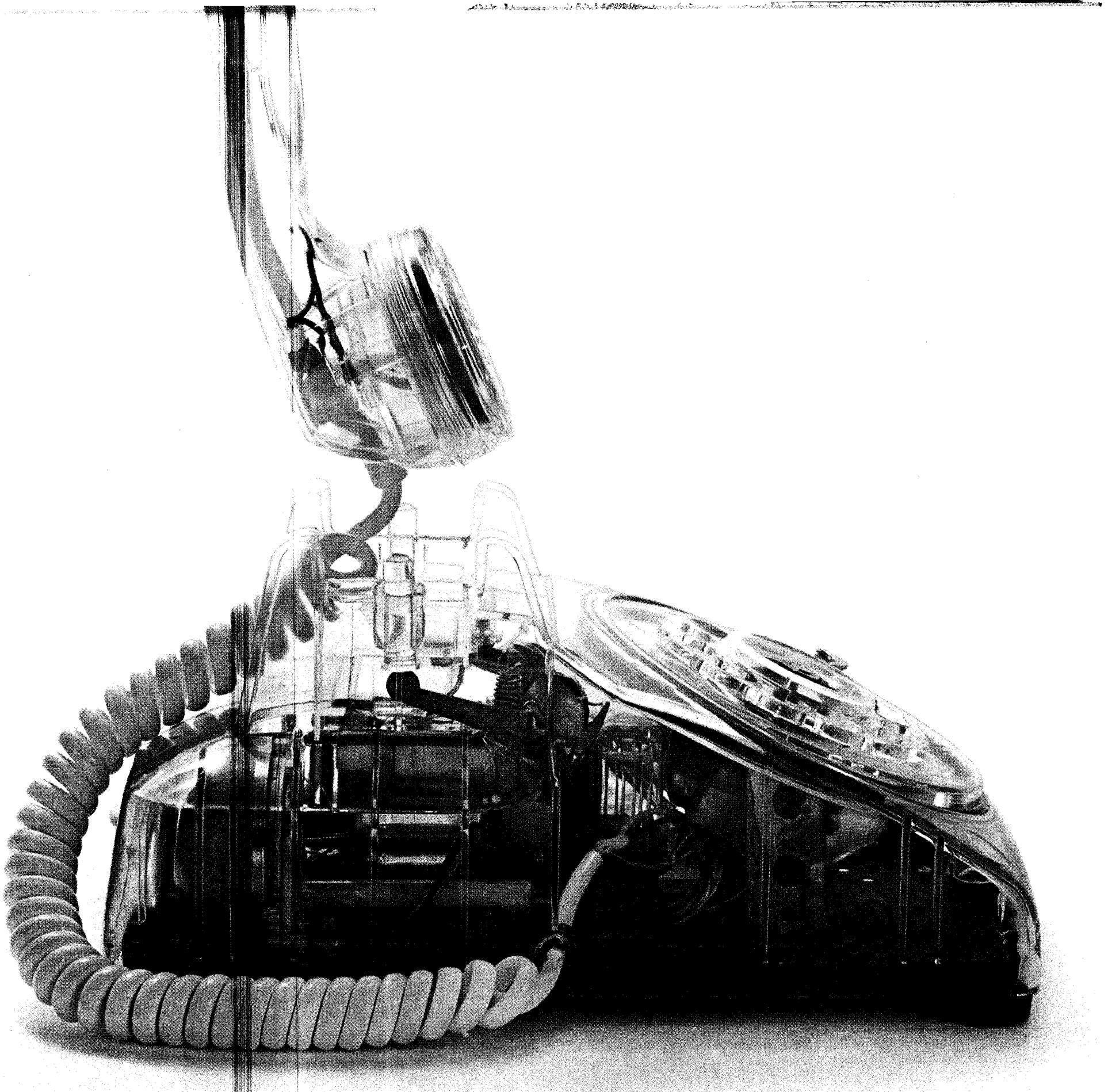

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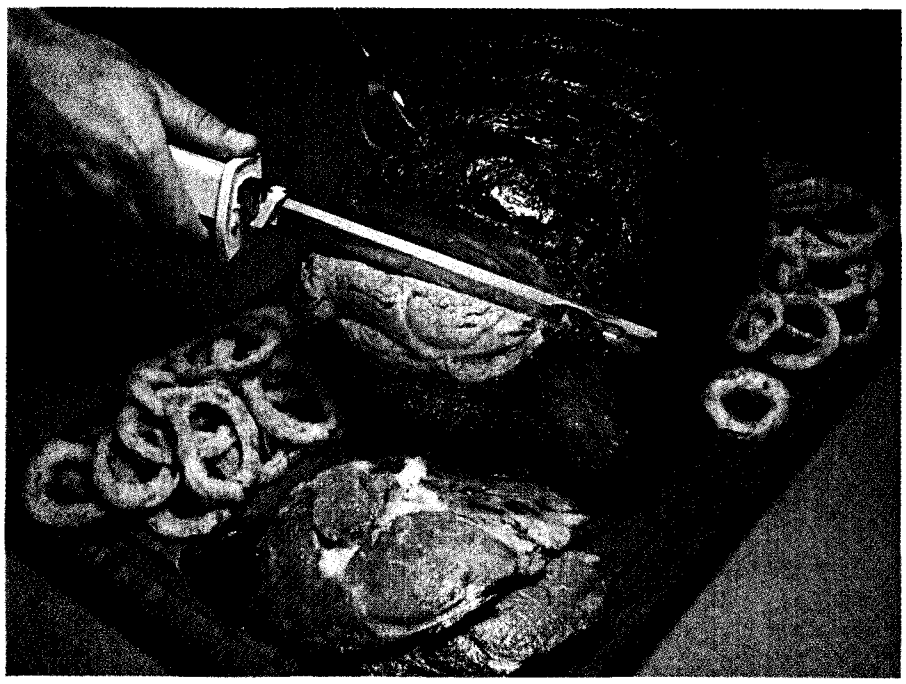

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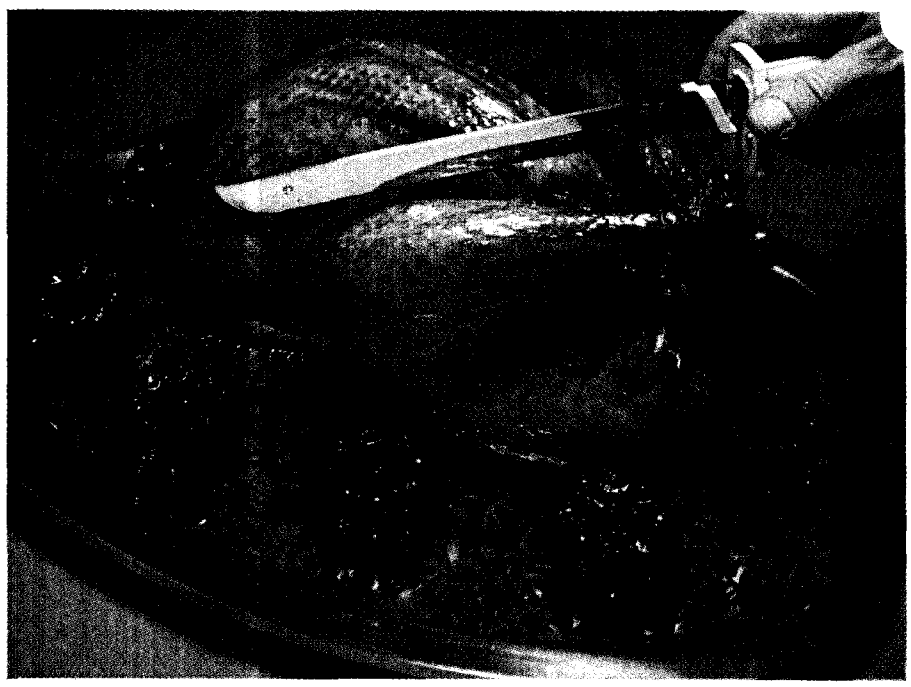

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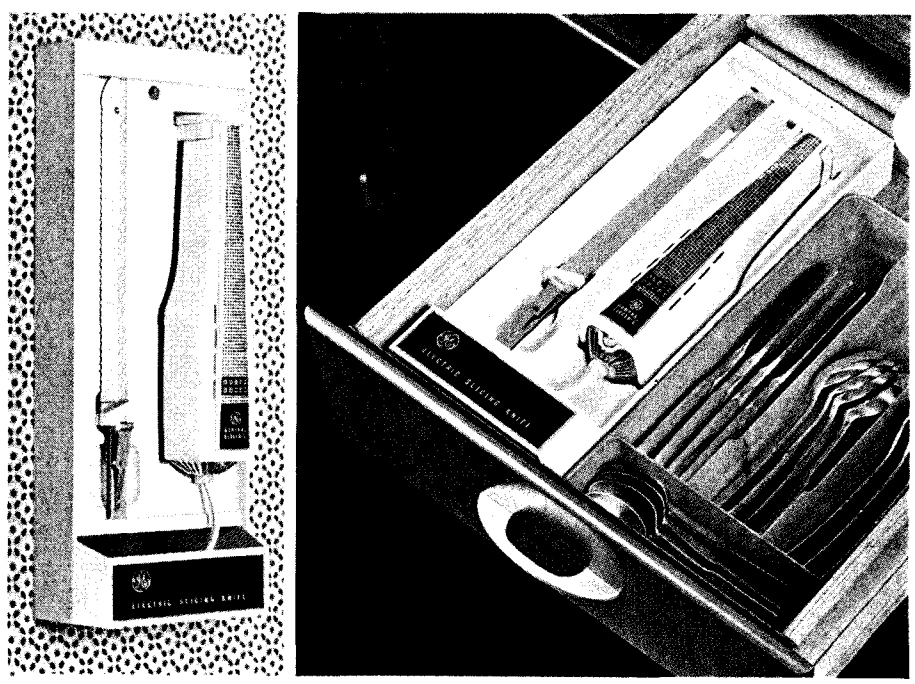

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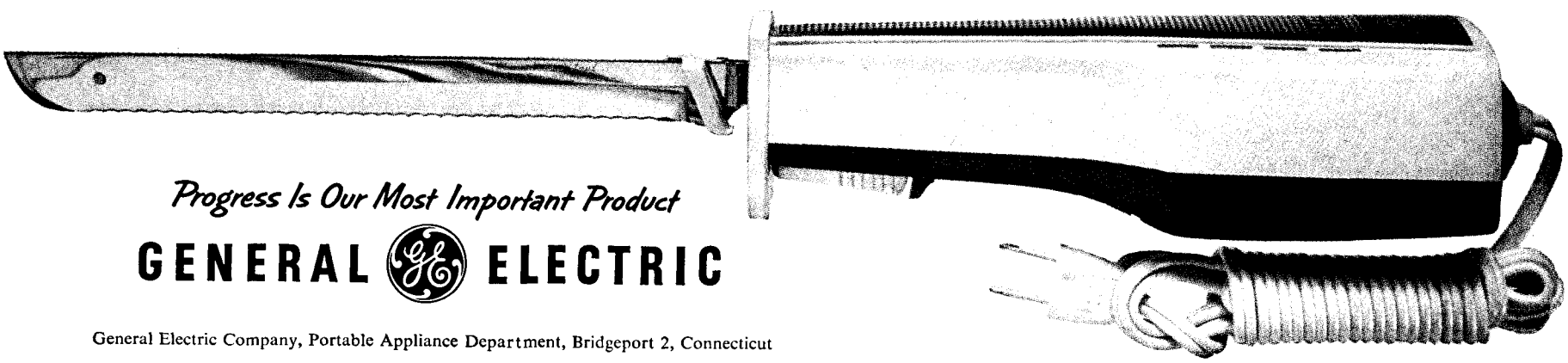

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ALL THE FIT THAT'S NEWS TO PRINT

Women's Wear Daily mixes Yiddish syntax with schoolbook French and influences practically everything an American woman is likely to wear.

By
GAEL GREENE

Publisher John Burr Fairchild, 37, likes running a newspaper that is "feared and hated"—and influential.

On the Avenue George V in Paris, one day not long ago, a man trained a pair of binoculars on the balconies of a building where three beautiful girls were relaxing in the sun. He gave terse instructions to two feminine companions. One began sketching rapidly. The other took notes.

Anyone who assumed these were CIA agents would have been wrong. This trio worked for John Fairchild's *Women's Wear Daily*—a unique tabloid newspaper with a relative handful of subscribers (53,000) but with a huge influence on what the multi-billion-dollar American garment industry produces for the American woman to wear. The sketches and text sent to New York headquarters that night appeared the next day on page one of *Women's Wear*, and designers rushed to their workrooms to copy the new Paris look.

From the 37-year-old John Burr Fairchild, who looks more like an English country squire than America's chief fashion arbiter, the clothing industry learns whether, four months hence, the American female will look like a salami, a dancing bear or an ironing board with shoulders.

Norman Norell, acclaimed one of the greatest of the American designers, says: "I read it before I read my mail. *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* have a hard time keeping up. It takes them six weeks to get out what can be in *Women's Wear* this morning, and by then it is old news."

Sidney Gitler of Ohrbach's, considered the king of coat and suit buyers, proclaims, "John Fairchild is a genius. It was a dull stodgy paper. Now I can't wait to read it. He scoops everybody."

Not everyone throws such bouquets, however. Anne Klein, a designer for Junior Sophisticates, says, "We get editorializing, presented in the guise of news. There is only one newspaper reporting the industry. A buyer can't help but be influenced. But buying is a very frightened

Photographs by Larry Fried

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At New York sculpture show, T. James Jr. takes notes for W. W. D. column on pop art.

"You can't take anything too literally in t

All the Fit That's News

business. If *Women's Wear* says pleats are *in*, you can bet the buyers walk in looking for pleats and expect us to have them."

"They print first and check later," complains another critic who claims: "They're as happy to print the retraction as the original story."

And even Norell adds, "I think they are apt to be too jumpy—flying from one idea to another and saying, 'This is it!' This week it's Tom Jones with ruffles and cleavage, and tomorrow, who knows?"

Such criticisms don't bother Fairchild. "Fashion *is* change," he says, "a reaction to the past. It's what Dior called 'a little something of the marvelous,' not a philosophy of life. You can't take anything too literally in this business. You'll get sick in the head."

There are fashion editors with better taste than Fairchild, and journalists with a keener appreciation of garment-industry finance. Next to the colorful high-fashion slicks, *Women's Wear*'s wrinkled beige newsprint looks perishable and dowdy. Even its top editors are low in the status ranks of fashion-press society. "You know what they call us at *Vogue?*" says Fairchild. "They call us the *Daily Worker.*" But he savors the outraged yelps of his victims, and reprints damning critiques of *Women's Wear* in its own pages. "This paper wins no popularity contest. It is feared and hated."

Because of his newspaper John Fairchild is regarded by many in the needle trades as "The Un-Fairchild," "the ingrate we nursed who betrayed us." His betrayal consisted of injecting sass and venom into what had been for more than half a century the docile dowager queen of the Fairchild family publishing empire. By tradition, *Women's Wear* was proud of being "plain as gingham and just as reliable." But it was losing money and its influence was minimal. Speaking as an alumna, the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Eugenia Sheppard recalls that "while the red carpet was rolled out everywhere for the magazine girls, a Fairchild reporter was greeted on Seventh Avenue by a voice in the showroom shouting to someone in the backroom, 'That girl from *Women's Wear* is here.'"

Few would have guessed that John Fairchild, a Princetonian who wrote his thesis on Hogarth and the literature of the 18th century, was the man to revitalize a trade paper. But his father had started teaching him when he was 14. "He sent me to our Washington bureau to be an errand boy that summer, and I had it drilled into me from the start that publishing was going to be my career," says John. "I got married to Jill the day I graduated, and we headed for Detroit, where I went into retail training at Hudson's. It was a bore. My job was ordering paper panties for the bathingsuit try-on department. Then I went to our Paris bureau for six years, where I learned about fashion. I learned French by listening to my wife ordering groceries on the phone. She was marvelous. I couldn't have done it without her."

By the time Papa Louis called John home in 1960 to run *Women's Wear*, John was considered, at 34, the "mos influential fashion reporter in Paris." I would be difficult to say who was less enthusiastic about John's return—the staff or John himself. "I've got to go back to Paris," he used to say in those days. "I'm not inspired here." But something was inspiring him. As one ex-staffer recalls, "He had a blueprint. He wanted us always to be first with everything. He wanted advance sketches from the designers, and that was unheard of on any side of the ocean."

"They'll do as I say or I'll fill the paper with Paris," Fairchild vowed. And for a time the paper was filled with French fashion news. While John tested his strength—he eventually won that fight—he was also masterminding a major overhauling of his newspaper. Out went the traditional cramped and cataloguelike illustrations. Into the newly cleared white space went jazzed-up artwork. Staffers who couldn't adjust left. Those who found they were on Fairchild's wavelength—his favorite expression—stayed. The art director, Ermina Stimson, became the fashion editor. Next to Fairchild, she has the most influential voice on the paper.

A new unsigned column, EYE ON VOGUE, which now is called just EYE, appeared on the front page. Originally a roundup of market news, it became a vehicle for gossip, barbed innuendo and speculation.

In came a frisky writing style. For a time *Women's Wear* graded designers' collections like final exams and rated Paris collections like weather reports: sizzling, sunny skies, variable, a drizzle. Seventh Avenue set up an angry howl.

Then Fairchild divided designers into "The Greats," "The Realists," "The Classicists," and "The Risers." In most ungentle words, *Women's Wear* pronounced the Old Guard society way of dressing OUT and elegance IN—naming names. He took to publishing photographs of those deemed inelegant—with a large X across the picture. "Pretty soon manufacturers caught on," says Fairchild, "and began calling to ask, 'How can we get on that elegance page?'"

Women's Wear had occasionally turned an idle eye on what Society was wearing. But now the bored faces of obscure contessas and baronesses with hyphenated names became familiar to *Women's Wear* faithful, and the daily's captive audience of department-store trainees and piece-goods salesmen were kept informed on: "what they are wearing at Saint-Tropez (white bleached pants from the U.S. PX)," what the new Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller did *not* wear upon arrival in Albany (stockings), who is the latest "to join the ladies buying wholesale" (Mrs. Richard Nixon), what hairdresser George Masters, "the boy wizard of Beverly Hills," had to say about beauty ("women should have their first face-lift at 25").

An exotic cast of favorite characters began to dominate the once-staid pages of *Women's Wear:* Her Happiness (Governor Rockefeller's wife), Her Elegance (Jacqueline Kennedy), Her Efficiency (Lady Bird Johnson), Mr. Fashion Right (designer Bill Blass), The Greatest (designer Norman Norell) and Her Ultimate Elegance (Gloria Guinness, who made a writing debut in *Harper's Bazaar* with an essay naming Christ as the most elegant being of all time).

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'hion business; you'll get sick in the head."

ı the field of fashion, the revamped *nen's Wear* recognizes no limits. A aff of 128 in 39 bureaus from Kansas ity to Düsseldorf feeds the home office diet of just about everything. Fairchild aves the stodgier financial and market ports in the hands of Editor Earl Dash, ut he takes a special interest in ferreting shion news out of the most unlikely laces, from Cambridge, Mass. ("If you're Radcliffe girl, you're a Radcliffe girl in a ape"), to Cambridge, England ("This is ıe newest haircut, the BEATLE BOB, it oks better on the girls than the boys"); om an auction of Husky pelts in Co-enhagen to an ugly-blouse contest in ausalito, Calif.

War in Vietnam is just about the only ews event that has failed to provide airchild with a fashion angle. Astro-autical triumphs were reported in terms f what Annie Glenn was wearing when ohn came flying home. With its typically stigmatic eye, *Women's Wear* viewed ıe political scene: Mrs. Barry Goldwater packing three suitcases for the cam-aign trail, "two for him, one for her." nd from presidential aspirant Margaret hase Smith, some pertinent remarks: "I lways wear high heels. . . . Oxford gray oes well with my white hair." To *Vomen's Wear*, Elizabeth Taylor's only ecent breach of propriety has been earing diamonds with gingham, a fashion crime." The newspaper not only dmires Barbra Streisand's voice but is scinated with her curious anatomy—"I e this awful stomach that pops out," s Streisand is quoted. "[Designer] Bill lass *loves* my stomach. He told me he'd ke to design some clothes around it."

The all-seeing "Eye"

It is doubtful that Barbra Streisand's tomach really means very much to many *Vomen's Wear* readers. For the young portswear salesman pushing his black ample case on wheels through the rowds in New York's garment district, *Vomen's Wear* continues to provide tra-itional news: what out-of-town buyers re staying where, and whom to con-ratulate about a daughter's engagement r a son's *bar mitzvah*. That is why the nside pages of *Women's Wear* are still rovincial in content, though even here ıe style reflects the new whimsy.

No garment-district wedding, birth, Caribbean cruise or gall-bladder attack oes uncelebrated. Columns like UNDER HE SKIN, OUT ON A LIMB, SWATCHES, BEHIND THE SEAMS and GIRDLING THE MARKET keep tabs on the fur, stocking, abric, coat-and-suit and underwear narkets. And when Irene Johns, president of the American Women Buyers Club, prains an ankle and appears at a charity ball in formal gown and sneakers, it is ure to rate notice in EYE OF THE NEEDLE.

If Fairchild ever hoped to cut out this raditional small-town parochialism, he has been persuaded that such a move ould be fatal. *Women's Wear* must some-ow appeal both to the mink auctioneer the paper-bag designer, both to the sident of Saks Fifth Avenue and the aternity buyer of the Expectation Shop n Birmingham, Mich.

That's why the new, face-lifted *Women's Wear* has emerged as what half its readers would call a mishmosh and the other half would call a potpourri. Its vocabulary borrows heavily from both French and Yiddish. "Easter, Schmester, retailers and manufacturers aren't working up any frenzy," begins a *Women's Wear* analysis of Easter prospects. "Get rid of those Cockamamie ideas about the stretch busi-ness," urges a fabric ad, while the fashion communiqués are studded with untrans-lated references to *La Nouvelle Garde*, *ambiance* and *on dit*. "Les Hotsies" are the hot items. The newspaper's treatment of English is often somewhat private and unusual too. "Ickypoo" is a new addition to its lexicon, as in: Ickypoo (i.e., nause-ating) colors.

Women's Wear's alphabetese also goes into this multilingual stew, and it's no wonder that even faithful subscribers oc-casionally get lost. RED RTWNIKS VISIT S.A. BUT THEY'RE NOT RUSSIAN TO BUY quips a recent headline. Initiates know that "rtw" is ready-to-wear; S.A. means Seventh Avenue, which also occasionally appears as Septieme Avenue.

There are days when the urgency of its prose and the extravagance of its su-perlatives become so outrageous that the reader begins to suspect the newspaper is staging a long-running joke. It is the sav-ing grace of *Women's Wear* that John Fairchild gets that same feeling. Just when *Women's Wear* seems about to choke on some nonsensical lyricism, you spot the joke. In the midst of socialites and jet-setters singled out as "Les Loco-motives," the "movers of fashion and living today," Fairchild included Mar-garet Rutherford, Britain's hefty septua-genarian comedienne, with the headline, SPORTIVE AT ALL COSTS. Torn between pun and punditry, *Women's Wear* is likely to produce either—or both.

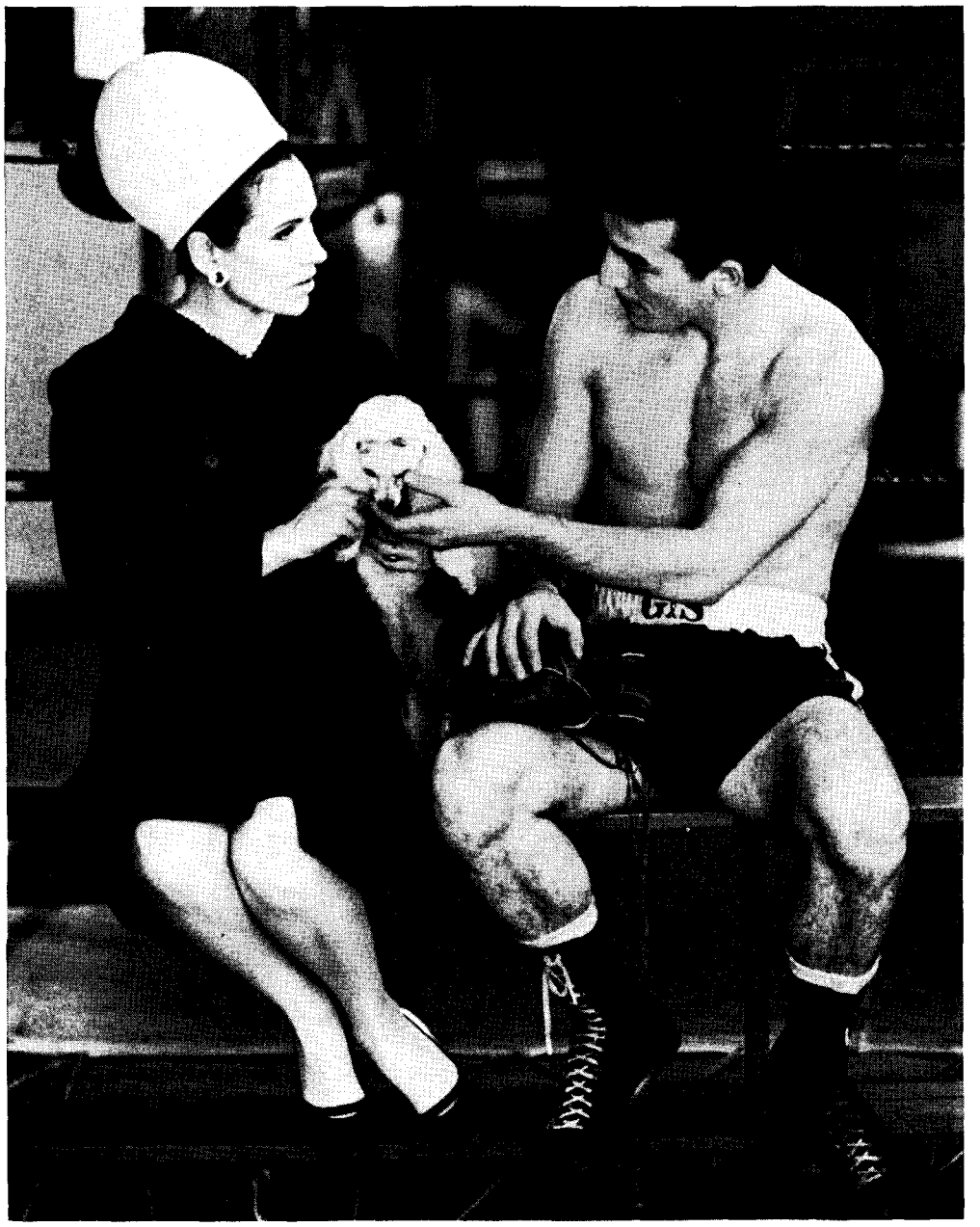
This schizophrenia has proved profit-able for *Women's Wear*. Though it isn't the Fairchild family style to divulge profits, one high executive estimates *Women's Wear*'s 1963 gross revenues at eight million dollars.

John admits that *Women's Wear* ac-counts for between 20 to 30% of the profits of the Fairchild Publishing empire founded by his grandfather in Chicago in 1890. The firm has grown to include three dailies (*Women's Wear*, *Daily News Rec-ord*, *Home Furnishings Daily*), five weeklies and a bi-weekly, and it also pub-lishes books.

The top Paris designers pay as much as $200 a year for airmail copies of *Women's Wear*. And a new breed of reader is fatten-ing subscriber lists. Hundreds of fashion-minded socialites, who have nothing to do with the industry other than wearing clothes, have paid their annual $15 for daily mail delivery of *Women's Wear*. Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy sees the paper, as does her sister Princess Lee Radziwill. The Ultimate Mrs. Guinness subscribes, and so does her secretary.

With the new readers has come a new column that speaks to Mrs. Guinness and her like. It is written in a sprightly, irrev-erent and ungrammatical style, by Carol Bjorkman, a good-looking brunette with intimate ties to both Seventh Avenue and the jet set, plus an independent income that explains the chauffeured Cadillac she and her poodle Sheba ride around in.

Editor Ermina Stimson and artist visit a nightclub to sketch new fashion ideas. ▶



In New York gym, columnist Carol Bjorkman interviews boxer to get tips on exercise.

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"If shoulders are back, I can still send my boy to Dartmouth. Otherwise, Brooklyn Colleg

All the Fit That's News

Sheba once interviewed Balenciaga's poodle Plume when they met by chance in the clinic of Paris's top vet. Carol devoted an entire column to the encounter. When Lyndon Johnson, then Vice President, visited the salon of Norman Norell while touring New York's garment center, Miss Bjorkman was the only reporter waiting there to greet him and report his comment on her simple black dress: "I love simple black dresses."

This brush with national politics had a lingering effect on Miss Bjorkman. During the recent spring collections in Paris, she abandoned the couture to attend a de Gaulle press conference, which she covered in characteristic style: "Le grand Charles appeared—in a gray double-breasted suit with huge lapels (I am sure he is right—he is too large for the ivy-league cut), white button-down shirt . . . enormous gold cuff links and a sweet touch—A GOLD WEDDING BAND."

Fairchild recently signed on another columnist, T. James Jr., who enlightens the garment district with commentaries on subjects ranging from pop art to legendary diamonds—but rarely touches on fashion. When asked why he published such material, Fairchild simply replied: "If you were a pork dealer, you would want to read about something besides pork, wouldn't you?"

Every day brings new fashion dicta, crammed into pages 1, 4 and 5 of issues that frequently go over 60 ad-crammed pages. Each group of readers eagerly scans these key pages for the trends coming in his field. Though the Garment Center belt maker may never come within two blocks of a real-live Balenciaga creation, he is eager to see what's happening to waistlines. The underwear industry must know the direction in which bosoms are moving. The shoulder-pad manufacturer braces for his first look at the front page of *Women's Wear*. "If shoulders are definitely back, I can still send my boy to Dartmouth," he explains. "Otherwise, it's Brooklyn College."

Pages 1, 4 and 5 are so important to American buyers that Fairchild makes sure they get the word even when they are in Paris. It would take days for the morning paper to travel from Fairchild Publications' Manhattan office and printing plant to Paris hotels. Fairchild sends three French messengers on bicycles directly to the buyers' hotel rooms to deliver big red envelopes stuffed with copies of the cables *Women's Wear's* Paris Bureau filed to New York the night before. Over *café au lait* and *croissants*, the cloak-and-suiters digest the near-hysterical urgency of a *Women's Wear* report on the Paris scene: "It's a revolution. . . . The St. Laurent collection will be a shock. . . . The buyers are mesmerized." As one manufacturer confessed after reading the contents of his red envelope, "I'm never sure what's happening here till I read it in *Women's Wear*."

With last season's craze for the style called "sportive," the reaction was almost classic Pavlov. Sportswear has been popular with American women for decades, and the shoe industry has been pushing boots for six years. But last year when John Fairchild gave a name—sportive—to the country-clothes look that Paris was showing, and began to promote it with passion, some of the nation's most celebrated women took to tramping around dressed like Arctic seal trappers. In French, *sportif* had the charm of subtlety. The subtlety was lost on Seventh Avenue. Anything that vaguely hinted of sport was labeled "sportive." Boots turned up in the snows of Iowa and the sands of Florida. The French couturier Givenchy created a "sweatshirt" for evening. American Bill Blass showed $200 suits with knee-hugging boots and a shillelagh. "Sportive" echoed in ads around the country until the word itself, mentioned in the cluttered offices of *Women's Wear*, made John Fairchild sick.

The Gentlewoman arrives

"It's a crime," he moaned. "They're doing sportive jewelry and sportive nightgowns, and even a sportive girdle! It's lost all meaning. Oh, what a bore." And he ordered the word stricken from the *Women's Wear* vocabulary. "But John," Ermina Stimson protested, "it isn't even fall yet, and sportive is just getting to the stores. They've got to sell it." But when the tramp of bootshod lady lumberjacks reached its most deafening cadence, *Women's Wear* announced: "Sportive is dead." Coming in 1964: the era of the "Gentlewoman."

"We don't make up these things," says Fairchild. "The ideas come from Paris, and we sum up the trend and talk about it. It's a business and it's got to sell. If it's not worn by the woman on the street, you're kidding yourself. When a woman makes a *business* of being chic, it's a joke and we treat it that way too."

Quite often Seventh Avenue doesn't laugh. But John Fairchild would rather be loathed than not noticed at all.

Fairchild himself rarely enters th boundaries of the Seventh Avenue fashic world, except for a few private advanc looks at some collections, or for lor lunches with designers. "The staff hates when I'm late getting back from lunch. usually means I have a new idea that wi toss out the whole front page."

Staff members are used to that. E mina Stimson says: "John may leave th office early, but we don't go to press unt ten. He's phoning you from the statior phoning from home and phoning cor stantly when he is in Paris. I was on m annual trip to Caribbean islands to re port on resort clothes, and the onl place he didn't catch up was Trinidac The phones went dead and I finally fe safe." With all his needling, John Fair child trusts his staff to carry out the ide agreed upon. Although most of th paper is written two days in advance, th fashion features are written a few hour before presstime. No editors ever se proofs, and by the time the first copie come off the press John Fairchild i asleep in New Canaan, Conn.

Invitations keep flooding Fairchild' desk, but he shuns the social life. H breaks off in the middle of a phone con versation to make the 5:09 train for Nev Canaan, where he lives with his Vassar educated wife, and their four youngster (including twins, 2½).

When the Fairchilds do venture o he pays a high price. "Oh it's a bore. night the hostess keeps telling me notice how beautifully dressed her guest are, and isn't it a shame I don't have a sketcher there to record it for tomorrow' *Women's Wear*," he says.

Why should John Fairchild care par ticularly whether dresses fit or billow? I it a question of taste or a taste for power "John likes to knock off forty-two vic tims with one explosion," a former staffe says. "Then once he's made his point he's on to something else."

When the campaign for elegance reached its pinnacle, he announced hi plan "to downgrade just pure elegance" in favor of "The Young Naturals"—hi description of a kind of unplanned fashion individualism. "Don't you think a Young Natural looks like she'd be more fun to make love to than all tha ladylike elegance?" he explained.

And after three years of putting the emphasis on The Designer above the manufacturer, he is convinced he has created a Frankenstein's monster. "Now they've all turned into prima donnas," he complains. "When we started running those pictures of designers standing on their heads and leaping through the air, you just knew we were desperate From now on, we're running their pictures the size of postage stamps."

The howls on that one will be echoing down to 12th Street. "Advertising has absolutely no influence on our editorial matter. We say what we believe. Besides in this business everyone is offended already anyway. It's a game—a game cat and mouse, and you never know . sure who's the cat and who's the mouse,' he says with a cherubic grin. John Fairchild is never the mouse. And as he says, "If you take this business too seriously, you'll get sick in the head." THE END

John and Jill Fairchild shun café society, preferring country life in Connecticut. Son Jamie, 7, is seldom without sheriff badge.

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Key staff members meet with Fairchild daily to decide on the next day's front-page feature. Even John's suggestions are subject to majority approval.

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THE SHAME OF DALLAS, TEXAS

There may be those who found some satisfaction in the Jack Ruby trial in Dallas, but we are not among them. The whole train of events, from the moment the assassin's bullets were fired on November 22, 1963, to the squalid scene in the courtroom when the Ruby verdict was announced, surely will rank as one of the most appalling chapters in American history. Whenever we think of it, it makes us cringe for the society where such a thing could happen.

When President Kennedy was murdered, it did not seem possible that the revulsion could be compounded. But that was before the mills of Texas "justice" began to grind.

What happened in Dallas after that still is beyond belief. A man who was accused of the most monstrous crime of his time, of murdering the President of the United States, was handled by the Dallas police as if he were a celebrity or a participant in an extravaganza planned and executed for the convenience of television and the press.

If ever there was a time when extraordinary precautions should have been taken, when every effort should have been made to prevent a slip, that was it. Yet Oswald's transfer from Dallas police headquarters to the county jail was announced in advance so that TV, the press, and anyone else who happened to be around would know precisely when it was going to occur. A creature named Jack Ruby, who had no business on the premises, was lurking among reporters and policemen. He was carrying a gun, but no one bothered to stop him, search him or question his presence. When Oswald appeared, Ruby drew the gun, rushed up to him, pointed the pistol at his abdomen as millions watched on TV, and pulled the trigger. In doing so, Jack Ruby killed the most important prisoner the Dallas police ever held, right in the basement of police headquarters, in the middle of a swarm of cops.

Jack Ruby committed a heinous crime. He did not simply kill Lee Harvey Oswald. He murdered the very concept of justice, the basic principle that a man is entitled to a trial before he is condemned.

The trial of Jack Ruby was another unbelievable event. At a time when every effort should have been exerted to secure as fair, as dignified and as decorous a trial as possible, publicity once again seemed to outweigh every other consideration. In the middle of the trial a scene that was too crude for the rankest TV Western occurred in the courthouse, as seven inmates broke out of a cellblock four floors above the courtroom. Brandishing a pistol carved out of soap, one of them grabbed a county employee, stuck the "pistol" in her back. The prisoners barreled past the courtroom, bowled over "Little Lynn" Bennett, one of Jack Ruby's strippers who was appearing (fully clad) in the trial as a witness for the defense. In the fracas that followed, two jailbirds were captured, but five got away (three were captured later). By Dallas standards, it hardly mattered. TV cameras had captured most of the sequence.

On Saturday afternoon, March 14, as the nation watched on television, a circus atmosphere prevailed in the courtroom. When the verdict was announced, reporters and photographers climbed over benches and chairs. Ruby's showboat lawyer, Melvin Belli, displayed his lack of respect for the judicial process by blurting out that the court was a "kangaroo court, a railroad court," and calling Dallas a "festering sore." (That was too much even for Jack Ruby's family, who later fired Belli.)

Who can forget Judge Joe B. Brown as he read the verdict . . . wetting his fingers and casually turning the pages of the decision as if it were a bill of lading, or some infinitely boring memorandum? Who can forget his voice so matter-of-factly droning out the words, "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder with malice, as charged in the indictment, and assess his punishment as death."

Now, unless the finding of the jury is upset, Jack Ruby will be dragged from his cell one day. He will be strapped into an electric chair, and a terrible jolt of electricity will go coursing through his body until he dies. Somehow, in a simple-minded way, through this barbaric anachronism, society will conclude that "justice" has been done. What actually will have happened is that Jack Ruby, one of the lowest creatures in memory, will have dragged society down to his level. The letter of the law may have been served, but let us not claim that the degrading spectacle in the courtroom was "justice," or that any part of the whole sordid business in Dallas was civilized.

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Melvin Belli

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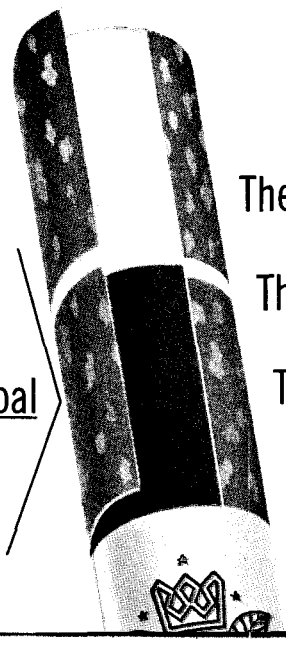
"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

Join the Unswitchables. Get the filter that made Activated Charcoal famous—and the taste that makes Tareyton smokers so aggressively loyal.



Fine granules of Activated Charcoal in pure cellulose

The white filter gives you clean taste

The charcoal filter gives you smooth taste

Together they give you the great taste of

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America's largest-selling Activated Charcoal filter cigarette

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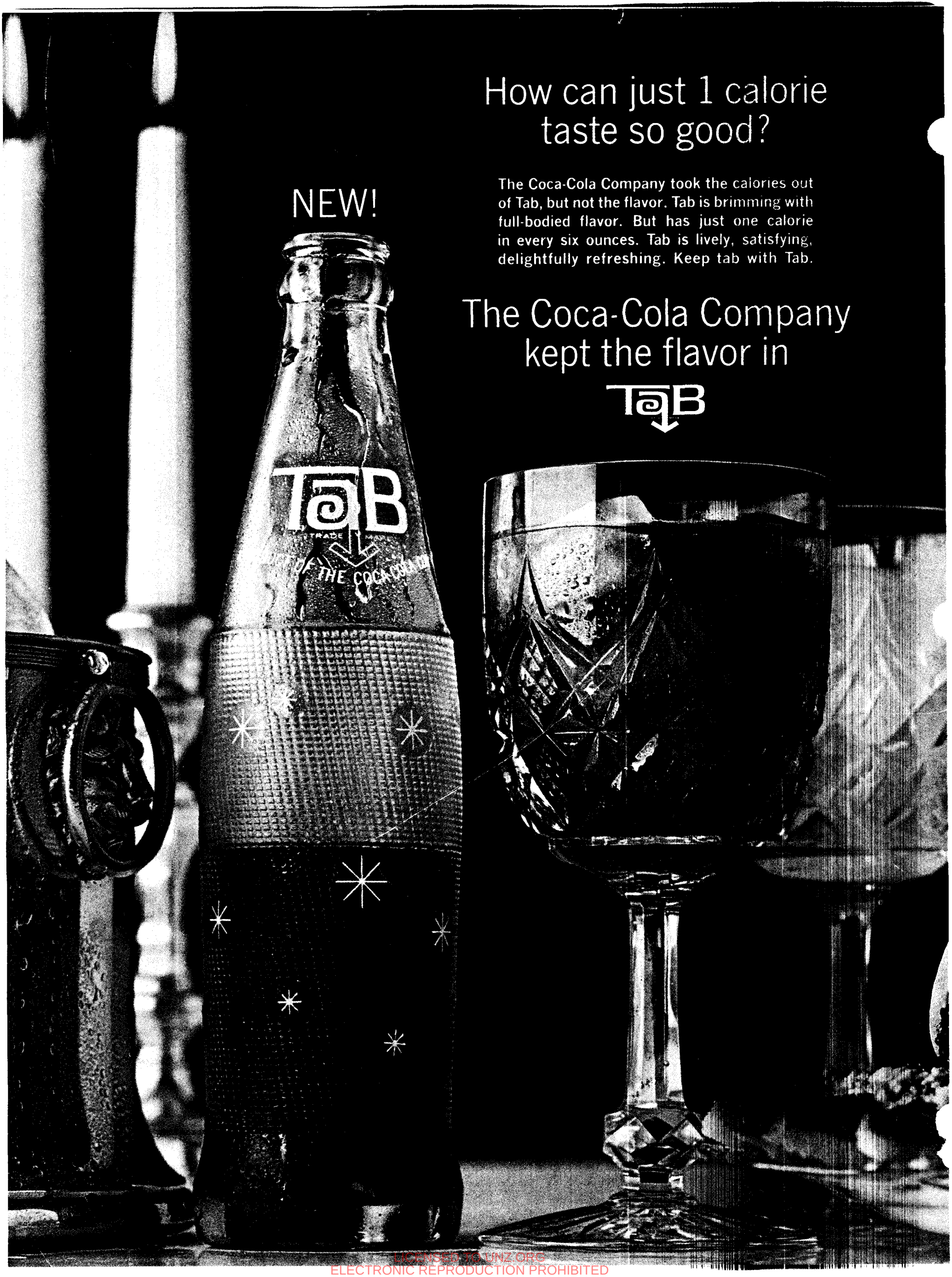
The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in TaB



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